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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S CONTRIBUTION TO LITERATURE AND LIFE

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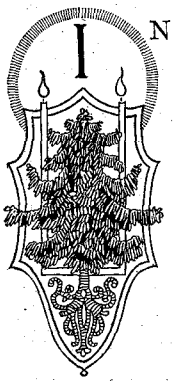

IN considering what R. L. Stevenson gave to literature and life we have to remember what he received from both, to be transmuted and passed on.

No child is born empty-hearted, however empty-handed it may come into the world. The past, present, and future meet and whisper about the cradle of a new arrival. Each newborn has the throb of some "lost pibroch" in his blood.

Stevenson's richest personal benefit was his being born in Edinburgh, heir to the most romantic, historical, literary, and religious associations, perhaps, in all the world.

The city is unique. A huddled group of high houses, clinging to the ridge which extends from the ancient castle, that gray bit of stone and lime, plastered and clothed and deeply mossed over with history—down to Holyrood, shadowy with all that makes for Scottish romance—one long street, up which has marched heaven knows how many a majestic episode, triumphing with clang of trumpets, or with shrieking laughter of the pipes of the mountain people—up which, alas! with pathos of deepest defeat and sorrow, so many have moved to doom to the roll of the drums and the tragic wail of women—these and things like these make up the reality of the ancient place. The gaunt "lands" with the steep narrow closes have throbbed to the richest and best emotions of brave old Scotland. Feud has run shouting through the gloom; and the reluctant dawn, breaking out of the fog of early morning, has seen many a gruesome patch where bold fellows slain in quarrels of their lords had lain dying in the dark. Every phase of human experience has utilized that riband of causeway, running down between the houses, as a platform for its activities. Private hate, personal squabble, national victory, national defeat and shame—if we had the seeing eye, the footprints of them, gloomy and bloody, or radiant with splendid glory, would be plainly discernible before our gaze. What a mixed mass of people was crammed within those ancient narrow walls—peers and craftsmen, churchmen, common folk of all kinds, and noble ladies, crowding the plainstones; stepping apart to let grave Reformers move along to sermon, or crushed aside for some solemn procession to pass; or looking upon beautiful Mary, or some Scottish king, as they rode with jingling rein or clattering pomp from the palace to St. Giles; or a Montrose, or an Argyle, or some wan witness to the faith, led bound for the "Maiden" or the gallows.

Her situation, too, set up against the background of the hills, gazing over sloping fields to the blue flash of the shining Forth, with the hint of the Highland mountains stretching away into the glam-

* This club, newly formed, has purchased No. 8 Howard Place, where R. L. S. was born, where it is hoped the late Lord Guthrie's priceless collection of Stevensoniana will be housed.

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our of the North—what a prospect for a poetic child!

Fergusson and Ramsay were, in their way, the laureates of the Edinburgh streets; but they missed the magic and mysterious charm that appeals to us today, seen, as we cannot help seeing them, through the windows of witchery illumined by the genius of Scott. Even Burns failed when he attempted to express in verse the beauty and grace of the ancient city. But the spirit of its appeal entered most naturally and deeply into the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson, perhaps the truest child of Edinburgh that ever was born within the gates of the metropolis of the winds, the capital of the misty North. He caught its true significance. The bugles, up in the dark, in the Castle, called brave messages to his wakeful heart. The gleaming lights, the weird shadows, the haunted alleys, the memories of ancient days stirred him, followed and held him, wherever destiny led his wandering steps.

It was a great gift for a child of sympathetic soul to have all that Edinburgh had to give around him in his play and in the years of his growing manhood.

He loved to feel a kind of kinship with Fergusson, the hapless Bohemian whom Burns acknowledged as his forerunner and whose influence is so clearly manifest in many ways upon the work of the greater bard. Probably, in the gloomy closes, as he looked up at the narrow strip of stars that roofed them in, he felt himself kin also with Villon, in that strange spirit's rebellion against conventional formality in old Paris. And, of course, no native writer, in romantic story or in vernacular verse, could escape the mighty power of Scott's wizardry and the excelling virility and independent manliness of Burns. Nor could he evade that constant skirting of the unseen, that submission of the day's thought and work to the sanction and scrutiny of the eternal, that shadow of religiousness which so much meant religion in a people through whose memories were woven and entangled the days of the Covenant and the conflicts and confusions of the kirks.

This last made it very difficult for a restless spirit like Stevenson's, keen in inquiry, quick in perception of analogies and incongruities, to sit still in folded-handed submissiveness to orthodoxy of faith or conduct. He was impelled to peep through boarded-up windows and forbidden doors, just because they were boarded up and forbidden, for he had the inborn curiosity of a live mind. His early environment made it seem almost a crime to court the applause of the world, or to defy its censures, by taking the world into your confidence, and sharing your thoughts with the multitude; while the marked Scottish reticence of his time made it seem like an impertinent intrusion to diffuse the light of happiness abroad, to shake the hard bonds of dogmatism in religion and morality, or to speak to hearts that had been bleeding in silence and darkness.

The natural rebellion of a gay heart, that loved the world of singing birds and streams, sunlight and quivering stars, provoked by the tip-toe conventionality and finger-on-lip etiquette of faith, was one of the gifts of his environment that helped—though by pain to himself and others, whereby the world was the beneficiary—to evolve his personality and utterance.

What he may have inherited from his great-grandfather, Doctor Smith of Galston, whom Burns mentions in "The Holy Fair," as opening out

> his cauld harangues
> On practice and on morals,—

or from old Doctor Lewis Balfour, his grandfather, through whom he had common ancestry with Sir Walter Scott, it is difficult to guess, though he himself thought it was "the strong Scots accent of the mind" and that tendency which would make him "rise from the dead to preach," most of all. His imaginative memory must have been touched by the story of his other great-grandfather, Alan Stevenson, with his great-granduncle Hugh, chasing the agent who had proved unfaithful on their West Indian property, from island to island, "in an open boat," till they were struck down by fever and died far away from home—early exiles of their race. There was a hint of destiny in it, and he recalled the "stream of lives flowing down there far in the North, with the sound of laughter and tears, to cast

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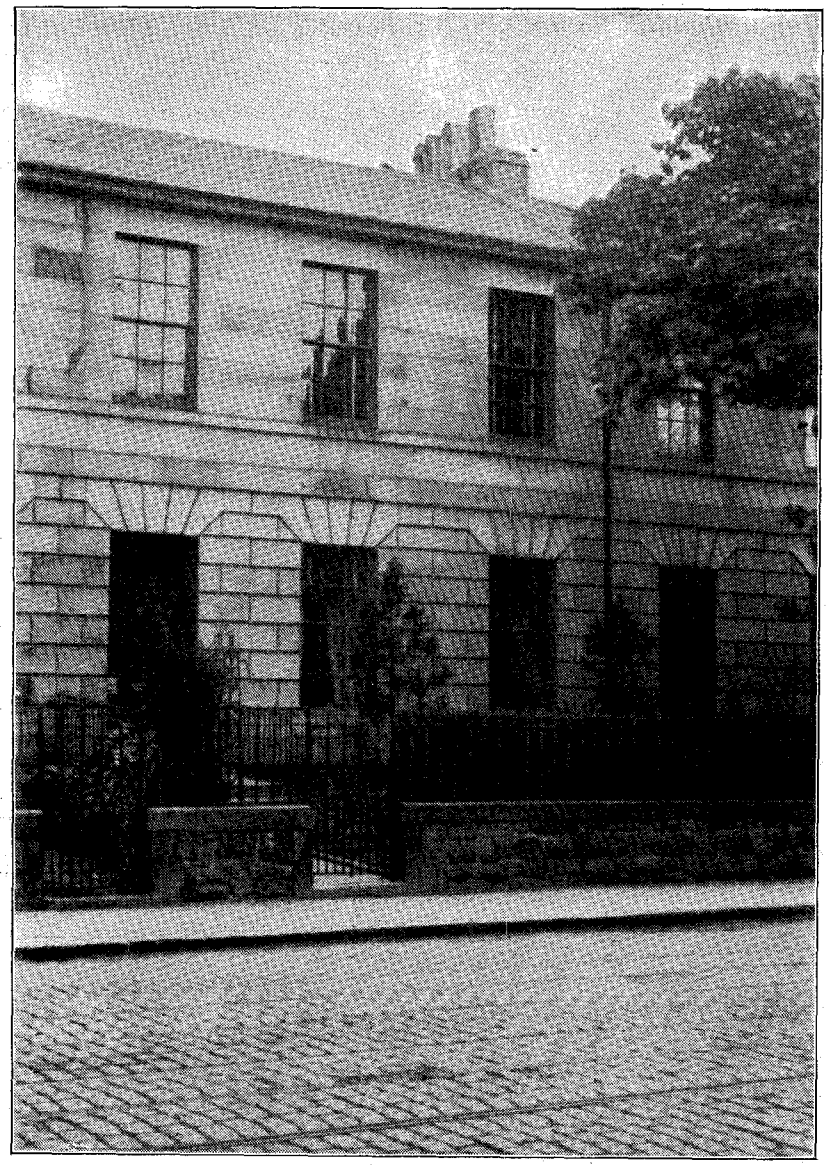

No. 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, where Robert Louis Stevenson was born in 1844.

me out in the end, as by a sudden freshet, on these ultimate islands." The mixed blood of border fighter, Jacobite smuggler, deep-sea sailor, and brave hearts that fought the salt sea-foam fixing lights for storm-bewildered mariners gave his life a beat of its own among his fellows.

An unforgettable, almost immeasurable gift was his good fortune in having for nurse such a woman as Alison Cunningham, the "Cummie" of his lifelong affection. Her mind was an inexhaustible storehouse of weird legend, of witchcraft and eerie lore, full of creepy, shadowy reminiscence of eldritch experience; and her heart was crammed with infinite tenderness and love. "Thrawn Janet"—the ghostliest thing since "Wandering Willie's Tale"—and "The Body-Snatchers," and countless episodes that come in

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with the touch of memory among his imaginings, undoubtedly owe their origin to many a nursery hour when the young eyes widened as he listened to the whispered stories which had been gathered by the firesides of sea-beaten Fife. What Stevenson owed to his nurse he richly repaid in the dedication to her of "A Child's Garden of Verse."

His father's house also, at Baxter's Place, was a thoroughfare of shipmen, lighthouse folk, builders, and workers of all kinds, with the sough of the sea about them—a joy to the adventurous soul of youth. Thomas Stevenson had also imagination to use these materials in soothing the frequent unrest of his boy's nights, with tales of "ships, roadside inns, old sailors and commercial travellers, before the era of steam." We can understand the old man's interest in the growth of "Treasure Island."

Then came the gift that the hills had for him—the Pentlands, with their passes, whose very names, like Cauldstane Slap and Windy Gowl, shudder with lonesome memories; where smugglers stole through the mirk from hiding-hole to hiding-hole, and shepherds in their plaids, with their ever-watchful collies, sauntered on through rain and mist, driving their slow flocks before them; where gypsies had their squabbles; and the Covenanters, footsore and heart-weary, marched to disaster and to death. They became to him with affectionate insistence of heart-tug, the "Hills of Home." There, too, he gathered what still clung to the fading remembrance of old folk by the cottage fires, of what had been seen, and what had been done, in the daylight and the dark, long ago. And Todd the shepherd, Young the gardener, and the old soldier gaberlunzie who had a love for Keats, were choice enriching volumes of his human library.

And then, besides the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Shakespeare, he had the masterly narrative of Dumas, the anecdotic personal charm of Sterne, Montaigne, and the moonlit romance of Scott, with the clatter of moss-troopers, riding together—the jingle of bridle and stirrup and blade; and the gleam of the pools in the moss-hags touched by the light of stars.

Put together, it was a very vast inheritance for a mind and heart prepared to receive it as its own.

Alongside of that there are three simple facts that have to be remembered.

First—the Scotsman loves his country. It may be poor. It may have treated him coldly, even scurvily, and with suspicion and outcasting, but he forgives it all. And it has the supreme faculty of impressing upon him the stamp of downright power of mind and memory, born of the hill and the sea, and the gray town.

Secondly—the Scotsman is essentially and basically a religious man. He may like to argue with the Creeds, and question the conclusions of the Shorter Catechism, but he will be found a very difficult bit of material for the making of an atheist. His rebellions against the acknowledged orthodoxy of his day are not rebellions away from faith in God. And,

Thirdly—the Scotsman is God's own Wanderer. He might give points to the Wandering Jew. No nation has sent forth more travellers. The children of no other race have looked into more strange places, walked more strange streets, fought in more battles of other folk, or taught in more alien colleges.

The Scot may not tell Scotland that he loves her, when he is at home in her; but only death can silence his talk of her and his yearning for her, when he has left her shores.

Stevenson added to the interest of his native land. He was, in this, just like his countrymen. He had to "put the world under his head," as we say in the North. But his heart dreamed of the old land; and a sob of the thought of her broke often from his longing. Alan Breck spoke for many another than himself, and he spoke also very directly for Stevenson, when he said: "I feel like a gomeril to be leaving Scotland on a day like this. . . . I would maybe like it better to stay here and hing. No but France is a fine place, but it's some way not the same. . . . I like it fine when I'm there, man, yet I kind of weary for the Scots divots and the Scots peat reek." Wherever Stevenson went he carried that thought with him. "Touch me!" said he, in California, "and you will find a thistle." When he heard the sound of a bell on the shore of Pagopago, off went

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his heart on the wings of the wind, and there came to him "the gray metropolis of the North, a village on a stream, vanished faces, and silenced tongues." The past, to him, became "a kind of lamplit fairy land behind him." "O for ten Edinburgh minutes!" is his desire, "sixpence between us, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, and dear mysterious Leith Walk." "The Pavilion on the Links" was finished in California; "Kidnapped" in Bournemouth; "The Merry Men" at Davos; "The Master of Ballantrae" at Waikiki; "Catriona" and "Weir of Hermiston" on an island in the heart of the far Pacific. Surely this is a unique record. He is the Scottish exile, *par excellence;* and no Scot has given to literature more deeply, because out of a deep experience, the tone, the throb, the intensity, the truth of the love and passion for the old gray land, under the cold North star.

He proved that, given the ready heart, learning may be independent of programme and syllabus. In his work we are struck by the feeling of an uncommon fulness of reading and experience. His father was fond of books, fond of dogs, and fond of freedom, though a Conservative in politics and religion. We are told that he used to stop little schoolboys and look at their bundled books with a "Tut! nonsense! You should read just what you like to read. That's education!" Stevenson followed that scheme by intuition. He was, in this, not unlike Doctor Johnson, who read everywhere and everything, but always where and what he chose—not page by page, or phrase by phrase, like a grammarian, but getting right at the heart of the essentials. No wonder Sam Bough was impelled to ask on a Highland steamboat, as he looked into the lad's sensitive face: "Where the devil did you read all these books?" It would almost seem not to have been possible in the time which he had at his disposal.

The father's heart received a double stab from which it must have been difficult to recover, when in 1871 came his son's twofold renunciation, first, of the engineering, which seemed to that father the natural destiny of a Stevenson, and especially so after that son had won the medal of the Society of Arts for a paper on a new mode of illumining lighthouses; and, secondly, of the cut and dry chart of life which had been the time-long satisfying document of the family soul.

To the old man, as we can understand, to question Calvinism was to be almost if not wholly an atheist. Only the very gifted or the very earnest can discern the faith beyond the forms of faith; and just as few, perhaps, can understand the questioning of it. The scar, however, healed in the father's heart, and love had its unalloyed victory growingly to the end. Of course, a rapidly growing mind like Stevenson's was certain to be at times an atheist—falsely so called; and, in politics, a socialist—that is, before he had learned to laugh at himself. We all have our periods of rebellion; and walk in dreams, with crowned heads on dripping spears, though we do vote strongly Tory when the polling day comes round! This found expression in the secret society, the L. J. R., which met in a public house in Advocates' Close, and whose prejudice was that its members, confined to six in number, were to be free from prejudice! It was an advanced community; and held, as one of its tenets, the necessity for the abolition of the House of Lords, though this did not visibly affect the slumbers of that respectable body.

His father is worthy of our sympathy; for, though he had his prepossessions and tastes, he was a man charitably inclined to acknowledge the rights of others. For example, he was very fond of quiet music; and in St. Stephen's Church he used to ask the organist, after choir practice, to play some still and solemn chords. Another old member, however, who also attended that function, loved loud and blatant blastings that stirred his border blood. And the organist, at last, torn between the two contrasting tastes, said to Mr. Stevenson: "What can I do to please you both?" But the old man said gently: "Don't mind me and my fads. Play to please yourself." Which, like a true man, he did, and so satisfied both.

Stevenson showed that a man can be a true artist, and yet be industrious. That he had really chosen the better part was of course fully proved. His mother was always sure of it. She had been his first amanuensis, when he had dictated his "History of Moses" for his uncle's prize.

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He who had been looked upon as the Bohemian idler, in six years became the world's creditor by three books, twenty-six critical and social essays, five short magazine and periodical sketches, two long serials to be reprinted, and tons of experimental stuff doomed to the flames, or to be held over for later use, all in the interest of good.

He had, besides, been hailed as "a new artist of first promise." But what is a "new artist"? It may not mean new truth, nor even an altogether new message, but it must mean a new presentation of indubitable and incontestable certainties, the re-illumination of forgotten inspirations, a fresh marching music, a *callida junctura*, or skilful setting—clever jewellership of words and thoughts; and, outside of all that, something the world has neither heard nor seen nor felt before. There is also, of course, the ever-varying library of humanity by which a man will interpret and test his reading. The wide world is his commentary—the heart of man his whetstone. True, there is little left, after the first century or so of thinkers, for anybody to invent; but the new arises from fresh combinations of elements. Everything that was ever discovered or invented was made out of material already existing, with, as novelty, the artist's presentation—sometimes representation, certainly that re-combination which is creative—and, above all, the artist's own personality.

Stevenson, by his consciousness of the artistic calling, and recognition of the artist's duty, made himself an industrious seeker in the realm of phrase, so that his thought came forth to the world so clothed that the music of it and the form of it touched perfection of highest style, while the truth of it was deepened, freshened, and personalized to a degree that made it arresting, and conveying a new power to words. And yet he never suggested to his readers that he had attained or was already perfect. There was a forward-leaning impulse in his work which made the discerning world feel that there was still a chord untouched, a potency unexhausted. And this impression was true. His style was a natural birth; but it was consciously and conscientiously developed and enriched; that is to say, he sharpened his sword, he polished his lantern, he mastered his tools. In his letter to Trevor Haddon, of 5th July, 1883, he puts that very plainly in regard to art. "You have to represent only what you can represent, with pleasure and effect, and the only way to find out what that is, is by technical exercise. . . ." "Think of technique when you rise, and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile. Get to love technical processes—to glory in technical successes. Get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can. Then, when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious." His own phrase, whereby he expressed his indebtedness to stylists who were before his day, to whom he said he "played the sedulous ape," has been squeezed almost dry by those who could not tell the source of a single phrase he used. It simply meant that he studied the sources of the great streams of literature, as a wise soldier studies the work of the great campaigners, even though never a single experience of theirs may be repeated in the battles of a later day. In all form in art a man must get familiar with everything of the best that has ever found uttermost fulfilment. That, as he says himself, "is the way to learn to write." He himself thought that he had drawn many a pitcher from the well of Patrick Walker, the Covenanting packman, who wonderfully wrote the lives of the suffering saints of his faith; but I cannot find Stevenson in Walker, nor Walker in Stevenson; yet all he read must have told in his responsive mind.

The late S. R. Crockett in his Foreword to Patrick Walker's "Six Saints of the Covenant" says: "I have always thought that a great deal of the incision and directness of the late Mr. Stevenson's style in narrative could be traced to his familiarity with Patrick Walker's account of the death of John Brown. Those curious in the matter, and familiar with the wonderful histories of Alan Breck and David Balfour, will be able to parallel many phrases in a somewhat remarkable manner—that is, *not at all literally, but in the spirit of them.*" The suggestion came from a hint by Stevenson himself, when he wrote: "When I was a child, and indeed until I was nearly a man, I consistently read Covenanting books. . . . I

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have been accustomed to hear refined and intelligent critics—*those who know so much better what we are than we do ourselves*—trace down my literary descent from all sorts of people, including Addison, of whom I could never read a word. Well, laigh in your lug, sir—the clew was found. My style is from the Covenanting writers." The italics are my own. They throw real light along these sentences. The fact was that Walker wrote very directly of what he knew, and went at it with the best weaponage of words that were in his quiver; and Stevenson did the same. He was no cuckoo gramophone.

His toil truly to discipline his forces was a genuine toil; but he dipped his pen in his own fancy—he colored his canvas with his own experience. He knew always the effect that he was seeking. He was most keenly sensitive to phrase. And his written style was the natural embodiment of his personality. He did not need borrowed lights; he had his own magic mirror. He did not need to strut in borrowed garments, nor try to walk in dead men's shoes. Above all, he never ceased to look higher, always toward a better still. And so he was able to leave a great canvas at the last; and no man can suggest even a charcoal sketch of its conclusion.

He made the English essay vibrant, sunny, graceful, individual, modern. The criticism that his style is too self-conscious is futile, when we remember that the best definition of style is that it is just the man himself, and that the essay is essentially opinion. That is the main charm of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a part of his most important contribution. It is sometimes complained also that his style suggests an audience. But an essayist and story-teller cannot get away from his listeners. He is not speaking in his sleep, nor soliloquizing. He is not flinging a bomb into the void air, blindly careless of its destination. He is aiming at human hearts, to awaken sympathetic interest, to touch joys and sorrows of mankind. If he is not, then his work will be a flat-thumbed fumble, and no life will feel an interest in him or what he has to say. This is, in fact, the power of Stevenson, especially in his essays. It is his contribution to the English essay; for he made it as personal as Montaigne's. And he is, for this reason, bound to make it as beautiful as he can. For he is to remind the soul of its high nobility and inherent grace, in a world of wonderful sunshine, scintillant light of stars, the mystery of falling waters and of quiet places. We are not surprised at his work, when we read his letters, so spontaneous, so full of character—a mass of writing which, for human interest, stands alongside of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and is not eclipsed by anything I know.

He shewed life rich with other things than gold, proving the witness of those before him. He had at the same time, the old cry of the truth-seeker—the need of money, that need without which, after all, no seeker would go on seeking in face of the gaunt fact of daily bread. The discoveries in science as well as literature have not been made by millionaires. The devil of an empty purse and an empty stomach has often been the angel of continued enterprise. "Dibbs and speed," said he, "are my mottoes." Not that he believed that this was all, any more than Samuel Johnson did, who declared that nobody but a numskull ever wrote except for money! Stevenson said to an anxious inquirer: "About any art, think last of what pays; first of what pleases." It was not that he desired much. "On two hundred I am good for the world," he declared. And the terrible minor undertone of his life gave color to the strain—"The worst is my health." We find the same need in Johnson and Burns, in Balzac, and Rabelais, and Erasmus, all giving gold of eternal thought to a world that hardly gives them daily bread. The hundred pounds which he got for "Treasure Island" was like a bonanza to him. It lit all the road before him, as with a thousand candles. He early marked out his life's *desiderata:*

"*First*, good health; *secondly*, a small competence; and *thirdly*, O du lieber Gott, FRIENDS."

Heaven very liberally answered the last desire.

He was intensely human. And in this lies one of the great secrets of his benefactions. Nothing could be more touching than his cry across the sea for a "letter with a jest in it." "Man alive! I want gossip." From Davos, where he remembered the fate of John Richard Greene, and with Addington Symonds and young

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Sitwell on the same glissade toward premature doom, he cries, "Write me something cheery—a little Edinburgh gossip." It was so natural with a man to whom death is so often saying, "Hush!" when he wants to talk or to be talked to. His humanness is especially seen in what we call "pluck." His letter to Henley is typical of many a moment. "You know the wolf is at the door, and I have been seriously ill. . . . My spirits have risen *contra fortunam*. I will fight this out and conquer." It is the old heroism, like Andrew Barton's, stricken on the deck, and his life's blood slowly trickling along the planks. But the seadog said:

> "A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
> Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
> And then Ile rise and fight againe."

And that is the infallible secret of victory. *Ego contra mundum* has been the motto on the banner of every thinker who has achieved, grinding the grist of immortality between the millstones of suffering and labor. The lasting joy, the highest peace, are won through sorest travail, and carry their deepest significance so.

His hunger for independence was continually with him. It is a national characteristic. It was the main lure in his application for a vacant chair in the university; and it slips out, without intention, from the testimonials of his friends, which were testimonials to the man, and not really to his suitability for the job. What a strange answer to the world's hunger for what they could give would it have been to put him and Burns on a lecture rostrum! The attitude of each of these to romance and poetry is not that of a teacher and examiner on the subjects of history and agriculture. A man is not necessarily cut out for being an architect because he admires St. Paul's, nor meant to be a Beethoven because he can keep time with his foot at a popular concert.

Stevenson is so many-sided that the commonest criticism of to-day is that which arises quite naturally out of a period of specialized activities—preferring a steady ray from a single luminous surface to the light of a thousand facets, however exquisitely cut. And further, so much that he played his search-light of laughter upon, no longer shews its face, so that, to many of the younger generation, it seems to have been only a sham fight with dummy figures after all.

As to quality—one cannot dogmatize. To some, the essays, with their subtle aroma of genius, their personal confidences, which irresistibly draw you into the feeling that you and the writer are intimate friends—to others "Prince Otto," or "The Master of Ballantrae," that has something of the piteousness of the Prodigal Son and the perversity of the elder brother pervading it—to one, one thing, and to another, another, all prove the universality of his view, and the excelling power of his touch.

A recent writer says, and says quite falsely, "The creatures of his fancy . . . usually become types of stage property. We can scarcely believe that his pirates, who were novel in their day, were not always part of the equipment of the world's nursery. . . . We are a little tired of their obvious manner. They have become characters not of fear but of ridicule." This, of course, simply means that there are still some people who cannot understand what they write about, and that Stevenson's genius is not for the man who could write like that. He is color-blind in regard to it. The test is easily found in Sir Philip Sidney's reference to a good tale "which can hold the children from their play, and draw the old men from the chimney-corner." I should not like to meet a boy who would not thrill to "Treasure Island," nor make the man my friend who could not feel lifted out of the world of wage-tables and time-sheets on the ship with Israel Hands, John Silver, Teach, and Pew. A book that caught Gladstone, and the unemotional *Saturday Review*, and made Andrew Lang say, "This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants. I don't know except 'Tom Sawyer' and the 'Odyssey' that I ever liked any romance so well—" has some guarantee of genuineness in it.

Another favorite thing to say is that, after all, Stevenson's characters are "only Stevenson himself in fancy dress." But every author who has anything to say and any criticism of life to offer is bound to speak his own opinions somehow; and the character that is on his side will be his medium. Goethe said, truly, that all his own works were the fragments of a great confession; and though it is inevitable

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that we should rebel against the school of Gervinus and Ulrici, who see in Shakespeare mainly a kind of preacher tagging dramas on to a text, yet there are clear moments in literary creation when the creator himself speaks.

Stevenson shewed intensely how the soul is independent of the body. His victory over physical weakness is one of the proofs that man possesses a soul. The greatest mistake of all, by which most grave injury has been done to Stevenson, is to allow the thought of his physical weakness to obtrude itself between him and the estimate of his work.

So many, to-day, have seen courage and patience of dying men, with "To hell with surrender!" in the Valley of the Shadow, that Stevenson's courage seems perhaps even a slight thing to talk of, like the courage of a camp-follower, who gets the M. C. or the C. M. G. for keeping the fires burning at the base, while thousands die forgotten in the shell-torn trenches. An empire's young manhood has suffered in silence undecorated. What are they apt to think of a man in his bed, suffering ever so much, but not called upon to stand waist-deep in the mire of reality, and die on his feet in the wet? That of course will pass. It is easy to analyze it. In the mud, when shell and bullet, dirt and death, were around us, we were all in the same circumstance and condition. Hell was over and about us equally. When it was past, and we got out of the environment of beasts, we lay down and slept like men after a debauch. A man in his bed, however weak and dying, was to us a man well off.

But this was one who loved life—to whom the world was very preciously dear—to whose soul laughter was the sweetest music, and the joy of activity the expression of everything that was life's best—half the meaning of creation. Yet here he was, set on a footing which had no stability, shut up in a sick-room when he wished the open field, his right hand tied up to his side lest his lungs should spout blood—death's cold clutch clawing at him, and just slipping its grip upon him, God knows how often. And then, with a laugh, he is up and at it again, with his dream and his sunshine and his song. The sentry at the listening post has a quick interest of immediateness in time and eternity. Yet, if he live through the next two hours, he is relieved upon the watch. But this man, with a hole in his lungs, and the red froth on his lips, can only hope for respite, but for no release. Think what it meant for a soul like Stevenson to be told that "between now and forty he must live as though he were walking on eggs, and for the next two years, no matter how well he feels, he must live the life of an invalid . . . must not eat too much, drink too much, laugh too much . . . talk very little, and walk no more than can be helped."

We can believe him to be speaking the truth, from a vocabulary steeped in reality of feeling and experience, when he says, "I wish to die in my boots . . . to be drowned, to be shot, to be thrown from a horse, ay, to be hanged, rather than pass again through that slow dissolution." To a man like Stevenson, who loved the sunshine and the stars, this episodic death that was his destiny was a real affliction—this compulsory silence, that sealed his lips from speech, when he had so much to say to his fellows, an absolute martyrdom. And yet when he was able to face things again, he faced them as though he had no wounds; and, when he spoke his message, he spoke it with a smile on the lips just freshly wiped clean again from the froth of death.

Whitman, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Burns, never laughed more courageously in the face of life's grim mystery of pain than he did. It is not true that as a recent writer said, "It was a forced laugh to hide a Calvinistic frown." The man who wrote that made a phrase, but did not express a truth. You can, of course, get accustomed to death as an element of the day's work. Out of the Valley of the Shadow Stevenson sent forth his men and women, and his thought about them, clothed in sunshine. He speaks like a man who has all his reserves still unused in the battle, even though he is, in fact, in the last ditch, and with his bleeding feet set on the very edge of disaster.

He was not, nor did he wish to be, a specimen displayed and labelled. He did not pose as an invalid. He would hate to think of his biography as a series of bulletins. We cannot tell what part disease played in the creation and conditioning of his genius, though it gives, of

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course, a pathos to our view of him. He is not a diseased author, but an author who was stricken sorely. No man will be put in the "dumps" through a single page he writes even when he is shivering in the draft that blows around Death's corner. His life is not interesting only as a tragedy. It is tragic because the chief figure in it is himself. Barbellion, who died the other day, touched it, though morbidly, when he said of himself, "I live now in the grave, and am busy furnishing it with posthumous joys." In Stevenson's egoism we find simply the expression of his passion for life in all its shapes and moods —an abandonment of ecstasy in its experiences—the zest of being, sublimated to a lyrical poignancy.

There are times in Stevenson's, as in Hood's, experience, when he is tempted to say something like: "Come along, old Death's head. You've grown familiar to me till I grow now familiar with you—only a bogy, airing yourself in your bones!" So he makes an "Aunt Sally" sport of him. It is an amusement set to the tune of defiance. But that tune has been learned note for note, in the bitter school of pain. He learned it there, but gave us in it a new note of victory.

He shews us the secret of the perfect use of landscape in fiction. See the description of a snow-storm in the setting of "Lodging for a Night"; or the day spent on the sun-scorched rock in "Kidnapped." He makes us see his landscape, but not as an exercise in clever scene-painting. It is a part of the drama. He sets the action astir, and it is fully going when he suddenly touches a stop, and you see the night all trembling with stars, or hear the sea and the wind in the gap of the hills, or feel the darkness sink deep and still about you. It is all a piece of the life of things. There is no flap of the canvas falling; there is no paint on his hands; you do not see the carpenter behind the scenes. In this way he makes geography live, because he puts living men, moving to their dramatic climax, in the heart of it. The Bass Rock ceases to be a lump of schist, forgotten from the scheme of creation, left in the waves that beat about the base of it; but becomes a bit of the lives of men, of their superstitious fears, their misty meteor-lit, prayer-girt faith, a living agency of scheme and plot, and crime, and daring sacrifice. The heather moor, the hummocked sand-dunes, the lone track through the hills, the gleam of the lamp in the window in the desert place, the water running along the drifting keel of ships at sea, the shadowy mystery of silent gray streets, the alleys in the snow, the woodland glade, all become vibrant with joys and sorrows of the play of human interests, living with the lives, and poignant with the trials, of men and women, fragments of the world of human souls.

In this, also, he had a marvellous gift of truthfulness of reminiscent sight. One can test that. For instance, in "The Merry Men"—I know how the tide-race runs around the craggy islands of the West. I have lost my shoes in the sea-pools in the dark—seen the white foam leap at me through the pitch-black gloom —slipped over wet rocks into the sea—heard the laughter of the herring gull and the cry of the tern—been awed by the witchery of the wave-swept desolations. And he has them all, in absolute reality. And he brings them into the life of the people folded in such an environment, as they ought to be, as a part of the people themselves. His time in the West and elsewhere in the days of his amateur engineering was not spent in vain.

It is not right to either Scott or Stevenson to take, say, "Kidnapped" or "Catriona," and measure it against "Waverley" or "Rob Roy." Stevenson never wrote to rival his masters. Because a man writes about the wars of Troy, or about Elsinore, it does not follow that the only just comparison of his work is with Homer or "Hamlet." The fact that there is a river in Greece and another in Wales is not a ground for either criticism or geography. It is only cheap foolery, and puts the critic out of court. There is no cheaper mode of classification than calling Stevenson "the modern Scott or Burns—the Scottish Addison or Steele." Lions' skins are not transferable commodities. The true comparison is that of a man with his own previous work, be it his best or his worst. And Stevenson can stand that as well as anybody. Yet Lang said truly of "Kidnapped" that it contained "more of the spirit of Scott than any other English fiction"—and Lang knew about Scott.

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A favorite growl is that he failed in his heroines, in his depicting of womanhood —that he did not see that "women are creatures of impulse and passion." But all women are not so, except in the cheap sheets of matrimonial adventure where the mill-girl marries the marquis, or the duchess runs away with her groom. Stevenson was intensely interested in the impulses and passions of humanity. No man owed more to women, from the days of "Cummie" to the influence of his own wife. He was not insensible to the claim and rights of passion. He could himself adventure for love's sake. His flight across the Atlantic fully proved this to be so. Nevertheless, it is a fact that he did not make the use that might have been expected, of the complex nature of womanhood. It has been said so often that it is accepted, that he could not draw women at all. He felt a kind of fear of that himself. And though, of course, he was not seized early with the master-passion, he was not uninterested in women, and he could interest them in him. But it is well to remember that most of his stories are studies of certain actions of men who were impulse-driven by other motives than those of sex. They are the adventures of men, banished and driven from home, not through feminine intrigue but by greed of gold, by political passion, or sheer love of adventure.

The conflict of a heart against itself, or of a soul against its destiny, is quite sufficiently moving and absorbing in itself to fill a canvas. He concentrated in "Kidnapped" on the Appin mystery, and not on the sluggish fire of David Balfour's love. It is not a passion-story at all, but a study of Alan Breck the Highlander, in contrast to David Balfour the slow-minded Lowlander, set against the shadow of murder and feud. His women are in his stories as pivots, and in order that they may do something for the men; and this was quite natural and in accord with the position of women in a typical Scottish household. It was still the day of the indoors woman, of the sampler and "The Maiden's Prayer." Models of Mrs. Weir of Hermiston were not difficult to find, but they were by no means easy to portray livingly, as he did with such success. His own grandmother, Mrs. Robert Stevenson, was prototype sufficient—somewhat useless, "easily shocked, and associating largely with a clique of godly parasites."

His women were just as he found them. Had they been different they had been out of place. He had to depict them as *he* saw them, not as we do. Had they been otherwise they would not have "matched" the men.

In "Weir of Hermiston" the two Kirsties stand out clearly and possessingly. It is the fashion to praise the elder Kirsty; but it seems to me that Kirsty the younger is one of the masterpieces of literary portraiture of a girl's soul. The midnight scene of the elder Kirsty's pleading is unforgettable. It would be a vast loss to the literature of womanhood.

A common complaint is that Catriona is "only a boy in girl's petticoats." Whoever said that never understood the character of a Highland woman. She is not a dairymaid, but a Highland lady, slowly winning the hearts that are even cold toward her and suspicious of her, by her fidelity, patience, devotion, and constancy, as in real life she would have done. The nameless lass who helps Alan and David over the Forth is a rare vignette. She lives. I can hear the flutter of her skirts as she escapes from our presence. Alison Græme in "The Master of Ballantrae" is surely a delicately touched miniature—true to nature, and absolutely herself.

But this is a topic wide enough for a canvas of its own. He has given true women of a rare type, nearer life than the mere creations of romance; and a Raeburn is a richer gift than the sketchy face of a fairy woman of the wildest fancy. He knew these women; and it is most difficult craft to paint a portrait that is neither photographic nor a mere picture of imagination.

Life had for him varied experiences; as when, in 1869, he was run in by the Edinburgh police for his share in a student row, and was bound over to keep the peace. He was, of course, certain to be seen in any questionable concatenation of circumstance, for he was "kenspeckle," and seemed apt to arouse suspicion with a snarl to sniff at his heels. He tells with great humor how he was thrown into durance vile on the "Inland Voyage"; and inn after inn turned him from the

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door as being too disreputable for admission—not a unique experience, as I can testify, on a tramping tour, in a world that so often estimates a man by his clothes.

Was it affectation? To many conventional minds, of course, it must have seemed to be so. There are so many who change their hats at once, when fashion dictates an alteration in the measurement of brim—who would rather be torn on the rack than wear a tie that was one week out of vogue. It was said to be affectation for him to carry a chair on his head, when he was taking it to a man who needed it. If he had stood on his head in it, I could see an eccentricity. But it is the easiest way to carry a chair; and the surest plan of seeing that your friend gets your gift is to take it yourself to him. It may be a sign of affection—though, as the world grows more selfish while the sun cools, even that may be considered an affectation. And many of his contemporaries and friends did not understand him. It is naturally more difficult to understand a person whom you thoroughly know, than it is to know a stranger. The feathers of a far-away bird are proverbially always admirable. A distant stretch gives the atmospheric effect which makes for mirage. They thought, often, that he was talking nonsense. Genius has, usually, to the bigger crowd, the effect of one man in a march-past being out of step with the mass. But he may be hearing other music than the band. And, as for velvet jackets and long hair—well, there is not a doubt that, next to a kilt, the dress ideal for absolute ease and comfort in thinking and working is a suit of pajamas and a dressing-gown. St. Francis must have been glad of the change out of fashionable doublet and trunk hose into his roomy and snug brown cassock and sandals. And the barber is sometimes an intrusion upon higher things and thoughts.

Stevenson's contemporaries, as a whole, could not, in fact, measure him. Of course not. You draw and you see all out of proportion when your picture is held close up to your eye. You need focus. Some of them can scarcely yet accept the general estimate of his stature. "He was at school with me!" seems a ready justification of an agnostic attitude of mind toward the allegation that a man, whom we knew, has achieved greatness. But it is most often a standard of measurement not of him but of ourselves. I wonder if there be any in Edinburgh still who will neither read him, nor acknowledge him to be anything but the youth they thought they knew—a wild, inconsequent creature who talked "rot" and looked it! Once among the ducklings, never a swan. All the biologists cannot prove otherwise to the barnyard officials whose experience is limited by the length and level of their own sight.

Even in his own day, in the Speculative Society in the University, his comrades did not listen to his papers. With some of them the main thing they recall is that one night when he was late and was to lead in a discussion, he simply jumped upon a cab at a stance, and drove it himself up to the door of the Society's rooms. I wonder, always, who the man was that was so bold as to drive it back again, and hand it over to the cabby it belonged to! He must have learned, in one brief fiery moment, if he was a student of language, more of the idiom of vituperation than a lifelong study could have otherwise secured.

Stevenson was the universal lover. Taine said, "In literature I love all." But Stevenson, like Fergusson, and Burns, and the rest, said in effect, "In life I love all. Whenever I crack my whip, and the team starts, I will take the whole length of the road—let who will take the breadth of it—all the way." He is eager to pass on, and see what is round the corner. It is the incomplete that hurts him. His tragedy lies not in what happens, but in what is withheld from him. It may be that such outbursts of the joy of life as are his, may be traceable to the effect of bacterial disease; but genius is not a pathological product. This hopefulness, the uplift of the onward gaze, is one of his richest contributions to life itself.

He is a consummate story-teller. He knows so well whom to keep in the background! He can keep his hand over the right thing. Manager of speech and silence, he knows when the bell should ring in the night—when the footstep should move in the dark.

To deny that he has humor, is folly on

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the part of the denier. His irony is sometimes exquisite. He can take a strut or a swagger, and with a word make you and the swaggerer laugh together and without rancor for each other. That is the secret of the genius of the gentle cynic like Thackeray. The best cynicism in literature is that which makes a man laugh with you at his own foibles—the genius that would make a fool wholesomely see his own back. Look at Doctor Desprez and his wife in "The Treasure of Franchard"; or the unmeasured delight of "Providence and the Guitar."

Along with that, how notable is his tenderness. He dwelt in a house of love; but he liked to lean over the window, for he loved both the world without and the world within. He had, in fact, a double outlook always; as when he used to make "Cummie" read "a chapter" for the dark, but a book of adventure of Ballantyne's when the day was bright.

He loved Scotland; but he was not parochial. He was the true Scot; and he won the true Scot's guerdon; for the people that can love and laugh and pray have the secret of life's highest mastery.

Henley condemned his moralizing. But his morality was not street-preaching —not the buttonholing of the didactic bore with a fad, but the utterance of a man who had seen all aspects of life and death, and understands them, both in the depths and the shallows; and had come to the sane conclusion that life was to be a quest for good—honest, clean comradeship, a combination of truth and affection. "We are all nobly born," he wrote. "Fortunate those who know it: blessed those who remember it."

He had the Scottish gift of psychological insight, and especially the national skill in patho-psychology. One has only to see his Markheim, and his analysis of Olalla, and his soul-photograph of Seumas Mor MacGregor, for proof of that. He could sometimes express the innermost being of a man, as by a red-hot judgment-touch. How he etched the mock-religious hypocrite in his picture of Tod Lapraik—"a muckle, fat, white hash of a man, like creesh, wi' a kind of a holy smile that gar'd me scunner"! His "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," though more popular, is not so subtle and deep. In these he looked widely—to escape the tug of the Celtic pixy that haunted him, and the finger-on-the-lip of the sombre faith of his fathers. He was not morbid, but he could open the heart to the sense of the cobwebs in the inner chamber of the soul.

He is the Beloved Vagabond—the delightful Egoist—a Strayed Reveller. Though he might well have won a tense interest by saying, "See how I cough! Listen to that rattle in my lung! And observe how brave I am, writing brave things on the edge of the grave!"—he waves it all aside. "Victory over all!" is his cry. And the lamed and broken in life's battle raise themselves often on their elbow, and greet him with a cheer. He lifts our eyes to Eldorado, floating on the far horizon, which he sees all the clearer because he is ankle-deep in death himself, upon the shore. Even to-day, when the world has been in its greatest adventure, it is fresh and refreshing to share in his enterprise, and let selfishness lie untended for a while.

He gave, above all, a liberal contribution, and a solace to humanity. To be brave against fearful odds—to endure, even while the world you love seems slipping from you—to smile, while the ache irks under your breast-bone—to face the thunder, confident of the calm beyond—to go on hoping, while life crumbles, till you suddenly see God's face looking straight at you—to feel, like Josh Billings, that, after all is said and done, the greatness of life is not so much in winning, but in playing a poor hand well —that is a big creed for dying and toiling men; and he gave it to us very fully in his life, and in the quivering sentences of his written message. And, after all, men may float on varied craft to God; and not any one creed is the final revelation of the Will Divine.

Now he needs nothing that we can give him. Time is giving him, every passing day, a more abiding reward. Wherever he did a day's thinking, writing, or suffering has become a place to be remembered. And no place, except that hilltop where his dust lies sleeping, is more transfused with the remembrance of his spirit than the gray streets of Edinburgh, and the quiet hills of home. Well might we remember him, if only with a word of thanks for what he has given to us.

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THE SECOND ROUND

By Mary Synon

Illustrations by W. J. Enright

TED FERRIS and the springtime came to Hickory Nut Gap on the same March wind. The springtime, whirling in gusty rushes which lifted the galax leaves along the summits of the Blue Ridge, sent the river dancing over the falls below Bat Cave and trumpeted to the bloodroots to don their white and gold of festal raiment. Ted Ferris, coming in a clanking, one-lunged motor-car which had seen better days even before the war, fell into the highway engineers' camp beyond Chimney Rock with a gusto which drove reverberating echoes up to the eagle's nest, and frightened a brood of cardinals out into flashing red against the evergreens. "Let the portcullis fall!" he shouted to the men who came to the door of the big shack to witness his coming. "I'm here!"

"And who are you?" Westley, the tallest of them, inquired with no unfriendliness.

"Chief resident," he told them so casually that they looked twice at him before accepting the truth of his amazing statement. In the second look they saw him to be neither as young nor as crass as his seeming, and they gave to him that offhand acceptance which is youth's deference to youth in authority, not yet telling him that the man they considered able to finish the highway job needed above all other qualifications the sure experience which they believed the prerogative of age. "Make yourself at home," Westley told him, abdicating his own interim reign. "It's yours."

Ferris flung his pack from the car, following it with a leap over the ancient vehicle's jammed door. "What does a chief resident do?" he asked them with a gleam of white teeth and a flash of gray eyes. "This is my first offense."

"How did you get it?" Brannan drawled.

"Nerve, son, nerve. Showed the highway commissioners my diploma, and asked them if they didn't like the trimmings on the border." Knowing that his persiflage concealed the qualities in him, good or bad, on which their work was to depend, they took the froth for what it was, still watching for a glimpse of the man's reality under the boy's mask. For they knew old Tom French too well to believe that he would send them for leader on a project as big as the crossing at the Eagle's Nest any youth as careless as Ferris seemed. "Want your dinner?" Westley asked him.

"Naturally," he said, "and presently." He dove down in the capacious pockets of his corduroy coat and brought out a paper. "Roll-call," he announced, and checked off Westley and Brannan, Howe and McMurray, Cramer and Dale. "Boys," he told them with the grandiloquence of a campaign orator at a Virginia mass-meeting, "we're going to finish this job by the Fourth of July."

"Of this year?" Brannan asked.

"It can't be done," Westley said.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," he declaimed, "it's going to be done." He did not even trouble to see how they met his ultimatum, but walked away from them toward the shack. "Is the chuck wagon working?" he shouted over his shoulder.

"Yell for it," some one told him.

He yelled with a lustiness of lung which would have dispelled the doubt any one might have held that he had come into the North Carolinian mountains in search of health. The answer to his cry came promptly in the person of a tall, slab-sided woman, worn by work rather than by years, who stood in the doorway of the shack's dining-room, regarding him with lack-lustre gaze. "Where's dinner?" he asked her.

"Done," she said succinctly.

"Don't I get any?"

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"No," she said. "It's past time."

"All right," he laughed. "I defer to the inevitable." He opened his pack and from its depths brought out a bag of bananas, biting into one with boyish enjoyment. A child of some seven years came from back of the tall woman and stood staring at Ferris's feast with wistful eyes. "Come and have one," he bade him, not knowing the invitation the reason for the cook's quick reverse of custom and decision: "I guess I can fix you up somethin' if you'll wait."

"I can wait," he said, "as long as there's any waiting to be done."

"There's always a good lot of waitin' in this world," she said as she turned back into the kitchen.

"What's your name?" he asked the boy. The child shook his head. "Ain't christened," he said.

"But you don't need to be christened to have a name," Ferris protested.

"Ain't no name," the boy insisted.

"What do you answer to? What does your mother call when she wants you?"

"She says, 'Yi-he-ah.'"

"I'm afraid I couldn't say it right, but I'm going to call you something while I'm on this job. This was old Andrew Jackson's country when he was a kid, wasn't it? Well, maybe you'll be President some day when a third party comes along, so I'll call you Andrew Jackson while I'm here. Mind it?"

"No," said the boy solemnly. "Not if I had another banana."

They made compact over it, the boy chewing solemnly. "You're certainly having a good time out of the pottage for which you sold your birthright," Ferris told him; but when the cook brought on his own belated meal he attacked it with an equally gourmandish joy. Then, with the table cleared, he dragged out blueprints and specifications, poring over them with an intensity which might have meant either concentration or the need of it. He pursed his lips into a whistle as he shoved the papers away. "Come on, Andy," he called, "and show me the way to the diggings." With the boy as guide, he set out toward the upper falls where he knew the work to be progressing.

The roar of the water grew thunderous as they struggled through the dense underbrush of rhododendron and laurel. "This is a grand little mountain," Ferris panted as they paused at a promontory. "With those guns going every minute, it reminds me of—" He broke off suddenly, the brightness going from his face. "What are you going to be when you grow up, Andrew Jackson?" he asked the boy.

"A soldier." His eyes gleamed with the joy of desire.

"God forbid," said Ferris. "I don't believe I'll pick you for President, after all," he added more lightly. His eyes scanned the view from summit to summit, returning to the point where the falls began their tumbling, tortuous cascading into the river. "Some job old French handed me," he mused. "No wonder the other fellow quit. Oh, well!" He braced his shoulders as if he were buckling on armor, and resumed the climb. At its summit he found Cramer and Howe sighting levels. "You're running off the line," he told them. Protestingly they sought to verify their correctness and found themselves wrong. "You certainly know the game," Howe told him, admiration lighting his squirrel-like young face.

"Any man has to know his own job," Ferris said.

He went at his that day "as if," McMurray told the other, "this highway was the first and last and only one in the world." They had all taken the work with the seriousness of engineers who see in the immediate task the urgency of need of good work, but no one of them had looked on the project with the solemnity with which Ferris seemed to regard it as he covered the ground, with the newly named Andrew Jackson tagging at his heels. Once back at the shack, however, he threw off all vestige of responsibility of leadership and became the cheerful road gypsy he had seemed on his coming. "What do you do for amusement around these parts?" he demanded after he had eaten avidly of the fresh pork and yellow yams, beaten biscuit and pie, which the cook had produced for supper.

"Watch the moon when there is a moon and the stars when there isn't," Westley said.

"Is he cynical by nature, or merely in love just now?"

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"In love," they chorused. "His girl's in New York, and he lives from mail to mail."

"I hope they're frequent, and that she doesn't get writer's cramp. What do the rest of you do?"

"Go to bed," said Cramer.

"Phlegmatic temperament," Ferris diagnosed. He turned to Brannan. "What's your smoke?"

"I listen to Park Freeman playing the banjo and singing 'The Banks of the Wabash,' on the stage of the village post-office, all set with cracker-boxes and coca-cola bottles. I sometimes accompany old man Embree on the Saturday nights when he goes 'co'tin,' as he calls it. He's courting his fifth wife."

"I knew a chap named Embree," Ferris said, wrinkling his brows. "Jed Embree. He was——"

"Jed Embree's one of the old man's sons," Howe put in. "He was wounded in France, and he was paralyzed from it."

"Where is he?" Ferris asked.

"Back here," Howe told him. "His wife takes care of him."

"I didn't know he was married."

"Oh, he married when he came home. Girl thought he'd die of homesickness in the hospital."

"Some girl," Ferris said.

"I don't know," Howe said earnestly. "I never saw her."

Ferris laughed. "It was by the eyes of the spirit that I awarded her the apple of Paris," he said. "And what else may one do?" His eyes questioned Westley.

"You may slip over into Polk County," Westley told him, "and acquire some of the strongest moonshine in the world. Prohibition has increased both demand and supply. Then, if you live, you may rattle your tin lizzie all the way back to Asheville and revel from Saturday night till Monday morning in the delights of effete civilization."

"I can't say I care for its present manifestations," Ferris said with a sudden bitterness. "I haven't money enough to overpower it, and money seems its one standard these days."

"Well, you don't need a mint up here," Brannan said philosophically. "The mountain girls think you're rich if you buy them a box of candy once in a blue moon, and the moonshiners aren't getting Broadway prices for their product."

"I have entered Paradise," Ferris said.

The Paradise, however, was one of hard work and little play, he found as the days brought the springtime into glory. Although he took hold with a vim which spurred it onward, he knew too well for self-deception the appalling difficulty of the task he had undertaken. The survey, of itself, was an Alpine climber's job, skirting the edge of cliffs and hanging over precipices. The driving of the stakes for the road required a sureness of eye and of hand which he had to supervise with anxious care. It was the responsibility for the building of the bridge along the Appian Way and past the Eagle's Nest, however, which called for every fibre of courage and skill which Ferris possessed. Under the crest of the mountain, back of the Chimney Rock itself, rose that strange formation which, from the valley, simulated the outlines of a natural bridge but which was, in reality, a path so narrow that the few who dared its crossing had to cling to the rusted iron chain which had been set there years before. Across from it, on the other mountain, wound the trail, so narrow that a man must cling to the wall of rock and move foot over foot as he went, to the aerie of the Eagle's Nest. Between the two was to be flung that span of the highway whose building was Ferris's job. Up above the clouds he must blast and level and dig and pick the way to the edges, then from edge to edge swing the girders which would tie the winding ribbons of the road. "It's a good thing they didn't fight the war in the Alps," he told the men at the residency after long study of the problem.

"Oh, I guess we'd have won just the same up there," McMurray said.

"Were you all in the service?" Ferris asked them.

"You bet we were," Dale declared.

"Where?" His eyes, running over them one after the other, hardened into an authority which brought quick answer.

"I was in the navy," Howe boasted. "Crossed seventeen times. Submarined twice."

"Good boy!" said Ferris.

"Flying in Texas," Cramer gave testimony. "Got to Brest," said Dale.

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"Held in Spartanburg," McMurray growled. "Staff in Paris," Brannan said, and "Washington," said Westley briefly. "The war ended too soon for all of us," he added.

"Fought some hard battles, didn't you?" There was no sting in Ferris's voice, but every man except little Howe winced.

"It wasn't our fault that we didn't get to the front," Brannan said.

"Were you all officers?" Ferris asked in a silky rebuke which sent swift blood mantling to five faces and brought out Howe's hasty, "I wasn't." With a rush of words the others sped into talk of the difficulties of their time in service: Cramer cursing the luck which kept him on a hot southwestern field, Dale exploiting the mud of Brest, McMurray reviling the South Carolinian camp, and Westley and Brannan fighting over once more the battles of Washington and of Paris. Ferris listened to them with a completeness of detachment which rose above scorn, puffing at his cigarette almost ominously. His eyes seemed to be looking above and beyond them, seeing things afar, as they talked. Finally he rose. "I think I'll look up Jed Embree," he said quietly. "Did you say he lived in the first place beyond the Rock post-office?"

"The second on the left," said Howe.

He went to the door, gazing downward on the moonlit way to the gap, and reached for his hat from its peg near the window. "By the way," Brannan asked, setting down his pipe with a deliberation which portended battle, "were you a conscientious objector or just plain pacificist? I heard you telling Andy that you hoped you'd never see another war in your lifetime."

Ferris halted at the door, swinging around swiftly to face the six curious, half-hostile faces. "I was neither," he said, "but, if I prayed, I'd pray every day of my life that war would never come to us again."

"Were you drafted?" Brannan baited him.

He lifted his hat to the back of his head and thrust his legs apart, as if waiting an onslaught. His jaw set hard and his gray eyes flashed fire as he spoke. "I enlisted as a private, voluntarily," he stressed every word, "in the Second Engineers of the Regular Army five days after we went into the war. It took me the five days to find them and get to them. If any of you ever heard what happened to most of the men of the corps, you may understand why I don't long for another war!" In their silence he flung out of the shack, banging the door so hard that it flew open again and he heard Brannan's muttering, "Damned snob," and Howe's, "Well, if you'd had one hundred and forty per cent replacement, and were in every big battle except Cantigny," then Westley's, "Oh, well, you'd stick up for anything in the Second Division because the Marines were with it!" The door shut once more, leaving him alone in the soft April night.

For a long time he stood, battling with that bitterness which always flooded him after thought of the war. It had begun, he realized, on that day when the *Leviathan* had docked at Hoboken, and four thousand of the walking wounded had come down the gang-plank, cheering themselves because there had been only a handful of canteen workers there, other than themselves, to give any shout of welcome. It wasn't that they wanted glory, any one of them—they hadn't fought for that any more than he had fought for it—but the carelessness and selfishness of people from whom they had expected something better seemed to hit them between the eyes; and it hit Ferris, who wasn't wounded, harder than any of them, and on their account rather than on his own. He had felt then the rooting of that sense of injustice which had grown so high in the months between. He had come back from a world where men fought through hells of days and nights for something bigger and better and finer than life. He found himself in a world where men fought for existence, for power, for money, and most of all for money. It was a mad scramble, too lacking in dignity to be called a battle, a sordid, soul-sickening rush. Handicapped already by his delay in return out of the Army of Occupation, he found himself even more handicapped by his contempt of the conflict. In his despair he had taken easy roads he had been wont to scorn until they had brought him, Ted Ferris, who for all his youth had won his spurs as a builder of

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bridges, to the place where he was glad to take this highway job; and to-night in hot anger against men who could not, would not understand what war could mean to a man who had breasted its crimson wave at high tide, he was going down a mountain trail to Jed Embree, who would know, even as he knew, the language of two years before.

So intent was he on his musings that he was taking the trail in blind instinct when a low sound brought him back to consciousness of his immediate surroundings. He halted, looking ahead toward the source of the noise. Even before he had realized it for what it was, a crooning ballad of the mountains, he saw the singer, a girl seated on a high rock at the place where the trail met the road through the Gap. She was crouched, Turk fashion, her hands spread palms down, and there was something of an Indian gesture in the uplifting of her chin, but the words of her song were of that old English which the mountains have held for their own. Ferris, moving forward before she heard him, drank in the richness of her voice and the loveliness of her upturned face. Then his foot went crashing through the twigs, and the girl ceased from her song.

"Don't let me frighten you," he called to her. "I'm from the engineers' camp."

"You didn't frighten me," she said in her slow, low voice when he had come in front of her. "Nothing scares me in the Gap."

He could see the golden glints in her hair and the deep blue of her eyes. The spell of her kept him lingering, and she did not seem to resent his halt. "Where do you live?" he asked her, and she pointed to a little cluster of lights in the valley below. "I come up here to think," she said, and because he had so often taken his problems to the high places and found solution of them there he nodded in quick understanding. "What were you singing?" he asked her, and she said over for him the ballad that had come down from generation to generation of the mountain women. In return he said others for her, songs of the Sioux which he had learned in the West in his boyhood, a Chinese lullaby which a cook in a British Columbian camp had taught him, a quaint little folk-tune he had overheard in France. She listened to them raptly. Then, "Tell me about the outside," she said, making room for him to sit on the vantage point of the rock, and gazing at him with a childish wonder.

"The outside?" he questioned.

"Beyond here," she explained. "I've never been out of the Gap. I've heard a lot about the outside, though, but I never hear enough."

Story-weaver he would never be, but in the spell of the April moonbeams, with the odor of the woodland earth rising in pungent power around them, Ted Ferris spread out for the strange girl by the roadside that carpet of many colors which he had been making as he went over the world. So avid was her interest and so joyous his delight in holding it that it was not until the moon went down behind the fringe of pines on the western mountain that she arose. "I'm a-going," she said. He looked at his watch. "So was I," he laughed, "but it's a little late for visiting now. May I see you home, though?" She shook her head. "I'm a-going alone."

They had said no word of meeting again, but Ferris, knowing the smallness of the world in which she must move, felt the certainty of such a meeting. The thought lifted his spirits through the days while the men at the residency, except Howe, who was giving him open adulation, contrived to cold-shoulder him and while the work dragged in dangerous slowness which even his zest could not overcome. For three nights, though, he went down the trail without meeting her again, but she came on the fourth, and they drifted back into that curious intimacy of thought which they had established. After that she came oftener. Always she held to that impersonal interest in what he could tell her rather than in any evinced predilection for the teller, but Ferris, out of the springtime and loneliness and youth, felt the need of her rising in him like the streams above the falls, and knew that he loved this girl whose very name was hidden from him. For he had fallen into calling her "Arbutus," and she had let the name suffice. Because of the very sweetness of these meetings he had no wish to change them until it should be needful. He would tell her

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She said over for him the ballad that had come down from generation to generation of the mountain women.—Page 658.

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when the work was done of his love for her, but until that time he would live in the April borderland of undeclared love. So, forgetful of Jed Embree and his comradely claim upon him, he lingered at the meeting of road and trail when the work of the day was done.

Dream castles he built, too, as he supervised the making of the roadway, not turreted and battlemented châteaux, but a cabin in an engineers' camp where a bright-haired girl would wait his comings. In the dreaming he forgot all the bitterness of the long months before his coming to the Gap, all his resentment toward the speeding world, for it was a wonderful land which he painted for the girl of the mountains, and he came to see it in the colors of his own tubes. It was therefore not desire for sympathy, but conscientious scruple which sent him down one evening to Jed Embree's cabin.

He found the tall mountaineer helpless on a cot which had been set on the gallery of the log house. The man's eyes gleamed brightly at sight of him. "How'd you get here?" he inquired in that drawl which France had not changed in him. Ferris told him of his wanderings and his work, Jed listening with an eager attentiveness which belied his physical disability. "I'm getting on pretty well," he told Ferris cheerfully. "It was hard at first, but I got hold of myself. The gov'ment pays me allowance, and my wife takes care of me fine." But his eyes sought the summits wistfully.

"When were you married?" Ferris asked him, his sympathy dividing between the helpless man and the unknown girl who had assumed this burden.

"September," Jed told him. "She'd promised me afore I went away. I'd like you to meet her."

"I want to," Ferris said.

He left Embree with an awed sense of the man's courage and a tingling thought of what his wife must be. That night, when the bright-haired girl of the limpid eyes came to their trysting-place, he spoke to her of his visit to the mountaineer. "What's she like," he asked her, "the girl who married him?"

She gave him a long look, as if she sought to find if he were playing some game with her. "I thought you knew," she said. "I thought everybody knew that I'm Jed's wife."

He caught her wrist, but he did not speak. The truth seemed to him a far-away fact which he could not yet fathom. "You're what?" he finally gasped.

"I'm Elizabeth Embree," she said.

He let go of her suddenly and stood, his hands down in his pockets. "I'm a fool," he said. "I'm every kind of a fool there is. Good night." He went swiftly up the trail.

At the forking of the path he paused. Before him, up the slope, the camp of the engineers promised him nothing but solitude to brood on his folly. Down in the Gap lights gleamed at Park Freeman's, and he could hear the strumming of banjo and guitar. Not the music, but the knowledge of what one might buy of almost any one of the old men who loitered around the place sent him on the other path. He almost ran toward the store that Brannan had called the Hickory Nut vaudeville stage. Near it, he could hear Freeman's monotonous song:

> "If I had a needle and thread,
> I'd sew my true love to my side,"

droning out on the night air. He pushed open the door of the store and scanned the faces of the half-dozen mountain men encircling the cracker-box where Freeman sat. "Who has any moonshine?" he demanded. Two old men arose in the same instant. "We both have—a little—for a friend," they told him. "I'll buy it," he said, and they followed him out.

That night he slept in utter unconsciousness of woe, of worry, of love, of hate, of work, or of dreams. The next day, however, faced him with the dregs of reality. Through its dragging he cursed himself over and over for his blind folly in accepting the girl's freedom. Her youth, her detachment, her childishness of desire had all deceived him, he realized, absolving her from blame. How did she know that he loved her? To her he was the merchant of the magic carpet, not a man who yearned for her. Why shouldn't she snatch at the only pleasure in her fettered life? He, and he only must suffer for his love of her. But the thought of her, bound for life to helpless Jed Embree, the man whom he had seen fall on the field of

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Soissons, milled in Ferris's brain until, for relief from it, he went back night after night to the bottles which the old men at Freeman's found for him so easily. "Moonshine never was law-breakin'," one of them told him.

It was Andrew Jackson, devotedly his slave, who dared to give him warning. "Sallie says," he declared, quoting his mother, the mournful cook, "that you is drinkin' too much green likker."

"What do you know about it?" he asked the child.

"A heap," said Andy. "Sallie says she couldn't scare up a meal if she took one of old man Freeman's flasks, and she reckons you can't build a bridge on it."

"Tell her to mind her own business," Ferris said, but he saw for himself in a flash of revelation that the work was going worse than ever since he had taken to drinking and, for a week, strove valiantly to let green liquor alone. He went no more to the meeting of road and trail and he did not return to see Jed Embree, but he could not forget the girl any the better for his failure to see her. The laurels and rhododendrons, great walls of blossoms on the mountainsides, seemed to be millioned reminders of her, and the stars in the sky at night flashed at him as had her eyes. The first May moonlight night, reminding him too vividly of their meeting, broke down his resolution. For two days he lay, dead to his world's demands of him, while the other engineers went grimly about their work.

The work, up-hill from its inception and already overburdened with the inefficiency of Ferris's predecessors, sagged at first, then stopped. Material failed to come when it should have arrived, workmen would not remain, supplies were being lost in transit. The job had come to the place where it needed cool-headed, steady-handed strength. Sometimes Ferris, arousing himself, gave it spasmodically, but more often he sank into either lethargy or ugliness, both of them logs across the road of progress. Had it not been for little Howe, who refused to notice his tempers or his indifference, and who took on himself the giving of orders which the chief had never authorized, the highway would have stopped in its building. Through good luck and not good management the work moved forward on the road itself, but May wore into June without the beginning of the bridge structuring.

Then, one Sunday afternoon, Elizabeth Embree came up the laurelled trail to the engineers' shack. Little Howe, meeting her, called Ferris and took out of hearing Dale, the only other man at home. The girl sat down on the step of the shack. "I've been hearing a lot about you," she said, "and I've been thinking a lot since I saw you. I guess you've been feeling pretty bad, haven't you?" she asked him with childlike directness.

"Yes," he said, almost resentful of her coming.

"I don't know how to say what I want to say," she told him, "but I know I have to say something." She plaited the folds of her gingham dress between her strong, work-worn hands. "You see," she explained, "the only men I've ever known are the men in the Gap, except the tourists who bought baskets from us. The men here, if they love a girl, let her know it. I never knew you loved me till I heard the men say you were drinking because you found out I was married to Jed. I thought of you as if you was the schoolteacher down at Bat Cave or the circuit-rider. Now I see I did wrong to meet you, but I didn't know it then. But it didn't give you no call," she went on, the heat rising in her soft voice, "to go around getting drunk of Polk County green likker, and not doing the work you was sent here to do!" She faced him indignantly, her eyes burning. "You ought to be ashamed."

"I had to do something," he told her shamefacedly, "to forget what I didn't dare remember."

"We could all of us say that," she told him. "Jed could say it most of all, and he doesn't. That's why I love him, I reckon. I could say it myself, if I thought about what Jed used to be and see what he's going to be as long as he lives." Her eyes scanned the clearing and found Andrew Jackson striding a fallen log. "Look at Sallie," she went on. "She works day after day for her and that poor little boy who has no name and no father, and she doesn't go after moonshine to keep up her courage. Why can't you do as well as a

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woman?" she asked him. "I'm a-saying all this," she added hastily, as if fearful lest she had angered him, "because I always meant to be your friend, and because you're Jed's friend. Won't you let drinking alone, as long as you're up here, and finish the job?"

For a moment Ferris looked at her in almost open hostility. How dared she come to him with this plea that was so nearly a demand? But in her eyes he read that honesty which he had glimpsed in their first meeting in the eerie moonlight, and he held out his hand. "I'll try," he told her. He walked down with her to the meeting of the trail with the road. "Jed says he's fighting the second round," she told him ere she bade him good-by.

"It's harder than the first sometimes," he said.

He swung into work the next morning with a grim determination which began to show effect in less than a week. Materials began pouring into the Gap. Workmen came in squads. The sound of his rattling car echoed through the mountains even oftener than the roar of dynamiting. The other men, catching the spirit of his leading, threw into their labors a vim they had lacked in the days of his droning. Foot by foot the highway widened along the Appian Way, and foot by foot the road up to the Eagle's Nest made ready to meet the girdering steel. Up the slopes of Chimney Rock Mountain came the wagons, dragging the great steel bands which would unite the summits of the mountains. Step by step the preparation for their swinging advanced. Hope grew with the lengthening days. "You're going to do it," Westley said at last.

"We are," Ferris corrected, and the pronoun broke down the barrier which his anger against them had started to erect on the night he had met Elizabeth Embree. "You've said it," and "Right-o," indorsed his assertion. "We'll give a picnic on the bridge on the Fourth of July," Howe declared.

"Of this year," said Brannan.

If he fought hard through those nights when he had been wont to drown thought in the consolation of the moonshine Ferris did not reveal his battles. Every evening, when the other men lounged around the cabin or went down to listen to Park Freeman's renditions of mountain ballads and once-popular ditties, he would climb to the Appian Way and measure the work of the day that was ending and the day to come. It would often be dark when he came back to the camp, and he would turn in to bed without more than passing comment; but the men who worked with him knew that he was doing his job well now and they gave to him their best. "It'll be one good road," Westley declared.

Because he found how much he could trust them Ferris left to the others the making of the rest of the road, but upon his own shoulders he supported the responsibility for the completion of the bridge. Beneath his watching eyes it began to crawl across the chasm. Girder followed girder over the dizzy height, and beam went after beam. Day after day, in the blazing sunshine of a Carolina June, he was out upon it, marking, measuring, watching. To him, exulting in its growth in his inner knowledge that it marked his triumph over himself, it became more than a bridge of steel. It was, he sometimes thought as he watched it, the span of his soul. Not with pride alone but with a joyous tenderness he gazed on its structure. In the splendid zest of hard work well done he forgot all else in the world. On the night when it was done he wanted to shout with relief, with delight, with restored assurance of his own power. He had won! Over defeat, over discouragement, over despair he had built his bridge. He came down the mountainside rejoicingly, and for the first time since he had come on the work he began to sing. Only when he came to the camp did he cease. "We've made it!" he cried. "We've done the job the old boys said couldn't be done, and we've done it on time!"

"Lucky for us we beat the storm," Cramer said. "It's coming."

"I don't see any signs of it," Howe protested. "Hope it won't be a gully-washin', toad-stranglin' rain," he quoted the parson's prayer, "but a slow, seepin' rain that'll help the taters."

"It'll be a gully-washer all right," Brannan gloomed, "or I don't know storm-clouds."

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"Tell her to mind her own business."—Page 661.

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"Maybe it'll blow over," Ferris said. "It can't set us back now, anyhow."

"Touch wood," said Westley.

"It'll keep me out of Asheville to-morrow, if it is," Howe mourned, "and Ted said I could go if the bridge was done."

"Wouldn't you think you built the bridge?" the others jeered him. "We may divide honors on the rest of the show, but that's Ferris's own stake," Westley declared. "I couldn't have put over one girder without the rest of you," Ferris said as he went in to Sallie's command of supper. But he knew, for all his gratitude, that the span to the Eagle's Nest would always be his bridge.

With the content of achievement over himself as well as over external obstacles seeping into his spirit, he sat on the low step of the shack, gazing out at the distant flashes of lightning. The majesty of mountain storms had always held him spellbound, and he had, for a moment, the desire to await the coming of this one, but the urge of sleep, cumulative of many sleepless nights, drove him indoors. For a little while the heat kept him restless, but he dropped off at last into a dreamless slumber.

He awoke with the sensation of having been dragged up by some powerful force, and found himself sitting on the edge of his cot, gazing outward through the low window. A deafening peal of thunder crashed above his head, and in a moment a jagged flash of lightning tore down the sky. He heard the other men moving, and he spoke. "Think that struck anywhere around here?"

"No," came Westley's voice. "It's not as near as it looks."

Thunder rumbled over them and lightning forked around them as they sat, watching and listening. Sometimes it seemed to Ferris that the whole mountainside must be torn asunder by the streaks of fire descending from heaven to earth. Then, with a rush and a roar so titanic that it drowned out the rolling of the thunders, the rain descended. Volleying and groaning, shrieking and rattling, it swept in between the mountains, above them, over them, pouring down its torrents till all the slopes became cascades rushing downward in the dark. Silently, measuring the strength and power of the storm, the men in the residency waited. Finally, as one terrific wave of water made onslaught against the house, little Howe spoke. "There goes that turn on Section Nine," he made moan.

"Perhaps it's not as bad up high as it seems here," Westley said with a hopefulness that aroused some vague fear in Ferris. He arose and went to the window, striving to see out into the darkness, but he could discern nothing but the water beating against the pane. "We can't do anything now," he said. "We might as well sleep till morning." But he knew that for him sleep was out of the question, and he sat on the edge of the cot, trying vainly to surmise what damage the cloudburst must have done. After a while the others dropped off as the rain slowed down, but the gray of dawn, coming with the ceasing of the torrent, found him dressed.

With a start of dismay he looked down the slope as he softly opened the door. Trees, uprooted, had been flung down. Everywhere rivers raced downward to swirl in the eddy of the Big Broad below. The falls, augmented by thousands of rivulets, cannonaded like heavy artillery. Fragments of houses dashed against rocks in the tearing stream. Desolation brooded over the mountainsides where summer had rejoiced on the yesterday.

Slowly, slipping at every step, Ferris began to climb toward the summit. Because of the slides he had to take the long way around Chimney Rock, and the grayness was lightening as he came to the turn toward the Appian Way. He had made him a stick for his ascent, but it was of little use on the slippery surface, and he made his way on his hands and knees as he had to leave the trail, now a cascade. He saw thankfully, as he went, though, that the road was holding, although its surface would need to be recovered. The grading was good, he thought, with relief, and the repair could be done in the scheduled time. It might even be possible to save time by bringing in extra supplies over the Eagle's Nest route, now that the bridge was finished. He was still planning the method when he came within sight of the Appian Way, and paused in trembling, horror-stricken unbelief. For the bridge, his bridge, was gone.

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Shaking in fear, he rubbed his eyes, refusing to credit their testimony; but they saw only the gap where the bridge had been. He crawled on, hoping against hope that some turn of the way would show him that he had been looking from the wrong angle and that the bridge would arch the chasm, but he came at last, exhausted, bleeding, to the place where the sleepers of the span had started from the rocks, and he saw, beyond doubting, that the bridge had been swept away.

Slowly he crept to the edge and gazed down into the pit hundreds of feet below. There it was, the wreck of what had been his triumph. He gazed down upon its ruins, too stunned at first for bitterness, but finally the horrible, ironic tragedy of it tightened around his heart and he began to sob in terrible, racking grief. Nothing in all his lifetime had seemed to him so hopeless, so final, so catastrophic as this perversion of his struggles. It was as if nature had lifted him to her towers of hope only to fling him down. Futilely but wildly, out of his Promethean agony, he cursed her until out of the curses came not healing, but the iron of defiance. For, in one of the grooves of his grieving brain they ran the way of other curses and met suddenly a memory of another time when he had lain on the ground, swearing piteously at a ruin. It had been on the night when he had worked on the road toward Soissons, under enemy fire, filling in one of its yawning gaps for the passing of the lorries. He had gone back for the ordering of more material, and, before he had returned, a shell had torn again the place of his hours of work. He had flung himself down, blazing oaths at the Germans, and started the labor all over again; for to-morrow night the lorries would come again and no man might leave his work undone when so much depended upon each atom of it. And he had finished it—all over—before gray streaked across the July night.

With the swiftness and the clearness of a motion picture, he saw pass in review those months of his life which were always on the threshold of his spirit, those days from the swing that the Second Engineers made into the Verdun sector in February and the ceaseless making of roads and bridges up to that never-to-be-forgotten 9th of June when they had rushed into Belleau Wood, ahead even of the Marines! The poppied fields of Soissons whirled by, and the slope of Blanc Mont Ridge where the men of the Second had gone up in the face of the mowing German guns, and the slaughter pens of St. Mihiel and the Argonne. Always the Second was leading, the Immortal Second, as the French used to say, and always leading the Second were its engineers, singing, whistling, toying with death as they went out into the night to work and to fight for the land they might never see again.

Closing his eyes, he could see himself sprawled, even as he sprawled now, looking down into another river. They were building the bridge across the Meuse on the night of the 10th of November, not knowing that even then the white flag of the enemy was being raised. "Snap it!" the captain had ordered them, and in twenty minutes they had spanned the stream. twenty minutes of driving work under tne constant, ceaseless firing of the Germans beyond. And up on the hill lay that lieutenant of engineers, his lieutenant, killed by a bursting shell and fallen so that his right arm pointed the way for the advancing infantry to take the right-angled path to the bridge. And they had come, the splendid Second, and had driven the Germans back and farther back till the last gun of the war was fired. Then, conquerors, they had rested—but not till then. "By God," Ferris said between his clinched teeth, "if I could do it then, I can do it now!"

Swiftly he saw the way for its doing. It would be hard, grinding, twenty-four-hour-a-day work, but what was it, after all, to that work he had done in that other time? He was alone now, as he had not been alone then, but he felt, curiously, that the host of the men of the Second stood back of him, spurring him on. He was, like Jed, on the second round; and it was the knowledge of their triumph in the first that would carry them through to victory in this, as in all the rounds to come. For that, he saw, as he figured the way to snatch success once more from the wreck, was what the war had done to him. He had thought himself its creditor. Now, in the light of this sunrise, he knew

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himself its debtor in this, that never again could his soul acknowledge defeat. For he who has marched with the immortals does not fall into step with the rear-guard.

It was not scorn of his fellows but an understanding sympathy that he took back with him as he shoved and slid and crept his way down to the residency. Not as slackers but as men denied the great gift of his dowering he saw them in the morning light as he told them of the catastrophe. "But it's going back," he said, not vaingloriously but with a determination that held them. "You bet it is," Brannan told him. "We'll declaim on it on the Fourth of July."

"I want to be an engineer," Andrew Jackson told him that night, thrilled into shifting of ambition by the excitement of the day's events.

Ferris looked downward to the cluster of lights which beaconed the dark out of the place where Elizabeth Embree cared for Jed. The last vestige of the springtime had gone in the storm, but he knew that he would always shrine a memory of it in his heart for the sake of the girl of the shining hair and the starry eyes. Somewhere in the Gap a banjo twanged with triple-picking. Slowly the moon thrust its lantern over the tip of the eastern mountain. It was a time and a place of peace, to the child a place of peace given, to the man a place of peace attained. He put his arm around the boy. "It doesn't matter what you are in the second round," he told him, "if you've been a soldier in your soul in the first." Then, softly, he began to sing. Jed Embree, could he have heard it, would have known it for the song which they sang when they went through the poppies. It floated now over Hickory Nut Gap:

"Good-by, girls, I'm through,
Without the least regret——"

SOWER AND REAPER

By Wendell Phillips Stafford

(The Gospel according to St. John 1 : 3)

ALL things were made by Love,
And without Him nought was made
In the bright heaven above
Or in the nether shade.

With Love are all things fraught.
There is no power in hate
To ruin or rival the work He wrought.
Love only can create.

A Sower went forth to sow,
And the golden grain flew far.
His hand was full: I saw Him throw,
And every seed was a star.

And the hand that scattered the grain
With such a royal sweep,
It is surely the hand that will come again
When the field is ready to reap.

He will put His sickle in
And garner His golden sheaves;
And, where He has garnered, death and sin
Are the stubble that He leaves.

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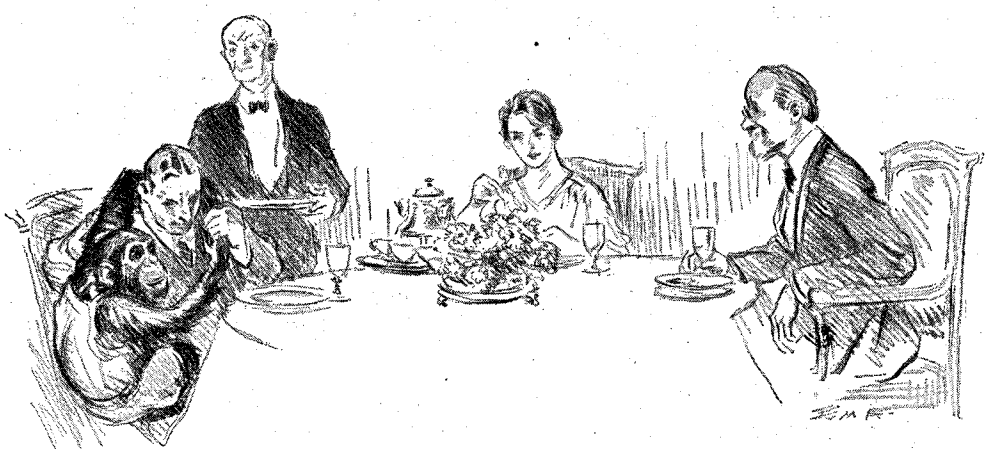

"Don't mind us!" laughed Uncle Horace.—Page 669.

BEYOND SCIENCE

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

MY uncle, Professor Horace Fraser, A.A.A.S., B.A., B.Sc., F.R.G.S., M.A., H.S.S., etc., etc., is justly famous as a scientist, an author, and an explorer; his name and his achievements are known abroad as well as in this country. In addition, he is an independently wealthy man, and a most kind and generous gentleman.

When my grandfather left me this small place and old house adjoining Uncle Horace's large and beautiful estate, my husband rather demurred at moving here, as the scale of living, in what has grown to be an exclusive and fashionable suburb, seemed to him to be on a rather more extravagant scale than we young married people were justified in assuming. But, in the end, he yielded to my wishes and, through Uncle Horace's kindness and thoughtfulness, it has worked out delightfully for us. My uncle is often away for months at a time, and while he is gone his gardener has orders to send regularly to me flowers, vegetables, and hothouse grapes and nectarines; his servants cheerfully help out my small staff when I give a luncheon or dinner; and his secretary, Mr. Bates, whom Uncle Horace leaves in charge—and who catalogues and tabulates such notes, data, and specimens as are sent back to await my uncle's return—offers his services as an emergency guest on any and every occasion. I think that Mr. Bates would like to be received and introduced as an intimate friend, but my husband cannot tolerate him.

I do not mean that Mr. Bates is not presentable and efficient—Uncle Horace pays him liberally and quite depends on him—but he is, where people whose goodwill would, in his opinion, be of advantage to him, *too anxious* to please. *Adhesive* is, I fancy, the word that best describes him. Also, I object to the way he plays upon the piano, because he overemphasizes the sentimentality of the music—in fact, that is his principal fault: he overemphasizes everything! But I don't know why I mention Mr. Bates—except that Anihouta adored him. And it is of Anihouta that I am telling.

Anihouta was a large, pensive chimpanzee which Uncle Horace brought

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home, five years ago. He had become interested in her during a period of enforced idleness while waiting for tardy guides, somewhere in Africa, and he wanted, after an argument with a fellow scientist, to see how far she could be developed mentally. He wrote Mr. Bates to have a tool-shed put in order for Anihouta's occupancy, with certain other instructions.

Mr. Bates, as always, was immediately and tremendously interested; it seemed, at the time, that his one real yearning had been for just such an experience. He attended to all details of the preparations and, from the first, devoted his attention to Anihouta, making copious notes to show to Uncle Horace. He indulged and encouraged the dazzled chimpanzee in all her tastes, preferences and whims; and wrote papers on the results. Anihouta liked to walk with him about the grounds and, in the beginning, Mr. Bates led her on a short chain; but later, when she was tamer, he discarded the chain and held her paw. I was never quite able to get accustomed to the sight of them strolling about on the lawn. *Incongruous* is, I think, the word that best describes them.

But it was really surprising the number of things that Anihouta learned! In a few months she could, from a bunch of keys, select the right one and unlock the door of her tool-shed; she could count up to seven on her colored blocks; she could sit and drink tea from a teacup while holding the saucer at the correct angle; she could, I regret to say, smoke as many cigarettes as any one would light for her; and she adored Mr. Bates with the sort of increasing, absorbing, and jealous affection that was, to him, apparently and aggravatingly irksome. My husband has never ceased being amused over the fact that, as her education and affection progressed, and she insisted on being Mr. Bates's almost inseparable companion, he persuaded her to don a little blue suit—the sort of trousers-and-shoulder-strap affair which small children wear when they go in sea-bathing. She looked very nice in it.

But just at this point her development ceased and, after conclusively assuring himself that nothing more need be expected of Anihouta, Uncle Horace lost interest in her. This can be easily understood of a busy man whose useful life will, at best, be all too short to complete the wonderful work he is doing. . . . I mention this detail because my husband still affirms that Uncle Horace was cruel to a helpless chimpanzee. But Mr. Bates has no such excuse and he, as soon as he saw that Uncle Horace's attention had wandered, began to neglect, scold, and reprimand the puzzled animal. I wanted to say a cheering word to her, but, before I could decide how to do it, the climax suddenly arrived. I happen to have seen the whole affair because I had stopped in at luncheon-time to show Uncle Horace the stone-mason's estimate for repairing our boundary wall, and I stayed on to talk to him, instead of lunching alone at home. I mention these details because I have been simply astounded, lately, to hear my husband—who was *not* there—tell the story with elaborate enlargements, *and not one single fact.*

Anihouta, dressed in her blue suit, came to the table with Mr. Bates. She ate some sweet crackers very prettily, and I remarked on her progress. Uncle Horace nodded absently.

"I sometimes wonder if we *have* reached the limit of her possibilities. She'll sit by the hour, smoking cigarettes and listening to Bates play on the piano. I'd like to try her on a symphony concert," he said.

"You couldn't take her to a symphony; they don't allow smoking," I commenced. Anihouta interrupted me by beating loudly on her teacup with a spoon.

"No, no, Anihouta! Stop that noise!" commanded my uncle. Turning to the butler, he asked: "What ails her, Jennings?"

"She doesn't like the cream in her tea to separate," answered Jennings, removing the offending beverage and pouring out another cupful. "I'll put milk in this," he amended.

I looked severely at Anihouta. Not for worlds would I have confessed that not liking cream to separate in my tea or coffee has, from my early childhood, been an idiosyncrasy of mine. "Very extraordinary animal," I commented resentfully.

Anihouta, finishing her luncheon, slid

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down from her seat, went around the table, and, climbing quickly up on Mr. Bates's knee, put her arms about his neck.

"Don't mind us!" laughed Uncle Horace.

back, outside the gardener's cottage where Mr. Bates admired the baby and played with an older child by drawing it up and down in a small cart—Anihouta standing, unnoticed, near by. Returning toward the house, Mr. Bates paused to stroke

Anihouta standing, unnoticed, near by.

But Mr. Bates, roughly disengaging himself, put Anihouta down. "No!" he reproved her sharply. She looked fixedly at him. After luncheon, at my uncle's request, Mr. Bates took her for a walk while we sat down to go over the stonemason's estimates.

Anihouta, holding Mr. Bates's hand, went happily forth. She was perfectly calm—which makes the events immediately following so unexplainable, for, according to Mr. Bates, all that they did was to go into a hothouse to see a new orchid blossom; stopping, on the way the ingratiating kitchen cat; then, turning, he spoke sharply to Anihouta, who was twitching at the suspenders of her suit. Quite unexpectedly, she grimaced at him.

I was on the veranda saying good-by to Uncle Horace at the time; Mr. Bates, with his usual impressive politeness, lifted his hat to me and bowed deeply, and, just at that second, Anihouta wrenched her paw loose and, chattering shrilly, bounded to the nearest tree; in an instant she was far out of reach on the end of a high branch. Sitting there, she

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She divested herself of her blue trousers.

stared impassively down at Uncle Horace and Mr. Bates.

They spent most of the afternoon commanding, cajoling, and directing under that tree, with this slight result: Mr. Bates, losing his temper, shouted peremptorily at Anihouta; she chattered defiantly back. He shouted angrily a second command and, like a flash, she divested herself of her blue trousers, rolled them into a compact bundle and, taking careful aim, flung them at him. They hit him on the head. After this, Uncle Horace and Mr. Bates, to punish her, took the trousers and went into the house.

As a punishment it was not a success. Hardly were they out of sight when Anihouta descended; overtaking the kitchen cat, she killed and tore it into pieces; proceeding rapidly toward the gardener's cottage, she chased the older child while the mother fled, shrieking, with the baby. After that Anihouta flung stones through the glass of the hothouses until evening, when two keepers, hastily summoned from the nearest zoo, lassoed and bound her. At Uncle Horace's well-supplemented request they took her away with them.

I saw her once afterward. I was visiting the zoo, with a youthful relative, and came upon Anihouta sitting in a cage, absorbed in a minute inspection of a little clump of her own fur. "Anihouta!" I called. She gave a start of surprise, and, running to the front of the cage, stared fixedly at me; then, with a shrug of her shoulders, she turned and walked away —nor would she look in our direction again.

Later, telling my husband of the occurrence, I expected him to laugh, but he was quite serious. "Poor deluded beast—you probably reminded her of Bates and his promiscuous philanderings," com-

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mented my husband reflectively. I did not answer. I never know whether or not he is joking.

On his next journey of exploration and research, Uncle Horace was away for nearly three years, and Mr. Bates grew to consider my uncle's house as his own; he was very intolerant and very arrogant with the servants—indeed, I sometimes wondered if Jennings would stay, but his thirty-five years in my uncle's employ, coupled with the affectionate consideration which every one who serves my uncle feels for him, made Jennings more patient than, in these days, is the custom among servants.

And then, without a word of warning, Uncle Horace brought home a wife—a young woman whom, during the enforced idleness of convalescing from a fever, he had met daily on the sun-porch of an hospital in some remote and informal settlement. I shall always feel that there was criminal negligence on the part of the doctors and nurses of that institution in leaving my uncle, weak and unprotected, so exposed; but that was, before I knew of it, past preventing.

The young woman in question had been an actress in what my husband describes as a "fly-by-night-scratch company," which is, I imagine, something Oriental, as Violet, my uncle's wife, was the daughter of a colonist in Tahiti or Shanghai, or Samoa—or some other of those South Sea Islands. She had been left behind seriously ill, by her theatrical troupe, and was, when my uncle met her, out of work, prospects, friends, or funds.

With the uncompromising truthfulness of despair she had confided her plight to my uncle and he, being unoccupied, listened attentively—noting, meanwhile, the beautiful curve of her cheek and throat; the wavy masses of her marvellous, red-gold hair. Never before had he had the leisure to observe closely a young woman, and this girl was, one might say, *medically* grafted upon his notice. After days of helpless pondering over her plight, he came to a decision: they were married on the day Violet left the hospital. Uncle Horace, with a sigh of relief, returned to the absorbing interest of his work.

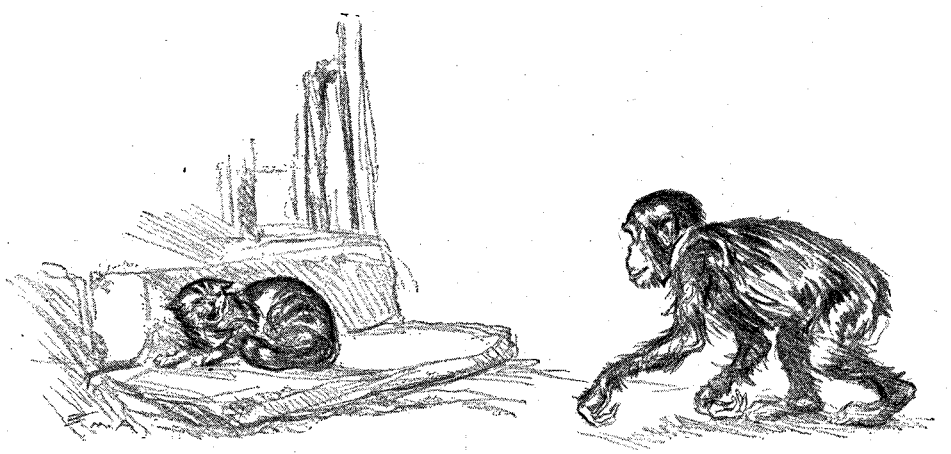
I learned these details later; but first the news of their marriage came like a thunderbolt. Uncle Horace telephoned from New York that he would reach home that afternoon.

"Reefsnyder cabled me that they'd found some dinosaur bones in that limestone formation, within five miles of my house. I took the next boat! Expect us about tea-time—Violet insists on doing a little shopping," he said.

"Violet?" I exclaimed: "*And who is she?*"

Uncle Horace's tone was apologetic. "Haven't I written or cabled you? Well, that *was* shabby of me! Violet is your new aunt, Mrs. Fraser," he explained.

I gasped into the receiver: "How long have you been married?"



Overtaking the kitchen cat she killed . . . it.—Page 670.

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"Several months. You see, at the time, Violet had been ill," he explained.

I remembered my manners. "I trust that she is better?" I inquired politely.

"She has indeed regained her health—in fact, she has regained more health than dozen old friends to meet them—I say fortunately because, after the first tribute of admiration to Violet's exquisite hair and coloring, each woman in the room looked in amazement at her really dreadful dress; even as I greeted her I decided

After that Anihouta flung stones through the glass of the hothouses until evening.—Page 670.

I have ever seen in the possession of one person before. I seem constantly to find it necessary to remind her that I *must and will* have quiet!" remarked my uncle sternly.

They came to our house to dinner that evening. I was almost nervous in my anxiety that the wife of my famous uncle should like me. Fortunately, on account of such short notice, we had only a half-

that it was my duty to speak to her, at the earliest opportunity, of Kendal's—and to tell her how, as my uncle's wife, she would be expected to dress.

As for Uncle Horace, I had never seen him so animated—so alive, as I said, in all sincerity: "Welcome home, dear uncle!"

He patted my hand. "It's a beautiful dream come true," he said.

"Yes, indeed," I agreed, adding, as I

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glanced at his wife: "I wish you every happiness."

His eyes were shining. "Just think, Sarah: at this time next month we shall know definitely whether it is a Ceratops, one of the Trachodontidæ, Theropoda, or Stegosauridæ, or a Plesiosaurus, or some mammalian remains," he said.

"*What?*" I gasped.

Her voice—high, shrill, untrained—singing a common, music-hall song.—Page 674.

"Yes, oh, yes," he assured me.

Here Violet joined us. "Horace, what *are* you saying to make Sarah look so astonished?" she asked; without waiting for an answer she turned to me: "I'm just the wife for a scientist," she informed me; "we had a ramshackle insane asylum near the town where I was brought up, and every once in a while one of the lunatics would escape. We were so used to having strange people come to our doors and say, 'I'm a ham sandwich,' . . . that we'd agree without bothering to listen."

My husband, standing near, broke into unrestrained laughter. Mr. Bates, invited on this special occasion, hovered about, palpitant with admiring ingratiatingness. "Did you ever see any one more beautiful than Mrs. Fraser? And such wit! Such musical genius! Such chic!" he praised so loudly that my uncle and his wife could not fail to hear. I was thankful when dinner was announced.

Violet was not at all shy. After dinner, while the men were smoking, she asked many questions of the women about the neighborhood amusements and pursuits. "It seems jolly dull here to me, and if there's one thing I can't stand it's dulness! Dulness drives me sort of wild," she commented frankly.

"Of course it would, at first. Later, with the innumerable details about the house and garden, you'll wonder how to get the time for all you want to do," I assured her, and purposely turned the conversation to gowns by mentioning Kendal's and praising their work.

Mary Allison nodded acquiescence. "That young man in charge is a genius—he's designed clothes for queens and duchesses in Kendal's London and Paris shops," she said, and added: "I only hope that they aren't going to deteriorate. I've seen several loudly dressed young women there lately—movie stars or actresses, they looked like. Up to now Kendal's have specialized on clothes for gentlewomen."

"Moving-picture stars are probably

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the only people who can afford Kendal's present prices—" I hastily interposed. Violet, tossing her head, interupted me: "*I* am an actress!" she said, and repeated flattering notices of her singing that had been printed in the newspapers of towns of which, before this, I had never heard the names. Then, before these strangers, she explained how she had met and married my Uncle Horace.

"Isn't that just like him—the chivalrous, kind-hearted gentleman!" I cried huskily.

She ignored me. "I have a feeling that it would be jolly dull here—if it wasn't for Mr. Bates," she commented with a simper.

I felt almost panicky when I repeated this conversation to my husband. "How could Uncle Horace have made the mistake of marrying such a person?" I cried.

"Cheer up, Sarah," answered my husband. "Your Uncle Horace is lucky in escaping this long—especially when inaction or convalescence is so fatal to him."

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

"First Anihouta. Now Violet. And I've undervalued Bates; I didn't think that he could fool anything but a trusting chimpanzee!" commented my husband, and added: "Your uncle is in *real* trouble now, though—he won't be able to unload *this* specimen on the zoo."

I was too worried to answer. Besides, I couldn't think of anything to say.

At Violet's second appearance socially—a dinner for sixty guests, at the home of a fashionable neighbor—she wore a new dress from Kendal's: pale gray velvet, brocaded in silver, and in her hair a lovely platinum and diamond comb. I thought, when she entered the room, that she was one of the handsomest women that I had ever seen and, at the first opportunity I told Uncle Horace so; I was chilled at his lack of enthusiasm. Every one else spoke quite unreservedly of her beauty. I did wish, once or twice during dinner, that she would laugh and talk less loudly, but in appearance she was all that one could wish. After dinner, in the drawing-room, the men crowded about her.

Uncle Horace had stayed in the library to finish his cigar; Mary Allison and I were deep in the discussion of plans for a treat to the destitute orphan children, in whom we are interested, when I glanced up to see Mr. Bates escorting Violet to the piano, and suddenly upon our astonished ears came her voice—high, shrill, untrained—singing a common, music-hall song. Mary Allison gasped, while I, sitting in horrified, petrified silence, wondered how to stop that dreadful exhibition. I almost wept for joy when my husband appeared in the doorway and stood for a few minutes, listening. Smiling, he sauntered over to me.

"Hush! *Don't say anything!* Go sit with Uncle Horace and keep him from coming in here," he directed in an undertone.

Panic-stricken, I gasped: "How shall I do it?"

"Get him to tell you what, in his opinion, would be the effect on the climate of the Riviera if they irrigated the Desert of Sahara," suggested my husband.

A burst of noisy laughter and encouragement from the men around the piano covered my escape; but even in the library I could hear Violet's penetrating voice although, I am thankful to say, I could not distinguish the words she sang. I had no trouble in keeping Uncle Horace diverted. He had just unpacked a piece of prehistoric pottery which he had brought home from an Aino grave mound, and he explained to me that, while he doubted the possibility of any definite Greek influence and attributed the similarity of decoration to a parallel racial art consciousness, it was the only known jar of the kind in existence. Then, in a lowered voice, he told me of his work in excavating the duck-billed dinosaur embedded in the stone quarry. "The bones are like powder, Sarah—they have to be filled with shellac the minute they are exposed." He added, in a whisper: "The whole body is covered with a skin in which are arranged small polygonal scales——"

From the drawing-room came the sound of unrestrained laughter and loud shouts of: "Bravo! Mrs. Fraser! Another dance!"

I hastily asked: "How long has this—er—animal, been dead?"

"Reefsnyder says about one million years—but I should call it nearer five millions," said my uncle happily. He didn't want to go home, whereas I welcomed the ending of the most uncomfortable evening that I had ever spent.

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My husband would make no comment on Violet's performance, except to say that our hostess did not seem pleased. "It's queer how little fun you women get out of your own parties," he yawningly remarked.

They danced peculiar, ungraceful dances.—Page 677.

During the weeks and months following I learned many things about the instability of acquaintances; the insincerity of old friends; and the transitoriness of a supposedly *established* social position. My husband has tried to laugh me out of a bitterness which, ever since, has tinctured my attitude toward people, but, first through loneliness, and now from choice, I have decided that a flower-garden better repays one's time and effort.

Among our friends, after that dinner-party, there came an amazing change. Not in a day, nor even in a week, but by the end of a month the neighborhood feeling toward us was quite perceptibly different. I felt it in the fact that, as I approached a group of women, the lively conversation would suddenly cease and be followed by a nervous burst of greetings. That they were discussing and con-

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demning the speech and manners of my uncle's wife was only too evident; added to this—since she had gone to Kendal's for her gowns—was resentment from the younger women whose expenditures, unlike Violet's, were limited. Whether they knew that the callers at my uncle's now consisted of flirtatious husbands and brothers, I do not know; Violet, encouraged and accompanied by Mr. Bates, sang to them, but that soon palled. Soon the flood of invitations which had greeted the return of my uncle and his bride slackened and ceased. Quite suddenly, as far as the better class of people in our neighborhood were concerned, Violet had finished her social career.

Probably, if I had not insisted that Uncle Horace and Violet be included in every invitation that was extended to us, or had not made them the centre of every entertainment we gave, my husband and I might have escaped the boycott of general disapproval; but I am too proud of our family—we still live in the old houses around which these newer, less important people have settled—and of the increasing fame and pre-eminence of my wonderful uncle, to allow such an exception.

At any rate, when I arrived at the experience of calling up old friends to invite them to luncheon or dinner, to hear them reply by the casually voiced question, "Who is coming?" and, when the answer included the names of my uncle and his wife, to have them suddenly recollect a previous engagement, I stopped giving parties; although, noticing Violet's constantly increasing supply of beautiful dresses, and hearing her, to Mr. Bates's accompaniment, practising her dreadful songs in preparation for "further social triumphs," I was divided in my sympathies.

And then, quite suddenly, the flirtatious brothers became bored and Violet, plainly puzzled, was left to her own company and devices. I looked hopefully forward to a period of quiet; in this, as in all other details of those nightmare months, I was disappointed.

I had not realized that, during the years he had spent in my uncle's employ, Mr. Bates must have made friends in the neighborhood—until these people began arriving, as guests, at my uncle's house. I do not mean to infer that there was anything against them except in appearance and manners—but in both these details they were so appallingly and definitely *loud*. They greeted each other with shrieks of enthusiasm; they gathered in corners and shouted with laughter; they screamed at each other from passing motors.

Violet, accepting for herself and Uncle Horace their invitations, was supremely and uncritically happy and, among these new acquaintances, she was a great success. But Uncle Horace rebelled. My husband insists that he never even noticed the change in his social surroundings because, at the time, he was completely absorbed in the interests of the excavating work and, at night—after days spent in the open air—too sleepy to be interested in anything that dragged him away from home. I, who know him better, realize that when my uncle found the people with whom he was thrown were both uninteresting and unintelligent he, very sensibly, refused to be bothered by them.

Violet raged; but Uncle Horace was adamant. He would neither reconsider or temporize when once he arrived at a decision. Tears and pleading drove him into his study where, behind locked doors, he promptly forgot outside annoyances in the joy of his work.

I never knew who was inspired to suggest Mr. Bates as an escort in Uncle Horace's place but, during that spring, he went about everywhere with Violet; and when, in return for courtesies, she entertained, Uncle Horace would not waste the time; my husband and I were not invited. On five consecutive Saturday evenings Violet gave large dinners at the Country Club—then in the midst of its conservative spring season. After the fifth party the board of governors held a special meeting and passed a rule rigidly restricting guest privileges. Poor Violet! Every social flight she essayed started well; then, with amazing suddenness, narrowed down to bringing her back home. And my uncle's house was the one place in which she did not care to tarry!

But those months—those three months! Sometimes, in a nightmare, I dream that I am forced to relive them!

During the dragging weeks, there collected in my uncle's house a veritable rabble of people bent on having the

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Uncle Horace . . . let himself in . . . just at that moment.—Page 678.

greatest possible amount of amusement in what *they* probably realized would be a short time. I met there, socially, acrobats, snake-charmers, chorus girls, and the young man from Kendal's. Every day, to weird music augmented—at Mr. Bates's suggestion—by a small drum, they danced peculiar, ungraceful dances; sang new, unmusical songs; ate, or spilled, food all over the drawing-room and music-room furniture; or motored, at forbidden speed, along the country roads.

I felt it to be my duty to spend every afternoon in my uncle's drawing-room, where, if it had not been for Jennings, moving imperturbably about, I should have felt that I had entered the wrong house. I always took my knitting and, when the dancing was too outrageous, concentrated my attention upon it; I realized that I was the centre of much bold, hardly concealed ridicule, in which Mr. Bates joined as far as he safely dared, and I used to wonder if I could *bear* another day of it—but I never expected the end to come as it did.

The party that afternoon had been particularly lawless; when interest in the dancing waned Mr. Bates suggested a game of tag in which the others promptly joined. Running, shrieking, laughing, they raced about the rooms. In the

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midst of the deafening uproar Uncle Horace, returning from the quarry, let himself in and crossed the hall.

Just at that moment two of the players, dodging around a cabinet of old fans, overturned it—amidst a crash of splintering glass and a chorus of hysterical screams. I, feeling that the time to interfere had come, was laying down my work when a sudden, strange silence fell. Startled, I looked up.

. . . Uncle Horace stood in the doorway. With intent, staring eyes he glared at the gaudily dressed women, the wreckage of the old cabinet, the unlovely disorder of the dignified room. He was dusty, his hair and clothes were rumpled, his shoes and collar were soiled; this, added to the fixed, unwinking stare of his wild eyes and motionless, unbroken silence, made more impression than mere words could have done; even I, who have known him all my life, was frightened. Remembering the uncanniness of the whole occurrence, I was not surprised that none of the guests could ever be induced to return after they had succeeded in getting themselves swiftly, quietly, and unobtrusively off the place. But it interested me to notice that Mr. Bates slipped humbly away to the study by way of the service stairs, while Violet, sobbing loudly, departed toward her room.

I took Uncle Horace by the arm and shook him gently. "There, there!" I said soothingly. This broke his unnatural calm. He kept repeating: "I must have quiet—I must have quiet," as he walked up and down. "A calamity! A calamity!" he muttered.

I interposed a quieting word: "Isn't that a rather strong description?" I asked.

He turned on me. "*Strong*—for such a catastrophe?" he cried.

I was almost frightened. "But, uncle—the crash you heard was glass. I don't think that the fans were damaged——"

"I presume you mean fins?" he shrieked.

I stepped hurriedly toward the door, but he was there before me. "The fault was mine," he admitted in a hopeless tone. "I know, now, that I should have posted a cordon of guards around that quarry—but how could I have dreamed that a demon band of boys would find and smash that noble dinosaur to powder? They didn't even know what it was but, with rocks, for pure, degenerate, vicious destructiveness—they utterly demolished it! When I remember that its front limbs were mere vestigals! That it undoubtedly was the finest Titanotherium in existence! *Oh!*" he moaned, and shook impotent fists toward the indifferent heavens. "In my own house I must, and will, have quiet!" he added fiercely.

After this peace settled down upon our houses; no visitors approached either place; the long days went serenely past and I began cautiously to breathe again. Uncle Horace became reconciled to his loss and went back to the work on his book. Mr. Bates, frightened, divided his time between the study and the filing cases. Only Violet moped disconsolately about the house and grounds; rode abroad in the limousine, staring, unsmiling, through the window; or, with increasing frequency, spent whole days in town.

"I'm sorry for her," remarked my husband. "After all, clothes and automobiles aren't so wonderful—if you haven't any place to go in them."

"Don't waste your sympathy," I replied sharply, "Mr. Bates sees the dresses."

My husband shook his head. "Bates's eyesight is focussed on which side his bread is buttered," he cryptically remarked. Thoughtfully he added: "Violet is spending her time with those chorus luminaries she had down here—around the restaurants and theatres. If Uncle Horace doesn't bridge about fifty thousand years at one leap, and get back to the present, there'll be trouble."

"We can't disturb him until his book is finished. Eight or ten weeks can't make a vital difference to Violet," I objected.

My husband groaned. "It's plainly evident that you haven't spent much time in a dentist's chair or you wouldn't be so generous with an extra month or two," he criticised.

I did not let him see that he had worried me, but the next day I made it my business to question Violet. She eyed me sullenly.

"It isn't suitable for a member of the family into which you have married to be

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seen publicly in such company," I said stiffly.

"I guess I've got to have *some* friends—haven't I? Besides, your young man at Kendal's introduced them to me!" she asserted defiantly. Glibly she added: "Mr. Bates says the chaperonage of a public place is perfectly correct!" Her voice rose: "Everybody to their taste—but I'd rather be shot than to stay boxed up here with you and your beloved uncle, waiting for old age to catch up with me!"

What *her* taste was became illuminatingly clear to me a few days later. I wanted the upholsterer's new address, and slipped over to my uncle's house to ask Jennings for it. "I wrote it on the directory in Professor Fraser's study, Miss Sarah," said Jennings, adding: "He's taking a nap, and asked me not to call him until five. Can you wait the twenty minutes until then?"

"I'll wait here," I told him, sitting down on a porch chair under the music-room window. I had been there a short time when I heard the music-room door open, and knew that Violet and Mr. Bates had entered because, as usual, Violet tripped noisily over a footstool. "I can't see why those traps are littered about!" she said angrily.

"They are to put your feet *on*—not *under*," laughed Mr. Bates; then remembered himself. "How dreary it would be without your vivacity and beauty to brighten this dull house," he purred.

"'Stay here and mildew, you poor fish!'"—Page 680.

There was a pause. Then: "Bates-y, I'm about fed up with this. Let's go on the vaudeville stage. You, at the piano. Me, a song and dance. I've already had an offer—if I'll let them use my married name on the programme; but I'd much rather do a turn with you."

I think that Mr. Bates and I must have gasped simultaneously, because his voice, when he spoke, was flavored with icicles: "You've quite misjudged me, Mrs. Fraser, if you think that the life you suggest would appeal to me. Without assistance, by my own efforts, I've bettered myself. I shall never willingly leave the luxury and comfort of this house—except

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to go to a finer one. In the meantime my loyalty to Professor Fraser——"

He coughed. With the evident desire to change the subject, he must have glanced about and spied the small piece of Aino pottery in which Uncle Horace was so interested. "How did that get down here?" he inquired. Violet did not answer.

He hurried on: "Rather an interesting piece, Mrs. Fraser—although your husband thinks the Greek influence——"

She interrupted. "Then you haven't fallen in love with me?" she asked huskily.

I arose, walked noisily across the porch, and rang the bell. Simultaneously with Jennings, Mr. Bates appeared in the hallway. I asked again for the upholsterer's address, and Mr. Bates, with a surprising return of his old empressement, offered to get it. He was more deferential and ingratiating than since Violet's arrival; bowing and smiling he reiterated his wish to be of service. I realized that Violet was angrily watching him through a crack in the music-room door, and, as soon as I could get away, I went home and took some medicine to ward off an imminent sick headache.

Two hours later Uncle Horace came dazedly into our dining-room and, ignoring the servants, said: "We've just had the most painful scene! Bates was helping me index some data when, suddenly, Violet flung open the door. In a loud voice she denounced me, my relatives, and my way of living; then turned on Bates. 'Stay here and mildew, you poor fish!' she cried, and threw my Aino jar violently at him. Instead of trying to catch it, or standing still—*he dodged!* The jar crashed into countless atoms against the marble mantel!"

Uncle Horace covered his eyes. "If it had hit *him* it would not have been demolished!" he moaned. Fiercely, he added: "I have given him six months' pay and told him to be out of my house before I get back. I won't have a person working with me who, in minutes of stress or excitement, hasn't his nerves and his muscles under full control."

"But what of Violet?" I gasped.

He roused himself from his grief over the Aino jar. "Violet? Oh, yes! She's gone. In a sort of fury—without taking her clothes," he said.

"Don't you worry, dear uncle. Violet is just a silly girl! She'll be back—ashamed and penitent," I comforted.

He arose hastily, hurried toward the door, then turned and glared at me. "What *was* it I wanted to remember to ask you?" he questioned. "Oh, yes! Violet said that a young man to whom *you* had introduced her, has secured her an engagement in a theatrical production. Is it possible, my dear Sarah, that this is true?"

I was too stunned to answer.

Violet has never returned.

After a suitable interval Uncle Horace, through his lawyers, arranged that a generous sum be forwarded to her quarterly. And one day he sent for me, and, opening the doors of Violet's wardrobe, he motioned toward the long row of beautiful dresses. "I happened on these yesterday, when I was arranging for more filing space. Should they not be packed and sent to her?" he inquired helplessly.

As we stood there looking at those discarded garments a queer remembrance came to me. Irrelevantly I asked: "Whatever did you do with Anihouta's trousers, Uncle Horace?"

He blinked. "*Anihouta?*" he questioned blankly. . . . "Oh, yes!" He thought it over. "Do you know, my dear Sarah, I begrudge the time I wasted on Anihouta! Professor Turnure is experimenting in training a male chimpanzee, and already it speaks five words! Anihouta was a failure. I'd really like to train a male."

I repeated this conversation to my husband and he was unaccountably interested. "I hope you advised your uncle not to import one unless he also planned to take Bates back," he said.

"You mean that Mr. Bates, having had the leisure and the opportunity to study Anihouta closely, could explain certain deficiencies which Uncle Horace, absorbed in his magnificent work, had not time to notice?" I commenced.

My husband yawned. I prefer this to laughter because, being definitely rude, I can notice it. But before I could speak he voiced a suggestion which has, ever since, been to me the cause of worry, sleeplessness, anxiety, and deep, nervous apprehension:

"I wonder what next Uncle Horace will bring home?" asked my husband.

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A WINTER IN ALGIERS

By Mary King Waddington
Author of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS

Villa Descamps,
Mustapha Supérieur, Alger.
December 25th, 1919.

CHRISTMAS DAY in Africa! and what a dream of beauty and color, blue sea, blue sky, groves of eucalyptus and olive trees, climbing roses, white-robed Arab women closely veiled, their eyes only showing, bare brown legs and feet, sometimes a silver bracelet on one leg, donkey boys with a nondescript flowing garment, a red fez on their heads; color everywhere. Our villa is charming, stands in a little wood of eucalyptus-trees, with a big garden, balconies, terraces, and marble steps, large high rooms and lovely views on all sides. It is quite in the country, five or six kilometres from Alger, very high up in the hills. Very few people live in the town, and the whole hillside is studded with villas, Moorish almost all, dazzlingly white, flat roofs and narrow windows. Quite at the top, where we are, there are some very comfortable eastern modern houses. I am writing at my window, which gives on a terrace, from which there is a divine view of the sea and the snow mountains of the Djurjura, miles away in Kabylie, and from one corner through the faded drooping leaves of the eucalyptus I have a glimpse of the town of Alger, lying a long white streak far below.

The drawing-room is a delightful room: runs all the width of the house, with windows on three sides, so that we always have the sun. The furniture is sketchy, not much of it, and what there is is very ugly, but when the Paris cases arrive, with a few tables and chairs and silver, the room will look very different. There are some carpets in the house which are absolutely necessary, as all the floors are tiled. However, Charlotte has done wonders with the meagre material she had.

We had rather a rough crossing from Marseilles. The boat, a good one, rolled a good deal, and passengers and chairs and valises slipped about the deck in an uncomfortable way. Our chairs were tied, so we managed pretty well. It was a real "mistral," beautiful as a sight, clear deep blue sky without a cloud, and equally blue sea, cut at intervals by short white rollers coming in every direction. None of us were sick; Mme. S. and I with three other ladies, the only ones who appeared at dinner. The service was difficult, and notwithstanding the racks on the tables, plates and glasses were sliding off and there were fine crashes of broken pottery. It was dark when we got to Alger, but the long, low line of lights of the town was most picturesque. The landing was long and difficult, the pontoons had been swept away by the gale, and we went down the narrow, steep ladder into a crowd of swarthy, gesticulating, chattering Arabs, standing on what looked like loose planks floating vaguely about. I should never have got down, but J. S. took me round the waist and deposited me on the quay. Every one was pushing and shouting, children screaming. I was sorry for one poor baby who was carried off in the arms of an Arab screaming and kicking with fright. The mother was alone with various bags and wraps, and the porter picked up the child quite naturally, as he would have taken a valise. Francis was waiting for us with a motor, J. also for Mme. S., and a drive of about twenty minutes up the hill brought us to the house. They had been rather anxious, as they felt the mistral and were quite sure we were being well shaken. It is too soon to have an impression, but so far the climate is divine. We live with open doors and windows—always a fire in the drawing-room and a very good stove in the hall, which heats the staircase and up-stairs rooms.

To-day the house is deserted; every

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one but me has gone to church. The English service has not yet begun and the Catholic chapel of Sainte Marie Mustapha (I love the combination) is a little far: one has to go down a flight of steps, some of them quite gone, which are rather difficult to negotiate. It is certainly the first time in my life that I have not been to church on Christmas Day, but then it is the first Christmas I have spent in Africa. The boys and I will sing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" this evening; that will be something of the old Christmas. We shall be a family party; it is the first Christmas since the War that we have all been together, and oh! such a blessed relief not to have to drink the health of "our men at the front." The Sallandrouzes, who have a charming little Arab house not far off, come to dine. Marie has made an excellent plum pudding and our African Christmas promises to be a success.

Monday 29th.

The days pass in a glory of sunshine and color and roses. It is not warm, a pleasant little crisp in the air. I always wear my winter costume with a fur collar; I don't suppose the fur cloak will ever go on unless we make an excursion in a open motor to the "Glacières." The first thing in the morning I am on my terrace, breathing the delicious air—a combination of sea and eucalyptus—and we are in and out of the house twenty times a day. Charlotte and I made an expedition to Alger the other day to find little presents and, we hoped, shining ornaments for her Christmas-tree which we had yesterday, but though the shops looked tempting they have very little to sell. The streets were crowded, not such a motley crowd as in the Cannebière at Marseilles, which was extraordinary—every uniform and language under the sun and everybody in a hurry. Here the crowd is much quieter. The Arabs, even in the humbler classes, move slowly with a certain dignity. The men are usually tall with oval faces, clear-cut features, and steady brown eyes.

The Christmas-tree went off very well. It was very difficult to dress, as the pine was decidedly a Southern pine, the branches soft and drooping; nothing would hold on them, candles were almost impossible to put on, but the boys arranged some electric lights hidden in the leaves and the effect was very good. There were about fifty people, children and grown-ups (I don't realize them all), the admiral commanding the port, with his wife and daughter, and various notabilities of the town. There is a very pleasant society in Alger, as there is a large military force here—General Nivelle, ex-generalissimo, in command. After the distribution of presents the children danced, ending with a "Sir Roger de Coverley," led with much entrain by Nanette (Jean's wife). As the drawing-room is large with very little furniture, there was plenty of room for the young ones to gallop about.

I had my first experience of a meal in an Algerian establishment the other day. Madame is a French Algerian, born here, her husband a Frenchman, one of the leading men in Alger. They have a lovely place some little distance from here on the other side of the mountain. They asked us all five Waddingtons and four Sallandrouzes most hospitably to lunch. The house is a large Arab house with inner courts, columns, stone archways very elaborately carved, and with every modern comfort, open fireplaces, electric light, splendid carpets, and a magnificent view of sea and town. The lunch was very well served by two Spanish girls, who looked very smart in their black dresses and white aprons with handsome embroidery. It seems it is very difficult to find servants here, hardly any Arab women are allowed to take service in a foreign house; some will come in the morning for a few hours, but they will never stay after dark, particularly with people who live far from the town, up in the hills, as we do; neither will they sleep. Of course there are exceptions—Jean's wife, who has lived here for two or three years has had all sorts of amusing experiences. She had an excellent Arab cook one year, not very young, who went all about the town doing her marketing dressed like all the other women, face uncovered, nothing on her head, not troubling herself about any men she met; but one day in the week, Friday, the Arab Sunday, she put herself into costume, full baggy trousers, white draperies and veil covering her face, ex-

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Alger.—The Rue Arabe.

The streets interest me enormously, one sees so many things one has read of in all stories of Eastern life.—Page 684.

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cept her eyes, and took herself off to the Kasbah, the old Arab town. There are a certain number of Spanish women here, and they make very good servants.

After lunch we walked about the garden, which is enchanting, marble terraces, steps, arches, flowers everywhere, and the most divine view. I have never seen anything like the gardens here, everything seems to grow—trees, bushes, flowers—naturally as if they could not help themselves, must open and blossom in the sun. It is certainly a delicious climate. I can understand, even after ten days here, what so many French officers have told me of their homesickness for Alger. It is funny to see our cook (who is a typical specimen of the peasant of the north of France—tall, strong, fair, accustomed to hard work and outdoor life) in Mustapha. This morning she was discussing with the old Arab who brings us vegetables. He comes with his donkey so heavily laden that one wonders how he ever gets up the steep paths. He is a nice-looking old man, with a long beard, a flowing blue garment, and a red turban bordered with white. He looks very patriarchal, just like the pictures in the Bible story-books. I believe he is fairly honest but they haggle over a sou.

The expeditions to Alger are rather long—it takes quite three-quarters of an hour to get down into the main street where all the shops are. I have only been down twice since I have been here, but I must say the streets interest me enormously, one sees so many things one has read of in all stories of Eastern life. The other day half a dozen men were sitting at a café having their shoes cleaned—a little Arab with his red cap on his head kneeling in front of each man scrubbing and polishing hard. It seems they do their work very well for a few sous. The Arab women all look alike and rather picturesque, but the rest of the female population, a medley of Spaniards, Maltese, a few Italians and Jews, is less interesting.

The Algerian lady never walks, at least in the town, occasionally in her garden. They are astounded at the way English and American women walk about the streets, and in the country up and down slippery, treacherous paths. New Year's day there was a reception at the Admiralty to which the F.'s and the J.'s went! Nothing at the palace, as the governor is in France accompanying M. Clemenceau in his triumphal progress in the war. So far he has been here very little; people seem to think he won't stay long. If (there are so many ifs in a presidential election) Clemenceau is slated President of the Republic he may want to have the governor near him, as they are great friends. We get our papers two or three at a time, about twice a week, three times sometimes when the steamers make fast trips, so we are dependent for news on the *Dépêche Algérienne* or the *Echo d'Alger*. They have of course all the telegrams, and sometimes a good leading article, but I miss the Paris papers (even the *Herald*) with the news and gossip of the outside world, a little stale perhaps when they arrive but giving glimpses of the world I have always lived in, half political, half social, telling what the Parisians are doing. I feel very far away; perhaps that feeling will pass, when I have been here longer and get more accustomed to my new surroundings.

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Wednesday, January 6th.

We have had an enchanting day and have not been in the house except to eat and sleep. Jean came to get Charlotte and me this morning in the auto, and we had a lovely turn through the hills to El Biar, one of the neighboring villages, to the property of the Prince d'Annam. It is beautifully situated on the top of a hill looking down on the sea and the great plain of the Mitidja, where so many fortunes have been made. The plain is covered with vines. The Algerian wine is good and sells very well. The house, a regular white Moorish house, low, square, with narrow windows and a flat roof, stands at the end of a fine avenue of palms and India-rubber trees and cactus and mimosas, all the exotic plants we see in greenhouses in the north. He has a curious story—this Prince, of Imperial Annamite stock, exiled from his own country when he was five years old; a prisoner, practically, in Algeria, which he can never leave without permission of the French Government. He has a fair fortune, married a Frenchwoman, and has

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three children, a son and two daughters. The girls are brought up like any French girls, but the son, who might perhaps one day become Emperor of Annam, and who is the hope of the party to which his father belongs, is brought up entirely as a royal Prince of Annam. If he were in his own country he would be Emperor and is considered so by some of his people. They live in a certain style, give dinners and garden-parties in the spring. All his servants are Annamite court servants, but they are only allowed to stay one year for fear of plots and disaffections; every year a new lot comes. For the last few years the French Government has been more tolerant and the prince went to France as often as he liked, merely notifying the authorities that he was going. During the war he was not allowed to leave Alger. It seems he is quite a philosopher, accepts the inevitable (perhaps because he has never known anything else), and speaks of himself as "un petit bourgeois d'El Biar." We came back through one of the Arab quarters, down steep twisting roads, and why we didn't run over some of the dogs and children sprawling in the middle of the street I don't understand. We passed a mosque where a number of dirty old men were sitting on the ground leaning against the wall, or on the curb-stones in full sun. Others were at work in the doorway of their dark low shops, these principally cobblers. A good many women were in the crowd, some selling oranges and mandarins spread out on the pavement or on a bit of carpet; some very stout ladies attired in loose peignoirs and red and yellow handkerchiefs on their heads, loitering along, looking at everything, talking, but never very loud—little cackling noises like hens. A divine view of the deep-blue sea at every turn. We passed through one or two Jewish streets. One sees at once the difference of nationality—the men haven't the erect—what shall I say?—stand-off carriage of the Arabs.

We passed under the walls of the old palace of the Dey of Alger, close under the famous room where Hussein the last Dey gave a "Coup d'éventail" to the French Consul which settled the fate of Alger and gave France her finest colony.

We drove a little about the town, as J. and C. had various things to do. I waited some little time before the post-office, close to the quay, while J. was sending a telegram and two or three little "bicos" (Arab boys) came up smiling and eager "moi garder voiture, madame." There are always a certain number about in the business parts of the city who take care of the auto when the master is busy. Nearly all the men are their own chauffeurs, and it is convenient to have one's car watched when there is nobody on it, as even in the daytime in a lonely quarter an Arab will steal a few small things. We came home through the bois de Boulogne —a lovely turn, the sea on one side, on the other a deep green ravine which is resting to the eyes.

The beautiful weather lasts. When my shutters are open in the morning about 7 o'clock I see from my bed an infinite space of blue and pink sky and blue sea: when there is any wind the branches of the eucalyptus with their strange, almost white weathered leaves blow across the panes like phantom branches. I wonder sometimes where I am. We went to tea yesterday with Countess de Brazza, who has lived here ever since her husband's death. Count de Brazza was the great African explorer of Congo celebrity —Italian born, but naturalized French, as the Italians would do nothing for him, and the French supplied him with men and money for his mission. She says, like so many people who have lived in Africa, that she could not live anywhere else. An interesting Frenchman, Count de C., was there. He too had the love of Africa, but a much wilder and more distant Africa than Alger. He has lived for years in Abyssinia, his wife with him, and says the climate is divine, the healthiest in the world, and life easy and pleasant in Djibouti, the chief town of Abyssinia.

Another beautiful warm bright day and as usual we have been out all day. The streets have an extraordinary interest for me, there is always something to see. C. and I went down-town this morning and stopped at the little French chapel Ste. Marie de Mustapha, which is really the inside court of an ancient Arab house, a square enclosure with columns and arcades all around it. On the hanging chandeliers there are still the cres-

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cents. As we were coming out we saw a pretty little white camel coming along, a man who looked like an Englishman, with a long fair beard and loose tweed clothes, riding him. They were trotting along quite quietly. The gait did not look uncomfortable—a sort of long trot. It was the first camel I had seen. People here told me I would see no Bedouins nor camels in Alger; one must go much farther south, almost to the desert, to see them. We saw too what I suppose was an Arab couple, the man walking proudly in front, the woman behind. She was much better dressed than the ordinary Arab woman one meets walking about the streets. She was closely veiled, but her draperies and veil were in silk and she had on shoes and stockings.

12th.

To-day we have celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of the F.'s wedding. We all went to lunch at a restaurant on the quay, famous for its "bouillabaisse" and fish generally. There were a great many people in the Place de Gouvernement which we have to cross to get to the quay, always the same motley crowd—Arabs, Algerians, Turks, Jews, very smart French officers, Spahis, donkey-boys, bands of bright-eyed little bicos ready for any job—keep your auto, polish your shoes, carry your parcels, anything in fact. Nobody in a hurry, nobody jostling or pushing, a most easy-going leisurely crowd, the Arab element predominating, as it is practically their quarter. Veiled women were walking about, some with their babies wrapped in white woollen blankets tied on their backs, some of the young ones carrying themselves very straight with vases and trays on their heads, moving easily and lightly through the crowd. The restaurant is quite primitive, really a dark shed opening on the quay, but to-day floods of sunshine were steaming in through the open doors. The place was crowded, but F. and Captain D. were waiting for us and had secured a table. We had an excellent lunch, the "bouillabaisse" quite up to its reputation. Various wandering musicians with mandolins and violins came along and played and sang at the door. It was a most intimate meal, every one talking to the proprietor.

The young captain was most interesting, had been through the war, ending as aviator pilot in the Sahara. He told us of a descent in the desert with a broken machine, not knowing where they were and no means of finding out, in a blinding sand-storm which hid everything. They struggled on over hills of sand with burning eyes and blistered feet until they got to the post happily not far off. He told it all very simply quite as if it was an everyday occurrence. He wants to try it again, has the fever of the desert that so many of them get.

The boys were fascinated, hung upon his words; so was the proprietor, who came and stood at the table and told us of the horrors he had seen in the trenches and mud of Flanders. Francis too told some stories of a shell-swept bridge which he often crossed when he was carrying despatches in Champagne. They all fought their battles over again. We have fallen back so entirely (I can't say into our old life again, for that will never come back, but into a sort of normal life, accepting the inevitable and the unrest of the whole world), that memories of the tragic war years seem already part of an almost forgotten past.

We all separated after lunch, the two men went back to their offices, the boys to the lycée, and C. and I walked along the quay, busy enough but nothing like what it was before the war. Trade comes back very slowly, the transport question is always a difficult one, and prices go up every week. The most ordinary necessities of life—butter, eggs, vegetables—are very dear, cost almost four times as much as in ordinary times. We shall soon be obliged to live like the natives on rice and dates.

Sunday 18th.

Still the same warm bright weather, I walked down to the English church, where it is always cold, one feels the chill coming in from the warm air outside. It is a very big, white Moorish building, does not look in the least like a church; but there is plenty of room and the service very well done. The choir, a mixture of men's and women's voices, is very good. Captain D. came to lunch and we spent the whole afternoon in the garden. We had a good many people for tea. We are

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A young Moorish woman.

The Arab women all look alike and rather picturesque.—Page 684.

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much disappointed over the presidential election, as, like every one else, we could not believe that any one would stand against Clemenceau; as long as the old man wanted the presidency the country owed it to him. When one thinks of his age and his indomitable spirit, never sparing himself, his only idea to lead the armies to victory, it is impossible to understand the vote of the Congress and such ingratitude from the country. I wonder why politics always brings out the small side of men's characters; but it is the history of the world.

The sunset was beautiful to-night, the sea had those green streaks one only sees in the Mediterranean. We begin our days early; at half past six o'clock the household is awake and stirring. The first thing I hear is the boys running out of the gate and galloping down the steep path leading to the tram which they take every day for the lycée; a little later comes Francis, who likes to be at his office early—all work begins early in Alger. Then I see C. in the garden, with a broad-brimmed hat, basket, and scissors, trimming, clipping, watering, planting—quite hard work but she likes it. The flowers are all out, the climbing white roses gradually getting up to my balcony; and a pretty red flower, something between a salvia and a fuchsia, with thick green leaves like little palms, is coming beautifully behind the garden wall, making a screen between the road and us. It is practically a private road, rough and stony so that very little passes except the donkey bringing the vegetables from the town, and occasional English tourists taking their morning walk in the hills. Just now a troop of spahis galloped past, their cloaks floating out like flags in the wind. They generally ride gray, almost white horses and with their white turbans and red cloaks they made a beautiful streak of color as they disappear between the lines of olive-trees and tall eucalyptus. They were led by an officer dressed in khaki, very dark—I should have said he was black, but I am told here that the Arabs are white, but bronzed by the sun. I don't feel as if they were white like me, but perhaps that is a northern prejudice against anything off color.

The dew is extraordinarily heavy in this country. It lies so thick on the leaves even at ten o'clock in the morning, when the sun is well up, that it looks like crystal drops which one could take up in one's hand. I met a curious bit of color when I was walking this morning, in the shape of an Arab girl who stood out vividly between the gray-green olive-trees and cactus that border the narrow path. She was about fifteen years old, dressed in baggy trousers (bare legs and feet) of a bright red-figured pattern. On her head a large square of the same stuff as a veil, but her face uncovered, her straight black hair hanging down over a wonderful white jacket too small for her, showing a great expanse of brown neck; even Zacky the terrier, who is now an old inhabitant, barked and ran round her. She made a remark to me in an utterly unknown language and ran off, laughing, showing her very white teeth, saying "Bonjour, madame."

There are some charming places up here in the hills, Moorish houses and gardens with Anglo-Saxon taste and culture grafted upon the rather crude original building. We went to tea to-day with M. and Mrs. S., who have lived here for years. They have a delightful house and garden in a village the other side of the mountain. The story runs that they came to Alger on their wedding-trip and were so fascinated with the place that they never went back to America to live. The report may be a little exaggerated, but it is true that they have lived here for years. It was too late to see the garden, which must be lovely, but the house has kept its Moorish characteristics, with inner courts, walled gardens, narrow doors and windows. The living-rooms are most comfortable. Mrs. S.'s drawing-room, which they built, would be a delightful room in any American or English house; yet one feels very far from the Western world. We were a small party, very cosmopolitan, but no Arabs. J. brought us home in his motor. It was wonderful, the 20th of January, to feel the soft warm air and to see the beautiful blue sky of the African night, thousands of stars, so much nearer than they ever seem in our gray northern skies.

The days continue bright and warm and are very resting. I have never been in such a quiet place—we are so high that we don't hear any sounds from the town

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except the long strident whistle when the steamers leave or arrive. I am getting to know the different whistles, particularly the "Adieux à la terre" when the boats go out. The service is getting more regular, there are almost always three steamers a week each way. I went to lunch with some English friends at the Hotel St. George on Tuesday. The dining-room was full of people, principally English, all sorts and types. We sat on the terrace for coffee and it was really too warm. I am still wearing my winter garments, but a great many people walk about in white serge. My hostess, Lady K., was in a foulard, didn't even put on a light wrap to sit outside. After lunch I walked across to J's., where we had very good music, not more then ten people, all musical and appreciative; just light enough for the musicians to see their notes, and the most lovely sunset view on the sea, the colors too beautiful; it certainly is a dream of colors and clear atmosphere. This morning C. and I have lounged about the garden doing nothing but looking at the flowers. It is a lazy life; when the days get warmer I am sure we shall be like the Arab women, wear loose white garments and sit—I don't like to say "squat"—in the shade of the wall.

Yesterday C. and I and Mme. S. went down to Alger. The two ladies had shopping to do. The shops are really good, but very dear. The grande rue amuses me always; everybody and everything passes in it. We saw an Arab, a tall handsome man with a keen clever face, wearing a black burnoose, red turban, white veil or cowl, drawn tight on each side of his face. He wore glasses and looked as if he might be a professor or a doctor; another one in white, also tall, rather fierce-looking, walking proudly along with three little white-veiled women behind him. In this country the man always walks ahead alone, his womenfolks following; and, though he doesn't seem to know what they are doing, any adventurous young foreigner who tried to get a word or a smile from one of the ladies would have had an uncomfortable surprise. In one of the most crowded parts of the street a procession of Arabs, mounted on small fat donkeys carrying bags of provisions, was crossing very leisurely with an absolute indifference to the trams and touring-motors. The Arabs are the terror of all the men who drive their motors; they never get out of the way no matter how much one blows the horn and there is nothing to do but to wait until they get across the street. I saw too the Englishman (who I think is a Frenchman) trotting along on his nice well-groomed camel. A girl passed close to me dressed in a pink-and-white cotton dress with a pink silk sash, a pink bow in her hair, which was very elaborately dressed, bare legs and feet. No one looked at her, no one seems to look at anything in this country; I suppose they have seen so many specimens of all nationalities, civilized and barbarous, that nothing surprises them.

March 4th.

The town is very animated since yesterday morning, when the English fleet came in, dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers. The admiral's ship, *Queen Elizabeth*, of historic notoriety, as she was in the Dardanelles, lies in the harbor alongside the quay, but the three other big ironclads are just outside. Guns were going all day, with the various salutes, and when we passed the governor-general's palace the gates were open and a line of spahis, in their red cloaks and white turbans, drawn up on each side of the entrance. I suppose the admiral, Sir C. Madden, was coming to pay his respects to the governor.

This afternoon we went down to Alger, which was crowded with British sailors in the cafés, in the shops, at the pâtisseries, who will do a flourishing business these days. All sorts of festivities are announced—balls and receptions at the Admiralty, the governor's palace, and on the admiral's flag-ship. Mme. S. and I stood for a long time on the promenade looking at the little boats going between the quay and the ships. They certainly give a great impression of strength and power, but the shapeless gray monsters are not beautiful. It seems the native population was much impressed, when the cannon were going, for the salutes from the English ships, answered by the small cannon in the port of the admiralty. They remarked "Canon An-

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glais fait plus de bruit que Canon Français." (The English cannon makes more noise then the French cannon.)

We stopped at the Mosquée on our way back. I had not been there yet. We did not go far into the church, as it was

A young Arab.

They are a curiously self-contained race. . . . One fancies that their reserve is intended as an eternal protestation of the conquered race.

late, and also we did not want to put on the wonderful slippers (happily over our shoes) that the people shuffle about in, but we saw quite well from the bottom of the church. A wooden screen stood near the door, and from behind it we heard splashing and noise of running water. The Arabs must wash face, hands and feet before they penetrate into the holy building. Several men were praying on their little squares of carpet near us, sometimes standing with their hands raised high over their heads, then suddenly dropping in a heap on the ground motionless, their foreheads nearly touching the floor of the mosque, their lips moving. We heard a faint murmur but no distinct sound. They were perfectly absorbed in their prayers, didn't look round or pay any attention to us. They are a curiously self-contained race; I wonder if they think about anything; one rarely sees a trace of emotion of any kind on their impassive faces, yet they don't look insig-

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nificant. One fancies that their reserve is intended as an eternal protestation of the conquered race. Are they conquered or even assimilated? They live apart, mix rarely with the French or Algerians, keep their own customs. Many of them of all classes, particularly in this last war, have served in France and done brilliant service. One sees a great many native soldiers in the streets of Alger with the Croix de Guerre and the Légion d'Honneur. Some of the chiefs educated at St.-Cyr are practically French officers, speak French without accent, dress like Europeans, but when they get back to Alger they fall at once into the old life, live on their estates, only come occasionally to Alger. Some of them have fine properties in the South, in the desert even, and receive Europeans who are travelling in that part of the country, but who even then never penetrate into the domestic life of their hosts. In some cases a wing is arranged quite like a European house—bathroom, electric light, and modern French furniture, and that is reserved for stranger guests. They are almost all married, but never speak of their wives, and no foreigner ever sees them except on very rare occasions when some distinguished foreign woman visits a harem. When two Arabs meet after an absence they will talk about everything—their business, their crops, their workmen—but neither one will ask about his friend's wife—she doesn't exist outside of the harem. When the men are real friends they walk about holding each other's hands, sometimes only holding by the little finger.

I often talk with the old residents here (after all, the conquest only dates back ninety years) about the relations between Arabs and French, and they all tell me that the Arabs are hostile to the French, yet the French domination in reality is not cruel nor tyrannical. They don't interfere with the customs nor the religion, nor the daily life of the natives: they brought an enormous amount of money into the country, draining and improving the soil, employing the natives, teaching them how to handle agricultural machines, and in some cases building houses, which the natives refuse to live in; but Algeria is now a French province and must be administered like other French departments, with all the precision and detail that accompany official life in France.

One thing they resent absolutely is the census. They feel as if strangers were preying into their affairs. When the official comes to the Arab hut to know how his household is composed and how many children he has, he never tells the truth. If an Arab has six children, four boys and two girls, he only declares four—girls don't exist. The hostility shows itself in many ways of doing things, also the desire to keep their own customs.

March 24th.

The British have gone and one quite misses the groups of boys (for they all looked like boys) that were swarming in the streets so excited and eager to see all they could. The ball at the admiralty was very well done, the British admiral dancing and enjoying himself very much. The reception at the governor's palace was a little spoiled by the weather. It was showery and the people could not walk about in the gardens, which are lovely, but there was a great show of uniforms and many Arab chiefs looking stately and imposing in their rich draperies and turbans. They don't wear any jewels, unlike the Indian princes who are always covered with them on state occasions, enormous stones but badly cut and badly set so that they don't make the effect they should. The ball on the *Queen Elizabeth* was most brilliant though the night was anything but tempting; it blew and rained up here, and the prospect of a drive of six kilometres in a half-closed automobile for the pleasure of dancing on the deck of a big ship shut in with canvas was not altogether alluring; however, some of the party went and said it was a pretty sight. The ship was brilliantly lighted, two or three bands of music, most abundant supper and floods of champagne; place in the admiral's apartment for the notabilities—governor-general, general commanding the French Corps d'Armée, Prince of Annam (and funny they said he looked, dressed in black silk with a white turban and a chignon). The non-dancing ladies kept on their cloaks and remained downstairs, but all the young ones, with their low dresses, were dancing hard on the deck.

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Why they are not all dead of pneumonia I don't know, but I suppose the exercise and excitement kept them warm. They said the deck was dry and the canvas a sufficient protection against the wind and occasional showers.

March 28th.

We went to tea yesterday at a farm belonging to one of the rich Algerians who has made a fortune in wine. He owns acres of vines in the famous Mitidja plains, probably the most fruitful in the world. We were invited to spend the afternoon, and pick as many lemons and oranges as we liked. Unfortunately the day was gray, one of the very few we have had, with an occasional shower, but we decided to go in spite of the weather. The place is on the outskirts of a village on the other side of the mountain. The approach by an avenue of palms is charming. We passed through one court where there were farm buildings and implements and some animals—horses, goats, and of course donkeys (they drink a great deal of goat's milk in this country); then into another where are the house and garden, a square white, red-roofed Arab house, very comfortable, and an immense garden. There were quantities of flowers, roses, violets, a hedge of pink geraniums, and on one side an avenue of mimosas in full bloom looking like walls of gold against the dark sky, quantities of orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit. The boys were instantly at work picking and eating them. It must be enchanting up there on a bright day. The family don't live there, though the house is comfortable, but go out with the children on holidays. We were obliged to have tea indoors, as the weather was not propitious for tea in the garden, and came home loaded with big branches of mimosa and violets and a basket filled with oranges and mandarins. Now that the governor-general has come back, the palace, with the gates always open and two red-cloaked spahis on the sentry-boxes, looks very imposing. There are constantly officers and orderlies riding in and out. The other day we saw an Arab coming out, sitting straight but loosely in his saddle and riding with such a long slack rein, we wondered how he would ever pass the motors and trams that take up almost all the street, but I suppose the horses are well trained and can be trusted to find their way. All the horses here look in good condition, though not quite so round and well fed as those I saw in Alsace.

I would like to see some of the big Arab chiefs in their costumes. We met one to-day—Ben S., almost a Parisian; he is a French officer educated at St.-Cyr, was in all the war, and a prisoner in Germany. He was dressed in a sort of uniform—a khaki big coat, but a white turban with the band of yellow camel's hair that denotes a certain rank. The camel's hair was such a bright color it looked like gold. Charlotte and I walked about a little to-day in one of the Jewish streets, rue de la Lyre. It was interesting to see the different types. There were a great many Arabs walking about as well as Jews, but the Arabs are certainly a much finer race. In one of the squares a public writer was seated on a doorstep, a young Arab dictating a letter to him. Cobblers were at work in little dark doorways. In many of the shops, as carnival is approaching, there were masks and spangled veils and scarfs and skirts. The quarter has a perfectly different aspect from the modern shopping streets we usually frequent. There are many flights of steep steps leading up to the Kasbah, the old Arab town, and little dark, narrow, sinister-looking alleys where certainly never a ray of sunshine penetrates.

We had a foretaste of carnival the other day when we were sitting in the garden. We heard the tum-tumming of a native instrument in the distance and then a band of Arabs presented themselves at the gate—two men and five or six children, the men wearing white burnooses and turbans, the children one scanty garment only, which barely covered them. One of the men played, on a curious instrument looking rather like a long pipe, a strange irregular rhythm and the other danced, if dancing it can be called. He twirled round and round, occasionally making a leap into the air, until we were quite dizzy watching him. They were satisfied with the few pennies we gave them, bowed low, making a fine sweeping gesture with their open hands, and moved on to the next place.

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We made a lovely excursion the other day with some English friends in their big touring-car, to Blidah and the Gorges de la Chiffa. It was an interesting road, so perfectly Eastern, orange and lemon groves, cactus hedges, oueds (beds of dried-up rivers with a narrow stream of water running down the middle), long stretches of vine-covered plains, the vines quite low now but in another month they will be high and green. In many of the orange groves the oranges have already been picked; we saw a few gleaming among the leaves. The Blidah oranges are famous all over the world, and are exported in great quantities. Blidah is interesting, a real Arab town. The market-place was full of Arabs squatting on the pavement or on their prayer-rugs. There were plenty of people in the streets, not many uniforms, although there is a French garrison there, and it is considered one of the most attractive posts in Africa.

There seemed to be good shops in the streets. I didn't see anything like a place where Europeans could live. C. says there is a boulevard outside the town where there are good modern houses but we didn't go through it. The road along the Chiffa is wonderful, very good, very narrow, with every now and then a sort of refuge or bay hanging over the precipice to let people pass. We passed a few motors and always the Biblical groups of Arabs and donkeys, the old men riding and the women walking behind. The mountains are high, almost shutting out the daylight, generally masses of rock, but sometimes quite green with trees and bushes, every now and then a torrent tumbling down the slope. We had brought our lunch with us.

We heard the cannon after breakfast to-day—still a sinister sound, though we knew that it was to tell us that the new President was installed at the Elysée. He has a difficult succession. Poincaré bore himself with great dignity and patriotism during all the war years, never spared himself, never doubted one moment that France would win though at a frightful cost of life, but he had a terrible responsibility and will go down to posterity "Le Président de la Guerre," just as Thiers was known after "70" as "Le Libérateur du Territoire." He was so right too to take his place again as senator. With his intelligence and experience he can do much good as an outsider whose decisions would be perfectly impartial. He has nothing to gain; he has had all his country could give him.

Monday, April 19th.

We are having a series of beautiful days and are never in the house except to eat and sleep; the air is delicious, warm in the sun but always a slight breeze, which makes a light wrap necessary for the evening. Yesterday I had a most interesting afternoon. The Jeans came for me in their car and we went to Notre Dame d'Afrique, the church which stands so high on the hills and is seen from a great distance at sea. The route was beautiful, always on the high plains that run along the slope of the mountain, with lovely views of the sea at our feet, the road very good, narrow, and twisting with very sharp turns. I had never been in that quarter before and was astonished at the number of houses—almost all pretty little Moorish villas hidden in the trees, their white walls gleaming through the thick branches. The road was very steep, the church looked inaccessible but wasn't, as several horse carriages were toiling patiently up the hill. The last bit looked like a stone wall ending in nothing apparently; we seemed to be driving straight up into a blue space of sea and sky; however, just at the top a sharp turn brought us into the little square just in front of the church.

Quite on the edge of the cliff facing the sea is the tomb and white marble cross in memory of Cardinal Lavigerie (though he is not buried there but at Constantine), who loved Africa and with his Pères Blancs did so much for the country.

It was almost dark in the church. I could hardly see at first, coming in from the bright sunlight outside, but as I got accustomed to the half light I made out the famous black Virgin very well. She stands very high, dressed in bright-blue draperies, a gold crown on her head and her black face quite distinct. Tapers were burning on each side of the altar and people kneeling before the "Mère Consolatrice qui prie pour nous et pour les

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Mussulmans." All the walls were covered with inscriptions and tablets from grateful travellers who had escaped from the perils of the sea, the desert, and attacks from wandering bands of natives. Some of them were pathetic in their simplicity. We came home by another road, steep and narrow and twisting like the one we came up by, but quite enchanting—color, light everywhere.

We saw three or four really handsome young Jewesses with beautiful soft dark eyes and pale smooth skin but always with the marked features of their race and already a tendency to grow fat (all the women get fat in Alger as they grow older); they were generally richly dressed in silk and embroidered skirts, a bright-colored cashmere shawl on their shoulders, and always the black silk band, low on their foreheads drawn tightly around their heads; they wear a great many ornaments, long gold earrings and brooches, and clasps of gold. The men dress like the Arabs (they don't look at all like them) in long caftans, white turbans around the red fez. One or two women were walking about with red and yellow silk handkerchiefs on their heads and loose jackets of very vivid colors, bright green and orange. I saw for the first time an Arab with a blond drooping mustache; he was not quite fair but not nearly so dark as all I have seen here —might easily have passed for an Italian or Spanish bronzed by the southern sun; I should think he must have some foreign blood in his veins. There have been many marriages with white women.

We have been reading an interesting book on the Sahara and Alger written by a Russian woman who lived years in the desert, died there, and is buried in one of the small Arab villages on the borders of the Sahara. It was a fantastic life, she wore man's dress, served in a spahis' regiment, and lived for a long time with a "Sidi Mohammed Quelconque" in the desert. Her descriptions of the roaming wild life, the space, the solitude, the stillness of the desert are quite wonderful. Some of the chapters describing the forming and the starting of a trans-Saharienne caravan, hours of lonely waiting in a small oasis in the heart of the desert dreading an attack from a fierce hostile tribe, all so vivid that through it all one feels the love of this great African continent and the mysterious depths of the Sahara.

Nanette, who has lived here now for some years, is most interesting when she talks about the Arabs and their customs. She went the other day to the harem of one of the big Arab chiefs, Ben S., who was marrying his daughter, and a few foreign ladies, including Mme. A., the wife of the governor-general, had been asked to the ceremony. They were met at the entrance by a French general and the master of the house, Ben S., and taken into an inner court; then the men disappeared and the ladies penetrated into the inner rooms. In one large salon all the family except the bride were assembled from the old grandmother down to the various babies rolling about the floors! The Arab ladies were seated on divans and cushions, there were chairs for the foreigners, and on a mat or bit of carpet in front were three musicians with their curious instruments and still more curious music, long drawn-out notes and a very marked irregular rhythm. The Arab ladies were very richly dressed in baggy silk trousers, silk shirts or vests embroidered in gold, and a sort of jacket or coat of bright color, also embroidered in gold and silver, white veils, some spangled with gold and quantities of jewels, the pearls all baroque, not the beautiful white pearls we wear in the West. Some of the ladies spoke French a little, made very halting efforts at conversation. Coffee and sweets were handed around but time went slowly. Then there was a move, some of the ladies including the foreigners went up-stairs to see the bride, who had not yet made her appearance. They waited some little time in a salon furnished with divans and cushions like the down-stairs rooms, at one end an armchair with three or four cushions so that the occupant would sit very high as if on a throne. Finally, the bride appeared—a girl of about fourteen led in by her grandmother, the oldest person present. She was most elaborately dressed—her coat was of light-blue velvet thick with gold embroderies, her veil white and spangled, she wore a great many jewels, diamonds on her head and

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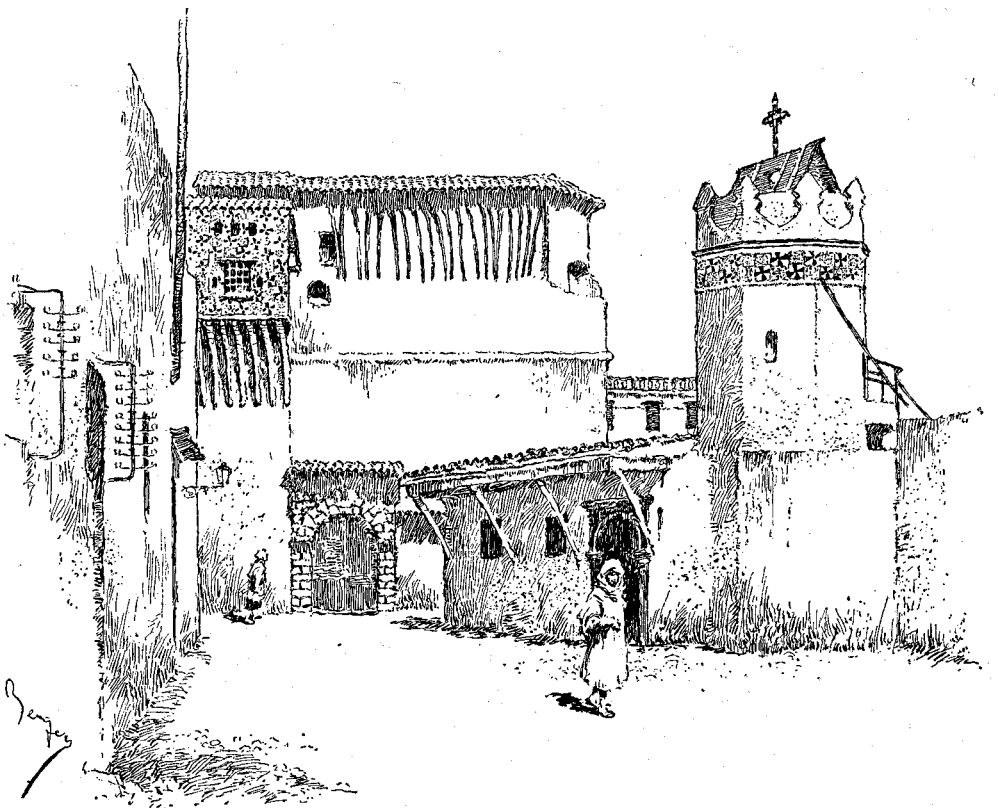
bits of gold in the shape of moon and stars on her forehead and cheeks. As soon as she was settled in her chair her jewel-box of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl was brought in and deposited on the floor at her feet; she used it as a footstool —that is the way the bride takes possession of her jewels. She didn't talk much, smiled and nodded an answer to some of the foreign ladies' remarks, and they very soon took their leave.



Alger.—The entrance of the Palace of the Kasbah.

Thursday, May 6th.

We are leading the most curious life of complete isolation from the rest of the world except for the meagre and unsatisfactory telegrams in the Algerian papers, which tell us that the strike is not yet finished but that the situation is improving. In the meantime traffic and business are at a standstill. No steamer has left or come into Alger since last Saturday, we have no letters nor papers from France. Yesterday a steamer half-cargo half-passenger left for Marseilles with eight hundred passengers, very little accommodation or food. One of Francis's friends had a mattress which he could put on deck or in one of the passages. When the boat went out her deck was black with passengers all standing packed like sardines. All the Algerian trains are stopped.

We have had two or three very trying days, a very strong north wind, a mistral of unusual vigor—of course here at the top of the hill we get it in full force. Certainly this country is *violent* in all its expression when it blows hard. Doors and windows rattle, panes break, the tall

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eucalyptus-trees in the garden sway and bend as if they were going to break in two, and the wind howls around the house as if we were at sea. When the rain begins it falls in straight black sheets, the drops so big that they seem like black pebbles striking against the windows. When the sun comes out it shined down so straight and hard out of the cloudless blue sky that we can hardly bear the intensity of the light.

This afternoon we have made a second visit to the farm of M. R., and if we thought it lovely in the month of January it was fairyland to-day. The drive through the village and outskirts of El-Biar was enchanting, through green twisting lanes, sometimes high hedges of wild roses bordering the road, sometimes gray walls with masses of pink geraniums hanging over them, and always white Moorish houses peeping out through the trees. The avenue of palms made quite a shade as we got to the house. The garden was charming, masses of flowers and bushes of all kinds, quantities of roses as big as peonies and some tall slender papyrus-trees that reminded one of all the Bible pictures of Moses in the bulrushes. The mimosas are over but we walked through an avenue of nèfles,* the little yellow apples looking like gold balls in the sun and at the end a long sweep of vines stretching away to the horizon. Again, as so often here, we had such a sense of space. After making the tour of the garden we went to see the cellars where they make their wine. Everything was spotlessly clean—all the wine-presses and their machines with their brass knobs shining and polished, and the floors looked as if nobody ever walked on them. Mme. L. said it was really something to see at the time of the vintage—quantities of workmen, all the big machines working, and tons of grapes.

May 29th.

I am leaving now in a few days. My winter in Alger is finished; perhaps next year I can get to the Sahara and the limit of civilized life. I should like to see the long unbroken stretches of yellow sand. I say "yellow" in spite of Fromentin, who never used that word. For him the desert plains were golden.

*I don't know what they are in English, I think custard apples.

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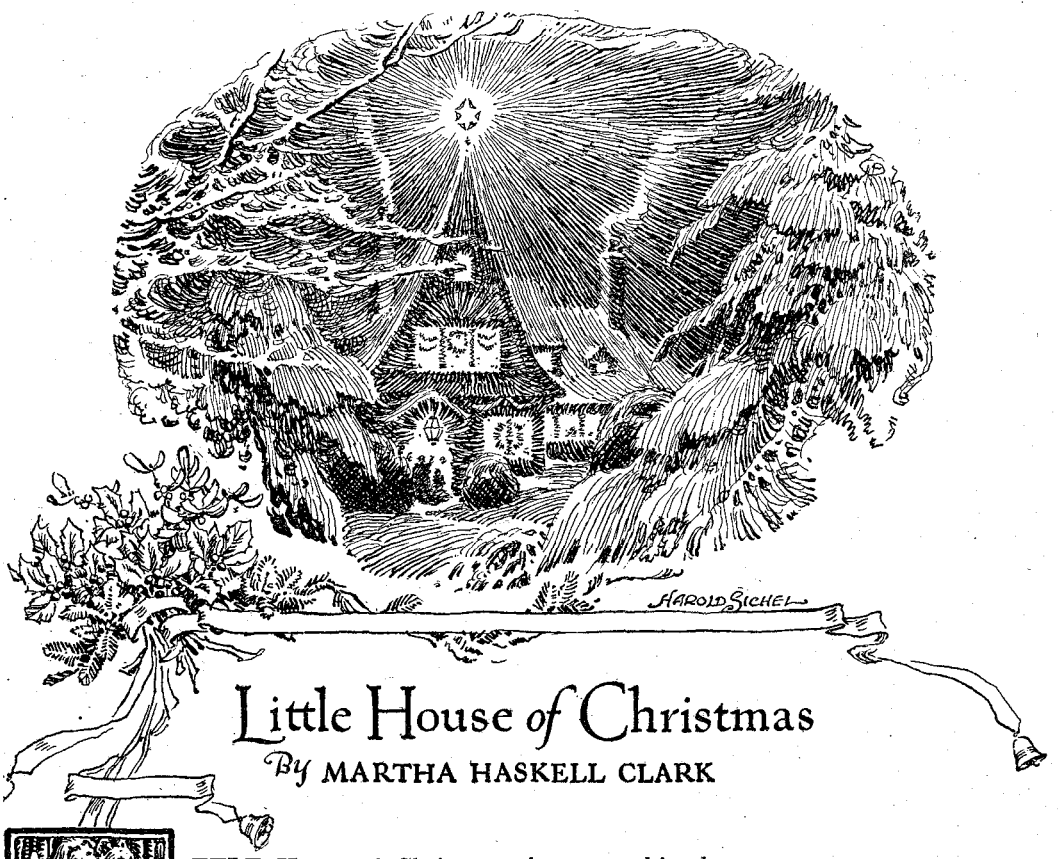

Little House of Christmas

By MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

LITTLE House of Christmas, in your white lane set,
Half-way twixt the highways of Remember and Forget,
Once a year your windows wake with welcome taper-glow,
Once a year your gate swings wide to feet of long ago.

Little House of Christmas, at your fragrant feast,
All are bidden to the board, the greatest and the least;
Silk and velvet-mantled Hopes, rub elbows side by side
With little, tattered, beggared Dreams that crept in wistful-eyed.

Little House of Christmas, all drifted deep with snow,
Holly-decked, and sweet with fir, and hung with mistletoe,
All the roads of all the world, cheerless were, and drear,
Were your blazing Yule-logs quenched that beckon once a year.

Hands stretch welcome at your sill the years have thrust apart,
Memories clasp tender arms about each lonely heart,
Long-lost faces gather close, voices loved of old
Ring across the holly-boughs beneath the taper-gold.

Little House of Christmas, in your white lane set,
Half-way twixt the highways of Remember and Forget,
May each storm-blown wanderer, weary and alone,
Hear some voice call cheer to him across your lintel-stone.

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Three Songs for Christmas

By CHARLES W. KENNEDY

I

WE'LL hang the walls with holly boughs,
And silver mistletoe;
We'll light a Yule-flame on the hearth
And fill the room with candle-glow.

Yet Love could still keep Christmas Day,
Though all the house were bare—
One song of Yuletide on your lips—
One spray of holly in your hair.

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II

IF I could dress a Christmas Tree
With all the gifts you've given me—

The spell you weave in magic ways
Of quiet peace through all our days;

The healing word, the shy caress,
The secret dream of happiness—

I'd hang them on a Christmas Tree
And give them back, my dear, to thee.

III

WHO hath nor purse, nor golden coin,
Who holds no lands in fee,
He singeth gay on Christmas Day
In jolly beggary.

For who hath nought to give but love,
Gives all his heart away,
And giving all, hath all to give,
Another Christmas Day.

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THE FIRST KNIGHT OF THE HOLY CROSS

By John Finley

"And they compel one passing by, Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country, . . . to bear His cross."

A COUNTRYMAN he was from far away
Who'd happened in the Holy Town that day,
Swarthy from hot Cyrene's sun, and strong
To bear the fresh-hewn fragrant tree along
The dolorous way that led to Calvary,—
The first cross-bearer of humanity.

. . . . . .

O knight of Christ, compelled to lift the load
For Him! What radiance fell upon thy road
When He but looked to thee in gratitude
And made of these crossed beams the Holy Rood!
What swift, sweet passion filled thy giant frame
When He said "Follow Me" and spoke thy name!

HOMESICK

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

To think, when Spring winds o'er the country roam,
And violets first show their shy, glad faces,
How violets and anemones at home
Are blowing in the well-known shady places;

To think, when June, the royal, stirs the air,
How 'round the gray, dear house, forgotten never,
The roses blossom though I am not there,
And climb the wall, as white, as red as ever;

To think, when gales roar down the dying year,
Though friendly voices laugh at stormy weather,
Of other voices that one cannot hear,
Of Autumn fires and nights at home together;

To know a sudden shock of sharp desire,
Striking through living, setting fibres aching,
That heaven may prove—the dogs around the fire,
Mystical music sweeping the pine-woods' lyre,
Lamplight within, outside snow piling higher—
Voices of two who talk to me, heaven-making.

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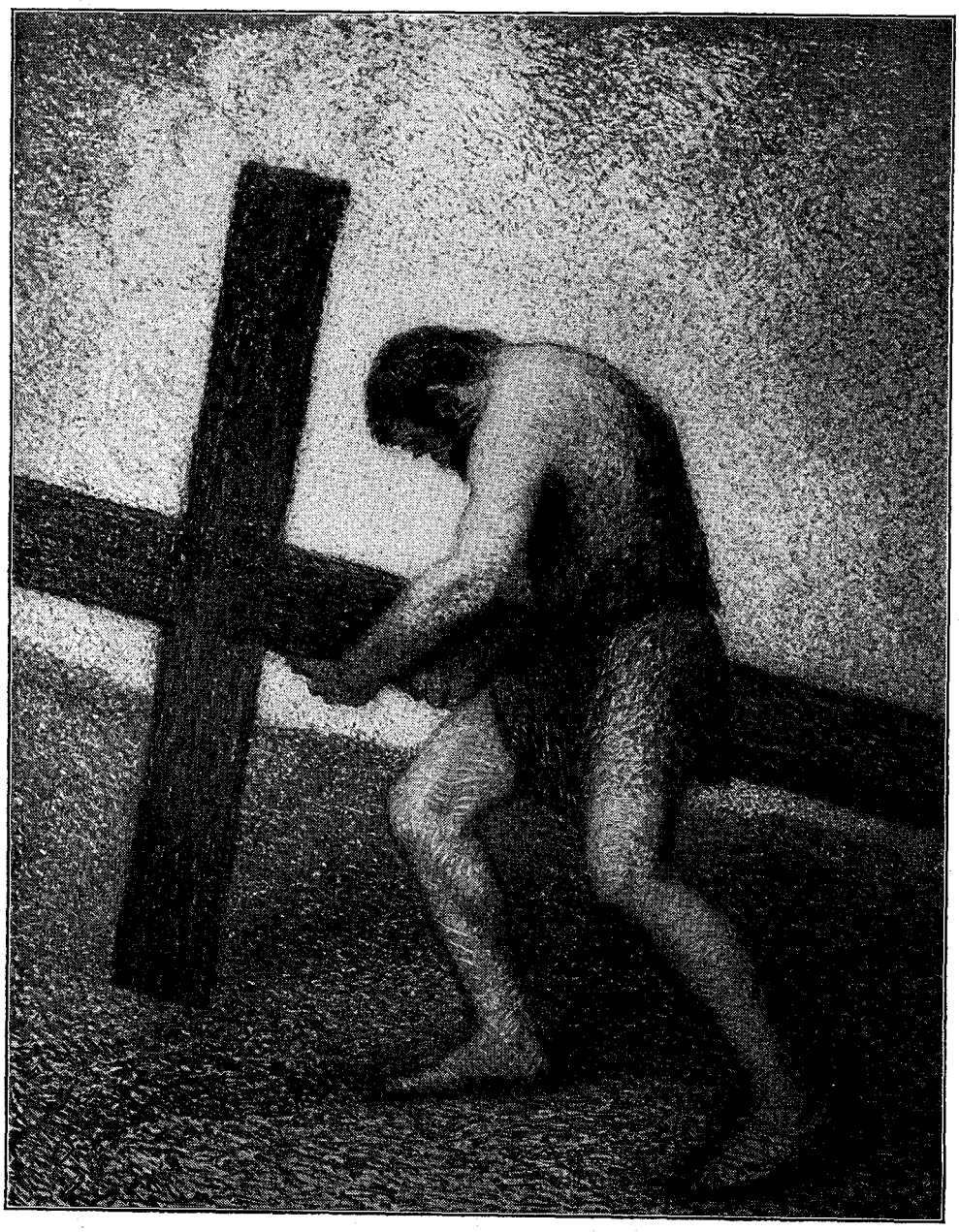

Simon of Cyrene.

From the painting by Augustus V, Tack which suggested the poem, "The First Knight of the Holy Cross."

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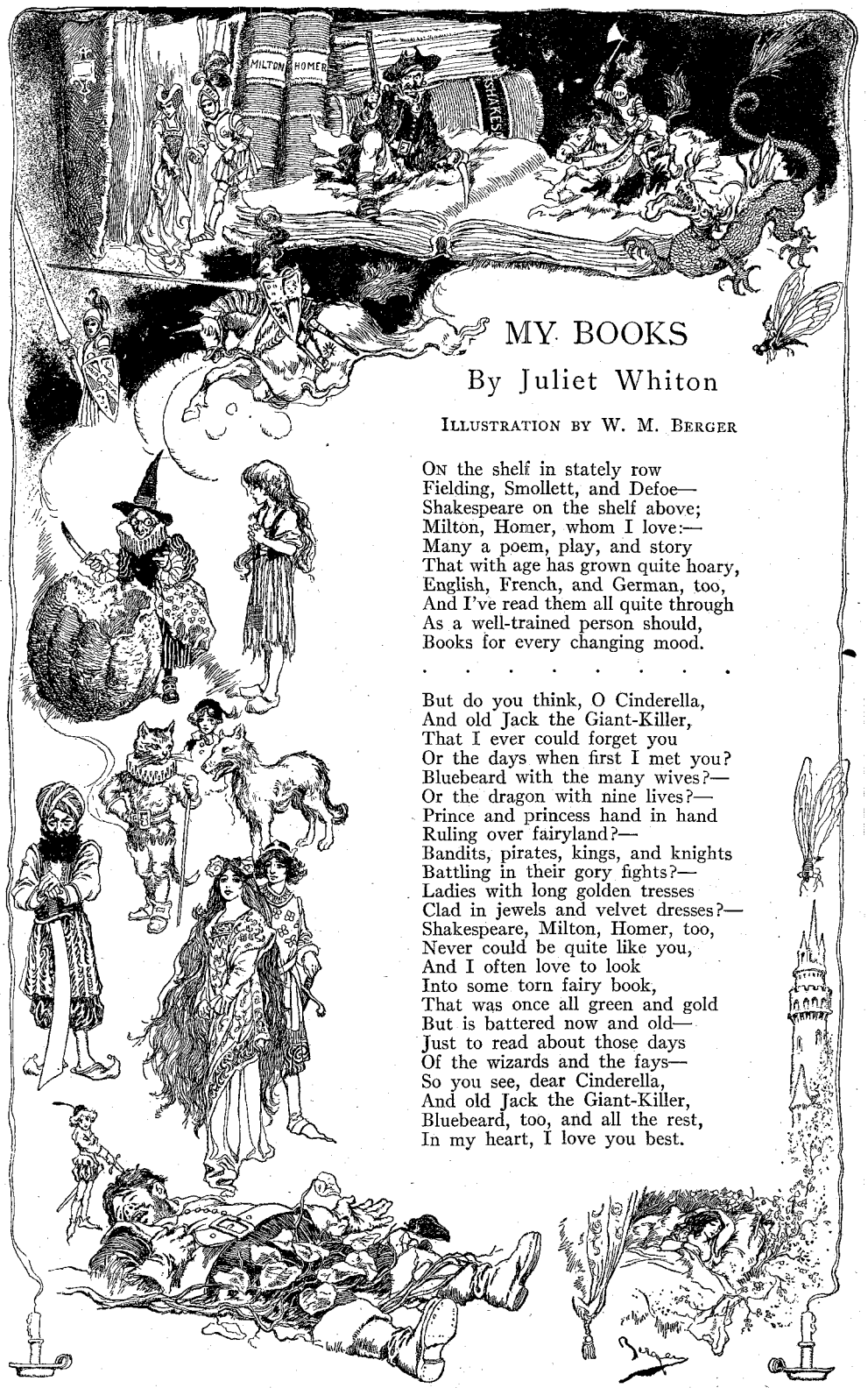

MY BOOKS

By Juliet Whiton

ILLUSTRATION BY W. M. BERGER

ON the shelf in stately row
Fielding, Smollett, and Defoe—
Shakespeare on the shelf above;
Milton, Homer, whom I love:—
Many a poem, play, and story
That with age has grown quite hoary,
English, French, and German, too,
And I've read them all quite through
As a well-trained person should,
Books for every changing mood.

. . . . . .

But do you think, O Cinderella,
And old Jack the Giant-Killer,
That I ever could forget you
Or the days when first I met you?
Bluebeard with the many wives?—
Or the dragon with nine lives?—
Prince and princess hand in hand
Ruling over fairyland?—
Bandits, pirates, kings, and knights
Battling in their gory fights?—
Ladies with long golden tresses
Clad in jewels and velvet dresses?—
Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, too,
Never could be quite like you,
And I often love to look
Into some torn fairy book,
That was once all green and gold
But is battered now and old—
Just to read about those days
Of the wizards and the fays—
So you see, dear Cinderella,
And old Jack the Giant-Killer,
Bluebeard, too, and all the rest,
In my heart, I love you best.

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MY HORSE

By Harley R. Wiley

THE future called, I could but go—
On you and childhood close the gate;
You missed the Boy, ah, well I know,
Though darkness shrouds your after-fate,
O Strong and Beautiful and Great!

Your neck was arched in lordly pride
When last I loosed your steaming girth
And flung my useless spurs aside,
Here in the wild land of your birth
To let a stranger prove your worth.

Not yours to sense the fevered strain
That heeds not love nor rest nor place;
Unconscious all of parting pain,
You bent your head with loving grace
In comradeship against my face.

The land still holds its princely dead.
Forget? How could this land forget?
Its canyons echo still your tread,
Against the blue its ridges yet
Give back your stalwart silhouette.

And Memory whistles through these hills
Till you come romping down the years!
On phantom winds your neighing shrills,
Your hoof-beats thunder in my ears—
'Tis Boyhood's waking heart that hears!

I ride—for all the years I ride
That mocked me since from you I went!
Steeds later born have lived and died
Yet time your heart nor broke nor bent—
Behold your garnered strength unspent!

Against the pale horizon lined,
The peaks their soaring pageant lift;
They lift and soar but fade behind—
Our race superb, supremely swift,
Has set the anchored hills adrift!

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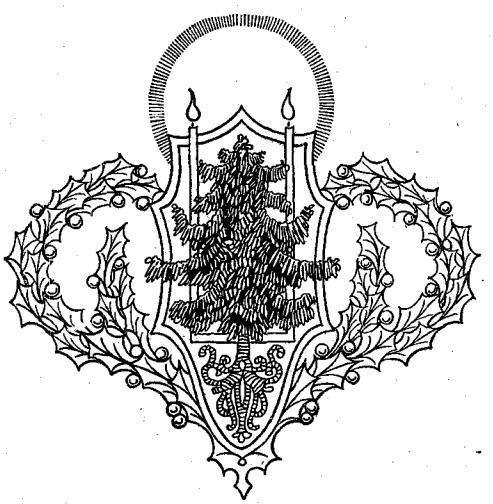
The threads of air through wind that sings—
  Such rioting of music reigns—
Grow tense as *ukulele* strings,
  And to your rhythmic hoofs the plains
  Are bursting into organ strains.

Far sink the suns their flaming lights;
  Great stars from shadow heights are drawn;
And through the flower-scented nights
  With spark and flash our flight speeds on
  From golden dawn to golden dawn.

Alas! The present's vital breath
  Dispels the rapture of my dream
And backward sweeps the dust of death,
  Till all my yearning fancies seem
  Gray ashes on a sombre stream.

Somewhere in this fair land, I trust—
  Some silent, sun-warmed, star-loved place—
The grass is greener for your dust,
  Some pendant leaf floats richer grace,
  Some flower lifts a sweeter face.

But if from out the clinging past,
  On shores behind the shadows grim,
The things we loved are ours at last,
  Your form awaits me, proud and slim,
  Your hoofs are stamping at the rim.



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THE WEAKNESS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH: AN EXAMINATION

By Winifred Kirkland

PSYCHIC research has become so popular a preoccupation that no thinking person can escape the challenge: How is my brain to receive its evidence and its doctrine? That question is to be lucidly answered only by examining the subject with sharp distinction, first as science, and second as ethical doctrine. There is both truth and falsity in the contention of spiritists that the general public shrinks cravenly from facing the facts of their discoveries. Undoubtedly in the age-long scoffing at ghosts and attempted intercourse with them there is much of terrified bravado. We are inexcusable in our ignorant contempt for the sheer courage of psychic students, especially those great ones of the generation just past, in daring ridicule and ostracism in order to investigate an unattempted, yet legitimate, branch of science. Many of us are so densely uninformed in regard to the whole subject that we fail to appreciate the strange and subtle intricacies and ingenuities involved in psychic research viewed purely as an experiment in scientific method. In ridiculing spiritist investigation we both insult some of the most intrepid explorers humanity has produced, and also we acknowledge the flimsiness of our faith if we are fearful that any scientific discovery could shake it. Whatever sea any Columbus chooses to attempt, it is by his courage rather than by the mere fact or fiction of his discoveries that we stay-at-home minds are enriched. As well have no science as to believe any area forbidden, as well have no faith as to believe one that could be affected by the moving of a table.

We owe psychic research exactly the same respect that fair-minded people pay to all new science, however startling or repugnant its revelations—but we owe it no more respect than that! Unfortunately it is exactly this further veneration that most spiritists demand. Now, if we have been contemptuous of their claims, they have been equally scornful of our objections. We have a right to ask of all scientific discoverers that they shall be open to all conceivable deductions from given phenomena. We become suspicious when they select only one hypothesis as possible; they may equally resent our rejecting this same hypothesis as the only one impossible. To honest inquiry all things are possible. What we demand of the investigators of psychic phenomena is that they shall be as ready toward explanations so-called natural, as toward explanations so-called supernatural. There are few of us, by the way, who could formulate a distinction between natural and supernatural which would not put some fetter upon the freedom of all research!

Very often, in the toilsome history of man's control of his surroundings, scientists who have thought they were discovering one thing, have discovered something else, something contributing even more to the emancipation of humanity. No one who reads psychic records with a candid mind can doubt that we stand on the threshold of tremendous revelations. Yet it is dogmatic to ascribe spiritist phenomena to spirits without more frankly admitting other possibilities.

Vividly as a sudden search-light in darkness, psychic investigation has illuminated three lines of study—the mysterious nature of matter, the mysterious nature of the subconscious, the mysterious nature of post-mundane intercourse—showing us equally ignorant of all three. Telekinesis, spirit photography, materialization, these reveal how little our boasted materialism knows about matter; Patience Worth and other arresting entities reveal how little our boasted psychology knows about the brain. But might an attitude of humbleness before all mystery inquire why the nature of matter and the

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nature of the brain should be less astounding than the nature of disembodied existence? Surely all three departments of study are equally the domain of science, for there is no inherent reason why the undiscovered country on this side of the grave should not be as alluring to explore as the undiscovered country beyond. So long as the world in which we are set is so strange and so challenging, it is only intellectual conceit that dares define one area of knowledge as miraculous, and another as normal. To apply the modest, touchstone question: But what shall the discoveries of psychic science mean to me? Exactly how shall my individual brain translate this new body of knowledge into terms of clearer light and quickened energy? The reply is the reiteration of the point that our attitude toward psychic science should be exactly the same as toward other science. All discovery should give us the mental exhilaration of perceiving new worlds to be attempted. All discovery should emancipate and dignify the human brain by revealing to it new reaches of reverence for a supreme design for human growth. Yet surely to the brain that sees clearly and acknowledges frankly, there appears no reason why the mystery of souls liberated should be more astounding to scientific attention than the mystery of souls incarcerated.

Because we demand that the psychical shall be explored with the same care as the physical, it is an obligation of the brain toward spiritism that psychical research shall not be degraded by charlatans nor cheapened by amateurs. If psychic research is a science worthy the name, then it should be left, as are other sciences, solely to the investigators most thoroughly equipped. The vulgar quackery, the ignorant credulity, the smug complacency of many present-day books is rightly repugnant to all who reverence the dignity of the human mind in the body or out of it. We delegate electricity to electricians, medicine to doctors. When we others meddle with either, we not only incur actual injury to ourselves or our fellows, but we retard the development and deny the importance of either science. It is not because we depreciate, but because we respect, all investigation of death, that we insist that it shall be conducted as carefully as all investigation of life.

When our brains thus acknowledge the legitimate dignity of psychic research, surely its exponents should not accuse us of any superstitious hesitancy before their statements. This hesitancy has a profounder basis than the mere acceptance or rejection of evidence. Our brains admit that the three departments of inquiry opened by psychic research—the mystery of matter, the mystery of the subconscious, the mystery of death—are all equally the domain of science, but at the same time those same brains assert that they are equally *not* the domain of ethics. The examination of our instinctive repugnance to spiritism finds the basis of its logic to be not in the arguments *for*, but in the arguments *from*, psychic research.

It is not by rejecting but by granting the premises of spiritism that its inherent weakness can best be exhibited. If, when its testimony is freely accepted and sincerely applied to daily living, spiritism can still be seen not to advance but to retard the evolution of the man in us from the animal in us, then we are justified in denying, if not its truth, at least its importance. The constant implication of all spiritist argument that psychic discovery has in itself, that is, in its mere authenticity, any moral significance, is fallible. Psychic research concerns our mentality, not our morality. Any scientific discovery appeals first to the brain, and second to the soul. If to-day some scientist should ascertain epochal new facts about the properties of sound waves, and to-morrow should incorporate those facts in some marvellous new invention, his discovery would contribute to the physical and the mental advance of the race, but would have no concern with spiritual development. Such discovery would enter the region of the spiritual only for the people who recognized in it fresh revelations of a directing Force back of all forces, and allowed a quickened reverence for this to clarify their vision and invigorate their actions. Psychic research is more, not less, like other sciences than its students assert, for even should the utmost claims for intermundane in-

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tercourse be accepted, the effect would not be in itself a moral stimulus. Suppose we came to believe that we could summon the dead to conversation whenever we pleased, the influence upon us would be not in the acceptance but in the application of this belief. Such a conviction would be enervating or ennobling exactly in proportion to its effect upon our conduct, and that effect would be in exact ratio to the degree of spirituality we had previously attained without any spiritist assistance. There never was a time in history when the effects of spiritism upon both the mental and the moral nature of man could be more clearly examined and evaluated. More people than we dream are to-day being influenced by the subtle implications even more than by the out-and-out claims of psychic research. Never in the world's history have so many people been in a state of mind open to psychic influences. After the holocaust of grief that has lately swept our universe there can never have been a period when more hearts, or hearts more bitterly broken, have been open to messages from the unknown. Within these last years, as at no other time, should one be able to measure the exact degree of inspiration to be expected from psychic contact, for never have so many people believed in that contact.

Has the effect been either to illuminate or to invigorate the ideals of the world? Far from it! This day of readiest acceptance of psychic communication is precisely the day when public idealism has fallen to its lowest. After the high tide of inspiration to which the war bore us, which of us has not veiled his face in shame before the collapse to grossest materialism? Which nation whose duty was toward the regeneration of the world has not reverted to a bestial selfishness? Hardly the best historic period to choose for proof that the voices of spirits have a restraining influence upon the actions of the living, hardly a very convincing proof of the regenerating force of spiritism, these grossly callous years of human history! Do the brethren of Dives show themselves merciful to the beggars of Vienna or Armenia, even though voices are speaking from the dead? What can be said for the moral stimulus claimed to result from the nearness of the spirit world when we see how little the death of millions, with all their passionate devotion to a new era for which they believed they died, has affected the national motives of any nation? No, the only regeneration that can be proved from history past or present has come from spirits on this side of the grave, not on the other.

As we turn from public to private witness of the disintegrating rather than invigorating effect of a belief in psychic contacts, we do not find those of our acquaintance who put in practice such belief our wisest counsellors or strongest aids. As we look about us at those people who are most inspiring to the community and to their friends, we discover them to be not those who spend hours with ouija or with a spirit-pencil, but rather those who keep their attention on this physical world, on its inherent inspiration for all who sincerely search, on its engrossing activity for all who sincerely serve.

It is not whether the dead speak, but what they say, that could give us any valid assistance in living. Yet what the dead say has proved as disappointing to spiritists as to non-spiritists. If one leaves aside all subtleties and exercises mere practical common sense, one is struck by one simple fact characterizing the prominent books of psychic research with which the general public is familiar. The scientific method may vary in degree, the unbodied entity purporting to speak may vary in picturesqueness, but one characteristic of the ethical message involved never varies: the arresting fact is plain that wherever ethical doctrine is concerned—surely the crux of all spiritist argument!—each writer will be seen to get from his new faith exactly what he puts into it, no more and no less. The dramatic form, the apparent garb of some mysterious personality in which the message is cast—one admits freely that this is a subject challenging to imagination and investigation, but the message itself exhibits no miracle, for no spirit has said one word that the recorder might not have said for himself. For each author the new creed is his own curious composite of older creeds, it merely exhibits his own conscious or subconscious philosophy—"No new spirit-power comprising."

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A random list of spiritist books confirms the contention: Sir Oliver Lodge is blithe and buoyant; Sir Conan Doyle naïvely rejoices at his rediscovery of an ancient faith; Sir William Barrett is lost in metaphysical conjecture; Dr. Hyslop is bored in advance by the dulness of our future existence; Basil King, himself an earnest Christian clergyman, pictures a heaven modernized but as ecstatic as a mediæval monk's; Margaret Cameron's ghostly informants are humorously of her own political persuasion. The nature of the intelligences that apparently are today speaking through mortal pens is a matter for exhaustless debate, but what they say is only what these same pens were capable of saying unaided—and often much better!

The ethical results which each prominent psychic student has so far extracted is exactly the measure of the faith he had before he entered upon the subject. Spiritism has neither for its special investigators nor for the public at large brought forth anything to approach the ethical inspiration already existent. No spirit freed from the limitations of the flesh has yet been able to speak to those still held by it any words approaching in idealism the beauty of life formulated by those teachers of humanity who learned to see and to express God as they found him in this world. Those men who discovered God in this world are still the best teachers for us whose business is still so to discover Him. The wisdom that has come to us from the other side is but a feeble echo of the words that ring through the long, dim corridor of time from the wisdom of Isaiah, or Confucius, or Buddha, or Jesus.

What I ask of the writers of this new book of revelation is simply this: What have you found that is going to help me when I wake up in the morning to be a more vigorous human being, pluckier for to-day's pain, more confident about to-morrow? And what have all your ghostly controls said that was not better said two thousand years ago? Jesus still seems to me to speak with more authority than any ghost I have yet read about, perhaps because he speaks to my common sense, which is more concerned to know how I must live in this world than how I may live in another. The sheer human shrewdness of Jesus is undervalued; he was a most astute psychologist, and no one of his parables shows sharper insight than that of Dives. Dives, to whom death revealed a wasted life, argued that his brethren could be saved if they were addressed from the grave. The sad sagacity of Abraham's rejoinder has not affected the naïve arguments of present-day spiritism. If morals have not inspired them, thus runs the reply to Dives, neither will miracles. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

When he said "persuaded," the greatest psychologist of all time did not mean that the brethren of Dives might not be persuaded to sit down with ouija or an automatic pencil and indulge in beautiful vaporings about heaven, but that they would not be persuaded to stop guzzling and feed the beggars at their gates even "if one went unto them from the dead."

The essential weakness of spiritism is its naïveté. It knows more about human nature after death than it knows about human nature before death. There is childlike simplicity in the implication of all spiritist argument that the certainty that we live after we die would make us nobler men before we die. It might or it might not, but most assuredly there would be no automatic response of morality to the fact of immortality. To believe that an irresistible regeneration would follow a conviction of survival is to ignore both the force of human animality and the force of human spirituality. Being good is not so easy as all that. Being good is a matter of desperate choice, of blind bewilderment, of tragic failure. The fundamental claim of spiritism, the fundamental hope of all who demand material proof of survival, is that the souls of the living would be necessarily invigorated by this conviction. The essential point for the ordinary man or woman is not the proof or disproof of telekinesis, direct voice, materialization, automatic writing; but, granted the authenticity of all of these, what difference does it make to me and to civilization, which is but the slow, torturing emergence of the man from the beast? If there is

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something godlike, living secret and prisoned in our flesh, is this divine element strengthened or weakened by attempted communication with departed spirits? In other words, can we logically expect to be spiritualized by spiritism?

It is not as a body of science appealing to mentality, but as a body of ethics appealing to morality, that spiritism fails. As we look back at the long history of our fallible race, and at the short history of our fallible selves, instinct and intelligence both pronounce that the only valid force from chaos toward capacity has been the force inside, not outside, of man himself. However feeble or staled our faith may be, most of us do believe that evolution has an upward trend. Most of us at bottom believe at least this much, that there was a purpose in making man physical and in planting him in a physical world, perhaps that he might have the transcendent privilege of discovering the divine in that world, and in himself—in other words, that he might share his own creation by spiritualizing himself. He could hardly accomplish this except by self-dependence, by accepting his body as a means of revelation rather than by scorning it as a handicap. By our own clearing of our flesh-bound vision, by our own strengthening of our flesh-bound conduct, by recognition of the immortal within ourselves rather than of the immortal outside of ourselves, shall we become men spiritual enough to spiritualize the world.

Common sense is only a name for those instincts which make us keep, as against those instincts that make us break, the age-old laws of human development. Common sense, studying spiritism, pronounces that as ethical theory it is fallible, and in actual practice is enervating. As theory it fails of being the noblest inspiration because it invites us to evade rather than to accept a gage. The way to become an athlete is to play the game on the appointed field, not to go floating off upon a cloud. Indeed, people who think that psychic discovery can effect either inevitable regeneration or inevitable degeneration of the human race are ignorant of basic human nature. There is no inherent moral impulsion in the material proof of survival. There is no more inspiration to nobility in listening to John Smith speak from Paradise than from Chicago. The only ethical import lies in one's obedience to a spirit's directions, and such response depends entirely on the degree of spirituality one has previously attained through methods of self-education not spiritist at all. Any moral act in obedience to a command from the dead would be inferior in quality to a direct response to the spirit within oneself. A man who obeys his own conscience is a more spiritual man than one who obeys a ghost. The exercise of vision and volition is a sterner concern than the mere treading that deceptive road to improvement which psychic research points out. The fundamental fact that all spirituality depends on the development of a man's own spirit as handicapped by his own body, rather than on other spirits freed from theirs, is the clew to the evil effects of all occultism. It is the reason why a healthy instinct rejects spiritism as stunting.

It would clear away much murky mysticism if we faced the issue clearly that proof of survival, at best, would be merely a means, not an end. If physical proof of a postphysical existence is going to make us bigger men while we live and braver men when we die, that would be our sole justification in neglecting the challenge of our present life in order to ascertain the nature of our future life. The influence of spiritism as an ethical force depends not on what it brings to us, but on what we bring to it. This fact is as true of the general theory as it is found true of spiritist books, and as it can be seen true in application to living. Spiritism is no courageous solution of our mundane problems. Unless we interpret all its discoveries in terms of a far older faith, it does not invigorate, it vitiates. If proof of the dignity we shall attain in another world shall subtract from the dignity we have already attained in this one, then it would be better that immortality remained unproved. Communication with the dead is desirable only if it is a trustworthy method of energizing the living. Common sense must examine spiritism, must accept or reject it as a practice, with the clear perception that proof of survival is not so important as an end as it would be as a means.

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As a method of emancipating humanity the theories of psychic research go contrary to the laws that seem to govern both the history of the race and the every-day psychology of the individual. Conflict is the law of growth. Survival of the fittest means the survival of those who strengthened their own faculties until these could conquer circumstances. Self-dependence is the only way to have a self in this world or in any other. Evolution has been laboring for æons to make a person out of an amœba. For tens of centuries people have talked of liberty, but that is only a term for the chance to be an individual. If the aim of evolution is an ever-finer differentiation, that aim has been won only by individuals who influenced their environment more than their environment influenced them. Human development has been from within, not from without, and we cannot rationally expect to continue to grow if we now depend on spirit-help outside, rather than on spirit-help inside of ourselves. To revert from being a person to being a ouija-board—one would think that any live man in the body or out of it would resent the degradation!

The laws of individual human psychology are as coercive as the more general laws of all evolution. We all have more respect for a doer than for a dreamer, but we are not all of us aware how dangerous to mentality and to character are dreams without doing. A man who simply looks at his desires and does not attempt to attain them invites insidious mental disease. To be satisfied with merely gazing is a form of hypnotism. This is why any faith—religious, philosophic, scientific—that depends more on contemplation than on embodiment in conduct has never pushed the human race far on its climb, but has either arrested or retarded its development. Because spiritism offers an invitation to contemplate rather than an incentive to act, it is inferior in mere psychology as well as in dynamic appeal to a far older faith.

It is noteworthy that while spiritists herald their discoveries as a new revelation, the spirits themselves are more modest. They do not pretend that their message is anything more than a restatement of ancient doctrine. If psychic messages are a mere restatement, often heavily involved and pathetically attenuated, one wonders why we should not go straight to the original source. A recent newspaper pithily if slangily remarks: "Why pay two bucks to hear Sir Oliver Lodge when you can read it all in the Bible for nothing?" It is of course old-fashioned to be a Christian, but the laws of evolution are so old-fashioned as to be possibly eternal, and Christianity is more in accord with the laws of evolution, which make self-dependence imperative for all growth, and with the laws of every-day psychology, which make action the test of all faith, than are any of the tenets of spiritism.

When we place it beside the naked austerity of Christian idealism it is hard not to see in psychic research an invitation to pamper and coddle the soul's virility. Such research is for accredited investigators who make of it a science, it is not for amateurs who make of it a religion. To those of us who believe in a God the chief question is, does spiritism make our eyes clearer to see Him, or our strength greater to embody Him? The answer is, spiritism may contribute toward faith indirectly; in the nature of things it cannot do so directly. Indirectly, by our own supplying the transcendent link between a truth accepted and a truth applied, spiritism may assist our spirituality by its scientific discoveries. These further our spirituality just in so far as they afford us new reverence for the mind of God, and new energy for work larger than the mere clock hour. Yet the power of spiritist discovery thus to enfranchise us is wholly dependent on the powers thus to interpret it that were formulated both in living and in words by Christianity.

The interrelation of vision and conduct is the strength of Christianity and the weakness of spiritism. Christianity insists that action is the sole measure of conviction, that a man is affected by its beliefs only in so far as his own conscience applies them. No man has clearer eyes because some spirit says to him, "Here is beauty"; no man has greater strength because some spirit says to him, "We have power." To train our earthly eyes for spiritual perception, our earthly energies for service, is the best way of attain-

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ing beauty in this world or another. Christian idealism demands active choice, energetic acts, as the sole means of proving its authentic influence. Its psychology is immeasurably more valid, being opposed to the optimistic naïveté of spiritism which expects automatic reaction of conduct to truth. This reaction, on the contrary, requires austere self-discipline, to which the heroism of the living is more an incentive than the precepts of the dead. There is no royal road to spirituality. Dead men are not going to inspire us if the brave and beautiful living have not done so. Christianity recognizes the fact that the sole spiritualizing influence is the response to moral beauty, not to material proof.

The essential grip of Christian idealism is not its ease of application but its difficulty. It is the highest summons ever found to the intrepidity of human aspiration. Mere mysticism brings no enfranchisement to the individual, no improvement to this world's evil conditions. Surely no man ever lived more sensitive to contact with the invisible than Jesus, but he chose to live in even closer contact with the visible. He appealed to the moral, not the mystical, response in a man. He said very little about the next world, but he formulated some amazing suggestions for improving this one. He made conduct, not contemplation, the law of spirituality. He never advocated communion with any spirit but that of God—God in ourselves, God in our fellow man, God in the universe. The Christian ideal is vitalizing because it is not a coddling of our weakness but a challenge to our strength. Even if that ideal is stale to our ears, incrusted with mould, the way to animate it is to go back to the stark virility of the gospels, which photograph a man who won not by evading but by accepting earthly conditions.

Jesus, whose purpose was to impress a spiritual order upon a physical world—Jesus, patiently talking to dullards in parables, saw that the sturdiest builders of his kingdom would be men visioned to perceive and heroic to embody the immortal idealism of Moses and the prophets, rather than men blind enough to require one who went unto them from the dead.

THE TRIAL OF JONATHAN GOODE

By John Preston Buchanan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

MR. DE LAFAYETTE ROCHAMBEAU was carelessly and nonchalantly leaning against the varicolored post placed in the sidewalk in front of Goble's barber-shop, conversing in sonorous and high-flown phrases with the usual crowd of darkies who occupied the seats in front of the only tonsorial parlor in Halifax, devoted exclusively to the colored trade.

Mr. Rochamber, as he had soon become known, was a recent addition to the colored population of the town, but by now had completely established himself as a real "gentleman of color," whose raiment and conversation entitled him to an undisputed position among the élite. As we behold him, his dark cutaway coat was resplendent with large pearl buttons; on his head the latest style in tan derbies; from vest-pocket to vest-pocket of his mouse-colored waistcoat was strung a glittering gold chain, and dangling therefrom various emblems of various secret orders; his "race hoss" black-and-white-checked trousers were the envy and despair of the colored beaux; and the uppers of his shiny number twelves were covered by delicate gray spats. In the word of Darktown District, Halifax, Virginia, he was "a ring-tailed snortin' sport."

His occupation in Halifax was the or-

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ganization of "The Children of the Divine Immaculates": initiation dues, two dollars; weekly dues, two bits; sickness benefits, seven-fifty a week; funeral expenses, one hundred dollars. Every negro in Halifax was rapidly "jinin'," his application accompanied by the necessary two dollars, pocketed by Rochamber, and to be turned over to the duly elected treasurer at the grand initiation of the "Immaculates."

In passing, however, let it be known that no portion of the aforesaid two dollars was ever intended by the elegant Mr. Rochamber to repose in any depository except his own pockets. He was but working one of the confidence games which augmented his financial condition, and enabled him to exist without the unpleasant necessity of physical labor. He was essentially a bird of passage, tarrying for a few weeks in each town and then flitting to pastures green, where a new harvest awaited him.

He well knew the value of personal adornment, and was an adept in the use of high-sounding and ornate language so dear to the negro heart. His "Children of the Divine Immaculates" had appealed to the negroes of Halifax. And why not? For the trifling sum of two dollars they could be initiated, and presented with the sash of the order—a replica of which Rochamber proudly exhibited. Of vivid red, it was clasped at the shoulder with a large green bow, and the wide ribbon was ornamented with strange and mysterious devices, worked in with golden thread. All were assured of a one-hundred-dollar funeral, and the constitution and by-laws required all the survivors to march behind the hearse, attired in their gorgeous sash and white gloves. The dues were the infinitesimal sum of twenty-five cents per week, and all received seven-fifty per week when sick. All this was guaranteed by the Supreme Council of the Children of the Divine Immaculates, located in Washington, D. C. The charter Rochamber already had. It was beribboned and besealed with much sealing-wax, and was to be presented to the lodge at the grand initiation.

The order had grown apace, and two-dollar fees poured in on Rochamber until there remained but a small coterie of recalcitrants to be persuaded to shell out, and these were constantly urged to "jine" by the remainder, waiting impatiently until the required number should have been secured, so the grand initiation could take place.

These unregenerate brethren, who had not been cajoled by the persuasive tongue of Rochamber, were for the most part the old-time darkies, who looked askance at the new order. And the leading spirit among these was Jonathan Goode. If he could be persuaded to be initiated, the rest would follow, and, in order to secure the remainder, it therefore became necessary for Rochamber first to ring in Uncle John.

It was about these unregenerate brethren that Mr. Rochamber was conversing at the moment we behold him. He was of course extremely anxious to secure the application of Uncle John (and the two-dollar fees flowing therefrom), but so far all his efforts had been in vain.

However, while turning over in his mind various ways and means to accomplish his much-desired object, he glimpsed across the street one of the swellest "high yaller" damsels it had been his good fortune to see for some time past.

"Who is that?" he inquired.

"Uncle John Goode's wife, Jinniveve," volunteered one of the darkies. And then a thought struck Rochamber. Why not reach the old man through this dusky damsel? It would be a pleasant job anyway. So he decided to call upon the lady. And he did.

Now everybody knew Uncle John Goode. He was one of the few "old-timey" darkies left. He had been born and raised a slave on the Goode plantation, and when, after the war, their fortune disappeared, he remained with them in their adversity, considered himself one of the family, and when his mistress, after "Ole Marster's" death, purchased the hotel at Halifax as a means of earning a livelihood John accompanied, her and became a fixture, a man of all work, loved by his "Ole Missus" and his "Young Marster," and respected and liked by all who knew him. He belonged to his "white folks," and they belonged to him. On one occasion, when his young master had become disgusted with his work and had attempted to fire him, the old man

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gazed at him with an expression of surprise and disgust:

"Fire me! W'at you mean, chile? Lord, I nussed you on dis here knee; and

"Fire me! W'at you mean, chile?"

you fire me! Is you plum crazy? I'se gwine tell Ole Missus right now, I is!"

And of course "Ole Missus" sided with John and there was no more talk of discharging.

John put up the horses of the white folks on court day, and when they stayed all night the morning found their boots blacked by his faithful hands and placed outside their doors. He waited on their poker games, and built their fires, and, until prohibition's ban descended upon the South, his mint juleps were renowned for their fragrance and flavor through all Southside Virginia. He was a distinctive character, respected, liked, and trusted,

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honest and reliable, with a gray head filled with sense and a heart full of loyalty and love for his white folks.

He had no use "whatsomnever" for these "new-fangled niggers," and associated with them not, holding himself, as did a majority of the ex-slaves, above the colored class which developed after the war.

When approached by Rochamber he had expressed a decided disinclination to join the "Immaculates."

"But," Rochamber had expostulated, "if you are sick you will get seven-fifty each week."

"Yas," countered Uncle John, "mebbe I does, an' mebbe I don'. I don' know nuttin' 'bouten yo' ''Maculates.' S'posen I gits sick, I'se all right." And he was. Every white friend he had would see that he didn't want, and he knew it. Besides, he had considerable savings.

"And then," argued Rochamber, "just think of the hundred dollar funeral you will have! And the sash! And the procession!" This had proved a clincher with most.

"Funeral!" exclaimed Uncle John, exasperated. "W'at I keer 'bout a funeral! I get burred all right. I hain't seen no dead corpses lyin' 'roun' loose, I hain't! I don' wanter jine, an' I ain' gwinter jine, and dat's all dere is to hit." And that was all.

Now Jonathan had a wife, as we have seen. He had been married twice before, but a few months since had taken unto himself another helpmeet in the person of Genevieve Cooley, one of the colored belles of Halifax. Just why he had done so nobody seemed to know, for Uncle John was on the shady side of eighty, while Miss Cooley was a light-brown damsel of some twenty-eight summers, who, knowing full well the considerable earnings laid up by Uncle John in the county bank, and being of a designing and thrifty nature, had used her position as waitress at the hotel to ingratiate herself with the old man until he had cast his years behind him and for the third time taken unto himself a wife. Genevieve was concerned principally with the short time she believed it would be until she should become the possessor of all his worldly wealth, but she realized that she must so conduct herself as to retain his affections, thus preventing his unfortunately bequeathing his property elsewhere; so she cuddled and cared for the old man until his adoration and jealousy were apparent to all.

Rochamber failed with the old darky, and, being not indifferent to the personal charms of Genevieve, he called upon her, seeking to gain her assistance in the matter of persuading Uncle John to "jine." From that day henceforth, rumor was rife that the organizer of the "Immaculates" and Mrs. Jonathan Goode were "having an affair." No one dared to tell Uncle John of the suspicion, but no one was surprised when one morning it became known that the old man had nearly brained Rochamber with an axe the night before at his home, when he had discovered Rochamber and the wife of his bosom together.

Rochamber was taken to the hospital, and the sheriff went after John, and found him as usual at the hotel, sweeping out the office. A warrant had been sworn out, charging the old darky with assault with intent to kill, and Sheriff Howard told Uncle John he would have to go with him.

"Go whar, Marse Howard?"

"To jail," the sheriff replied, "until you have a preliminary hearing."

"Go 'way, man, you hain't talkin' ter me. Tek me ter jail! W'at you mean? I'se gwine see Marse Hooker right now," and, paying no attention whatever to the sheriff, he laid his broom aside and started down the street to the court-house and Richard Hooker's office, the sheriff behind him.

The office of the commonwealth's attorney for Halifax was in the court-house yard, and Uncle John marched straight in. Dick Hooker was seated at his desk, and looked up as he heard the old man's footsteps.

"Hello, Uncle John. How are you?"

"Tolerable po'ly, thank the Lawd. Tolerable po'ly, Marse Dick."

"And what do you want?"

"Marse Dick," the darky exclaimed, "Mr. Howard done come ter de hotel an' tol' me I gotter go ter jail, an' som'pen 'bouten a limitary herring. I don' know w'at he mean, so I comes right ter you."

Hooker had known John all his life. One of his first recollections was sitting

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on the old man's knee and listening with delight to the wonderful folk-tales which the darky could tell so well and with which he whiled away many pleasant hours with his "white chillen." While Dick was growing up, the cabin of Uncle John was as much home to him as the plantation-house of his father. He was like one of the family, linked to them by those ties of sincere affection and devotion so often present between the slaves and their masters in ante-bellum Virginia. No one who has not known the fidelity and devotion of the old slaves can realize their loyalty to their masters and mistresses. They gave themselves to the service they loved, knowing full well that in the time of trouble and distress, in adversity and misfortune, their sorrows would be alleviated and their troubles lessened by those they loved so well.

"Funeral! W'at I keer 'bout a funeral!"—Page 714.

"Uncle John, what have you been doing?" the young lawyer asked.

"Nuttin', sah, nuttin'," and then, hesitatingly, "'cept dat Rochamber nigger hurted hisself at my house las' night."

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Seeing that something had happened, Dick called the sheriff aside and, after learning what the old man was charged with, told the officer that he personally would be responsible for him, and the old darky went back to the hotel as if nothing had happened and resumed the even tenor of his way.

Rochamber mended apace, and was soon out, mingling with the colored gentry and depicting a lurid account of the unwarranted, violent, and murderous assault made upon him by Uncle John. The latter, however, refused to discuss the matter and was apparently undisturbed. No one could discern from his demeanor that he was in the least bothered by what had happened. And he wasn't. He had unlimited faith in his white folks and was serenely satisfied that no harm could befall him. To his wife he said, when she questioned him anxiously:

"Trubble! Dere hain't no trubble! Hain't de white folks here gotter do w'at dere is done? Quit pestering me."

And that was all she could get out of him.

The grand jury met on the first day of court, and of course were compelled to make an indictment on the evidence of Rochamber, and the case was set for trial.

John continued his usual duties, greeted each of the jurors as they came in to the hotel, tended the needs of the judge and the court attendants as he had always done, and was totally oblivious of the fact that he was in any danger whatever. If he had been indicted for assault with intent to kill, it was just a part of the procedure the white folks thought necessary, but of no importance to him. He knew he would be taken care of, and no one was less worried than he.

The day for the trial arrived, and when the case was called, the commonwealth's attorney sent for John.

The sheriff found him at the hotel, and when he was told Mr. Hooker wanted him at the court-house he put down his broom and on his coat and accompanied the officer to the court-room, where he was led, around the bar, to the chair reserved for the prisoners.

His attitude was that of a disinterested bystander. Mr. Hooker wanted him and there he was.

The court-room was packed, the negro section to overflowing. Next the commonwealth's attorney sat Mr. Rochamber, his head swathed in bandages, his face still blue under the chocolate, as he gazed at Uncle John with a vengeful glare.

Judge Beasley rapped for order, and inquired:

"John, who is your attorney?"

Uncle John looked up at him.

"Why, jedge, mus' I hab a lawyer?"

"You are charged with a very serious offense," the judge replied, "and you should certainly have counsel. If you have none, I will appoint some one to represent you. Whom do you prefer?"

"Well, jedge, ef I gotter hab one, I chooses Mr. Hooker."

"But he is the commonwealth's attorney. He is the lawyer against you."

This didn't faze John. He knew what he knew, and, while the ways of white folks were strange, he had no qualms.

"I don' keer. Mr. Dick's my lawyer, an' I chooses him, er none." He was adamant.

"I can't appoint him," argued the judge. "Won't you choose some one else —Mr. Bradley or Mr. Watkins?"

"Nary odder one!"

And so the trial proceeded. The prisoner was arraigned and the jury chosen and sworn.

Not a muscle of Uncle John's face moved. He regarded the proceeding as an interesting one, in which he had little part and which did not concern him greatly.

Rochamber took the stand and detailed how, on the night in question, he had visited Uncle John's house for the purpose of inducing him to join the "Immaculates," and while waiting for him discussed the matter with Genevieve. While he was so engaged, John came in and, without any provocation whatever, murderously attacked him with an axe and nearly killed him.

When asked if he desired to question the witness, John replied:

"Naw, jedge, I don' wanter hab nuttin' ter do wid him."

The physician who attended Rochamber next stated that the blow was a very dangerous one and might have proved fatal.

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Affairs looked bad. While all the jury knew and liked the old darky, still they had their duty to perform, and could not well allow assaults such as had been described to go unpunished; and although they had every sympathy for the prisoner, it looked as if they must find him guilty.

The evidence for the prosecution was in, and the judge asked John if he had anything to say.

"W'at you wan' me ter say, jedge?" he inquired.

Dick Hooker spoke up.

"Just tell the jury all that happened between you and Rochambeau, Uncle John."

"All right, Marse Dick, ef you says so, I'll do hit."

He turned to the judge and jury.

"Jedge and gemmen," he began, "yer all knows me. Dere hain't a man on dat

"Go whar, Marse Howard?"—Page 714.

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jury but w'at has knowed Ole John all his life, and yer all knows dat I tells the truf. I'se done put up yer hosses, and blacked yer boots, and tended ter mos' all of you gemmen, and nussed chillens of lots of yer. Marse Hooker done tole me ter tell 'bouten dis here, and here 'tis:

"Now, I'se gwine tell jes' how dis here rumpus come about, an' I hain't gwine tell no lie 'bouten hit.

"I knows dat nigger Rochamber ober dar. I knows w'en he come ter town, an' I ain' tek no stock in him whatsomnever. He too uppety fer de likes er me, and I hain't gwine jine his 'Maculates needer. One day, w'en I go home, dar he is, a talkin' to Jinniveve. I hain't say nuttin'. Agin I goes home, an' dar he is agin, an' I don' like hit, none at all. None you gemmens would like a strange nigger hangin' 'round yo' house, an' I don' needer. I don' wan' him a pesterin' aroun', an' w'en I meets him on de street, in fron' de hotel, I sez ter him, I sez, mos' 'specful like:

"'Mr. Rochamber, I don' know yer, an' I don' know w'ar yer come f'um. I don' know nuttin' 'bouten yer, an' w'ile I hain't disrespectin' yer, I tells yer now, jes' as 'fatically ez I kin, dat me an' my wife hain't gwine jine de 'Maculates, an' I axes yer, mos' 'spectfully, not ter com' 'roun' my house w'en I hain't dar.'

"An' at dat, jedge, he 'low ez how he won'. I goes home anudder day ter dinner, w'ich is mos' onusual, kaze I ginnerly eats at de hotel, but, ez I sez, I goes home, an' dar dat nigger is agin, a settin' at my table, a-eatin' my co'n cakes and sirrup, an' den, jedge and gemmen, I gits sorter tolerable riled like, an' I jes' 'litely axes him out in de yard, an' he come, an' I sez to him, easy like, I sez:

"'Hain't I done tol' yer ter stay 'way f'um my house?' An' he 'lows ez how I has. An' I axes him: 'Hain't I don' tol' yer ter stay 'way f'um my wife?' An' he 'lows ez how I has, an' den I sez: 'Dar is de street, and hyar is yer. Mek 'quaintence wid each odder ri' now, an' don' go slanchwise needer.' An' dey did, an' he didn't. Den I went inter de house, I did, an' I 'low to Jinniveve, sez I:

"'Don' let dat nigger come hyar no mo'.'

"An' she 'low she wouldn't.

"Den, jedge, I sorter perambulated 'roun', an' I diskiver dat dat nigger hain't no good, jes' lak I tho't, an' he warn't gwine ter my house fer no good, ez w'at he warn't."

The old darky paused a moment in his recital and, after wiping his face with the bandanna, proceeded:

"Well, jedge an' gemmen, t'ings sorter connived 'long 'twell dat day dat nigger tell 'bouten. I done come home, an' started fo' church, w'en I fin' I done forgot my testamen', and I goes back fer ter git hit, an' w'en I open de do', dar sits dat nigger, an', jedge and gemmen, I tells yer I wuz real riled, ez w'at I wuz, an' widout no 'liminaries, I sez ter him, sez I:

"'Nigger, hain't I ax you 'litely fer ter stay 'way f'um my house? Now, I'se gwine tell yer. Yer is a mos' motorious nigger. I'se done learn yer meks tracks w'ar dere warn't no tracks: yer's pull stumps w'ar dere warn't no stumps, an' I 'vises you, ri' now, fer ter pull yer legs tergedder an' hit de road, fer yer house is on fire, an' let de win' blow, nigger, an' let de sun shine w'ar hit list, but don' yer come back.'

"An' den, jedge and gemmen, dat nigger 'low ter me, he did, dat hit warn't no bizziness er mine, hit warn't, w'ar he went, ner w'at he did, an' I 'lows ter him, I did:

"'Ain' dis my house?' An' he 'low hit were.

"An' den I 'low ter him:

"'Ain' dis my wife?' An' he 'low hit were.

"An' den I sez ter him, a little rilder like:

"'Den, if hit hain't my bizziness, in de name ob Gawd, whose bizziness is hit?'

"An' wid dat, dat nigger jum' up, an' 'vance on me fer ter hit me, an' I 'vances back'ard fer to 'fen' mysel', an 'den he 'vance furder forrud, an' I 'vance furder back'ard, an' I yell ter him, I did:

"'Back up, nigger, back up!'"

The old man jumped up in his excitement, and acted the part he was describing, his arms out in front of him and his voice almost a yell.

"But dat nigger don' back, but he kept on 'vancing furder forrud, an' I wuz 'vanced plum back'ard ter de wall, 'fendin' myself, 'twell in mekin' a turn, I jes'

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sorter axidently glimpse an axe, an', jedge an' gemmen——"

His voice was incredulous, as he illustrated by a turn of the head just how he "glimpsed" the axe.

"Don' yer know dat I grab dat axe fer ter frow hit outen de winder so dat nigger kyant git hit, an' w'en I got hit in my han', an' 'fo' I could frow hit, dat fool nigger jes' tuk a runnin' buttin' start ri' at dat axe, an' 'fo' I could git hit outen his way, nearly bus' his brains out."

The old man paused and, with his courtly bow to the court and jury, finished:

"An' now, jedge and gemmen, if yer is froo wid me, I'se gwine on back fer to help Ole Missus git supper for yer gemmen"; and without a word being said, he walked down the aisle and out the court-house.

The verdict was "Not guilty."

"Nearly bus' his brains out."

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THE NEW IGNORANCE

By Lothrop Stoddard
Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," etc.

THE war's shattering of the world's economic life is one of the commonplaces of our day. That marvellous commercial integration of the planet which existed in 1914 is no more. Slowly and painfully we strive to repair the tattered fabric of credit, exchange, and intercommunication which retards industrial convalescence and dooms whole peoples to stagnation and famine. Even within national frontiers the domestic circulation of products has become a much more costly and difficult matter.

Now all this we fully realize. What we do not so realize is the even graver shattering of the world's intellectual life. When the Great War burst in 1914, our planet was integrated intellectually fully as much as it was integrated commercially. Seven years ago the world's intellectual life was as ubiquitous as it was intense. Every civilized country contained a large and active intellectual class whose constant output of ideas was not only at once communicated to their fellow citizens by floods of low-priced books, pamphlets, periodicals, and newspapers, but was also rapidly transmitted to the ends of the earth by many distributing agencies. Not only was there international free trade in books and papers; whole armies of translators, popularizers, critics, and pamphleteers lived by carrying on the exchange of ideas in science, politics, literature, and art. Learned men came and went ceaselessly across frontiers, and met in scientific congresses. Every discovery was instantly debated in a thousand forums. In fine: the world was substantially an intellectual unit, infinitely sensitive, infinitely responsive, continually cross-fertilized by countless stimuli from the most diverse quarters.

How different is the situation to-day! From its first hour the war wrought immeasurable havoc in the realm of ideas. The world's intellectual unity was at once shattered, the intellectuals themselves being drafted for war ends. And the close of the war brought slight improvement. The appalling economic situation entailing ruthless concentration upon material reconstruction, the continuance of disturbed conditions, the difficulties of intercommunication, and the persistence of war psychology—all these things retard recovery and even threaten to prolong or aggravate the present lamentable situation. It is not too much to say that national impoverishment and isolation, combined with the breakdown of international intercourse, are plunging the world into a New Ignorance which, if long continued, might presage the coming of a new Dark Age.

Let us examine the main factors in this unhappy trend of the times.

Taking up first conditions within the various nations, we find several disquieting features. To begin with, soaring costs and chronic scarcity have wrought havoc in the intellectual field, as in every other branch of human activity. We feel this sensibly even in the United States, and of course America is a favored land compared with Europe—the world's chief intellectual centre down to 1914.

Consider England and France. These countries suffer from an acute paper shortage (not unknown to America), while mounting publishing costs of every description aggravate the situation. Not long ago the veteran British publisher John Murray stated that he was forced constantly to reject valuable manuscript works because, in the present state of the book trade, they simply could not be published. In France the determination of publishers to double the price of books has precipitated what the French term "La Crise du Livre" ("The Crisis of the Book"). The effects on both authors and public are thus described by the English publicist Sisley Huddleston: "The decision of the publishers to raise the selling price of books from three francs fifty

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centimes to seven francs is no doubt commercially justified, but from the point of view of the young French writer it is disastrous. How is he going to make himself known? Who will buy his books? The public can deprive itself more easily of books than of sugar, and doubtless will not care overmuch. Such authors as Anatole France, Henri Bordeaux, and Maurice Barrès will always find purchasers, but the little community at Montparnasse and at Montmartre, who work conscientiously and who hope some day to find their merits recognized, are plunged in consternation. For them the book at seven francs is the end of all things. If Paris really finds its artistic and literary centres wiped out it will, indeed, be a strange Paris. Doubtless many of the members of the little coteries are without great value, but it should not be forgotten that out of them emerge the men who keep the French spirit alive, who carry on the torch of European civilization. It is a grave matter, not only for them but for the world."

As the French novelist and critic Paul Bourget remarks on this same point: "If a book is priced too high, its sale will surely be lessened; and this diminution of its sale will have three effects: being less sold, the book will be less read, the thought with which it is laden will be less spread abroad, and this will mean a diminution of the general culture of the nation. Moreover, dear books mean a lessening of the nation's influence abroad. Worst of all, such a situation means a lessening of the author's independence."

This ban on the diffusion of new ideas extends to every type of output. For example, in many European universities research students can no longer afford to publish their theses, while learned societies find themselves increasingly unable to print their Proceedings. And what is true of new ideas applies almost equally to old ones. Take the matter of the popular diffusion of "classics." Before the war, popular-priced "Libraries" were published in every European country, so that any poor man could build up a considerable library of low-cost standard works. In Germany, for instance, the little volumes of the famous Reklam Universal Library sold for twenty pfennigs —five cents. To-day they sell for two marks forty pfennigs—twelve times the price of 1914. Lastly, newspapers have grown much more expensive. Here in America they have trebled in price, while in many parts of Europe they cost from six to ten times as much as they did before the war. And, of course, the intellectual ban extends beyond books and papers. Young artists are throwing up their brushes in despair because of the price of paint and canvas, sculptors close their studios owing to the prohibitive cost of marble, while technical schools, medical schools, and scientific research institutes of every description vegetate or close down in face of the tremendous rise in costs of apparatus or the frequent impossibility of obtaining indispensable chemicals.

So much for the matter of intellectual output. Now what about the creators of this output—the intellectuals themselves? Their present position can nowhere be considered a brilliant one. We have already analyzed the handicaps which the war has placed upon their activity, handicaps which tend to depress their earning power below pre-war levels. Yet, with their stationary or diminished incomes, they are hit by the vastly increased cost of living. The war seems to have enriched Brawn, but it has impoverished Brain. Both in Europe and America it is the same story, and Mr. Masterman utters a universal commonplace when he writes of England: "In the great newspaper offices the linotype compositor who prints the paper can afford to despise the income of the journalist who writes the paper."

Now what is to be the outcome of social conditions in which lamplighters and street-cleaners are paid better than professors and publicists? The present generation of intellectuals—men of established reputation and assured audience—may weather the storm. But how about the rising generation—the men whose reputation is still in the making, and to whom the public has not yet lent ear? How can they survive? Lastly, what of the coming generation—the students, who have not yet even begun to carve out their careers?

These queries demand answers, for

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those new generations must be formed if the torch of learning is to be carried on. Yet how, under the conditions existing in Europe, and to a lesser degree in America, can this be done? The gulf between past and present is well described by Paul Bourget. "If the present conditions persist," he avers, "we shall suffer an irreparable falling away in the recruitment of the liberal professions. It is these very students who will of necessity become rarer as the years pass. Those of my time who lived in the Latin Quarter may recall the modest budgets of other days. For twenty-five or thirty francs (five dollars to six dollars) a month, the future doctor or lawyer was comfortably lodged. 'Pension' rates of ninety francs were a luxury, those of seventy francs were the usual rule. Let us consider this. A provincial family, though only fairly well-to-do, could under these conditions maintain at Paris a son of the future. In the same way a young man of letters could exist during his apprentice years by teaching others. . . . Would he undertake it to-day? Could he do so?"

Students in post-war Paris may not live in luxury, yet beside their fellows in some other parts of Europe their lot is an enviable one. Consider this picture of contemporary student life in Vienna, sketched by the Austrian writer Ludwig Hirschfeld: "The café student—he comes from the country—is a stranger in Vienna, and lives in a furnished room that has no other comfort than the furniture. His landlord has refused to provide heat, light, and similar luxuries. How the student manages to feed and clothe himself from his modest income is a secret which he keeps to himself. It will surely exhaust his youthful vigor to survive the winter semester which is just beginning. He rises at six o'clock, makes his toilet in the chilly darkness, and drinks a cup of questionable tea. His lectures begin at seven. During the remainder of the forenoon he is attending various courses in rooms that are just a little better heated than outdoors, taking down notes with hands that are red and stiff with cold. It does not take long to devour the diminutive meal in the refectory or in some public kitchen. Then comes the afternoon, which he uses to review the wisdom he has acquired in the morning. Properly to do this, he should have a comfortable study room, either private or in common with other students. Since there is no such provision, he resorts to that great asylum of male lodgers—the café. Oh that it were the idyllic Vienna café of yesterday! But now it is an ugly, smoky, barnlike place. . . . So he manages to spend three or four hours a day until it is time to return to his miserable lodgings—the dark, unheated, furnished room."

To give the final touches to this picture we might add that the professors whom our beggar-student hears are themselves starving, while the very institution which he attends is on the verge of collapse for lack of funds. To show how the grants to Austrian schools and universities, fixed in 1913, have depreciated to a mere pittance owing to the fall in the value of money, it is sufficient to state that the entire government subsidy to the Vienna Meteorological Institute does not suffice to subscribe for one English periodical, considered essential to its work.

Of course conditions in Western Europe are much better than those in Austria, yet it is doubtful if Vienna's intellectual life is much below that prevailing in most parts of Central and Eastern Europe, notably Russia. The result of the virtual extinction of many centres hitherto noted for intense intellectual activity cannot be other than an impoverishment both of their particular countries and of the world as a whole. The work of thinkers, artists, scientists, and inventors is the common heritage of mankind, and in so far as such work is diminished, mankind is poorer, while civilization halts or retrogrades.

Furthermore, what we have thus far considered is only half the problem. Up to this point we have discussed merely the war's bad effects on the internal intellectual activity of the various nations. But we have already seen that the activity and fecundity of modern intellectual life was vitally dependent upon its world-character; upon the immediacy with which ideas were diffused, discussed, elaborated, and re-diffused for fresh discussion and further elaboration. Now this intellectual integration the war destroyed. It has not been repaired, and it

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probably will not be repaired for years to come. There are too many handicaps to speedy recovery. The continuance of war in Eastern Europe, the menace of political and social conflicts in Central Europe, and the persistence of hostile feeling inhibiting free intellectual communion between the peoples of the two groups of belligerent nations engaged in the late war, are serious hindrances to Europe's intellectual reunion.

But all these are as nothing beside the handicap of the general economic situation. The hard fact is that, with the exception of England and the small neutrals, Europe is semi-bankrupt. Beside the American dollar and, to a lesser degree, the English pound sterling, the Continental currencies are worth comparatively little and, in some cases, worth virtually nothing at all beyond their respective frontiers. This means that the various European nations are shut off from each other and from the world at large by barriers of paper money. These barriers vary greatly in height, but they are universally present and they produce pernicious effects. Their narrowing, isolating action cannot be overestimated. We Americans are already keenly alive to this through seeing our products, though desperately needed, barred out from many European countries because those countries are literally unable to pay for them on a basis of dollar exchange. But we should realize that what is true of the economic field is equally true of the intellectual realm. We witness it even as between America and England. Relatively slight as is the valuta difference between the American dollar and the English pound sterling, it is yet enough to impede noticeably the sale of American books on the British market. Now consider the difference between the American dollar and the French franc, the Italian lira and the German mark. Finally, think of the difference between our dollar and the Polish mark, the Austrian crown, and the Russian rouble, all of which, in terms of dollar exchange, are worth virtually nothing at all. These instances will give a general idea of the situation. Now let us examine some of its consequences.

Before the war the currency of practically all civilized nations was on a gold basis. Money thus being a standardized commodity, all other commodities, expressed in terms of standard money, were easily interchangeable. Books, periodicals, and newspapers circulated freely in foreign countries at domestic prices, plus small freightage or postal charges. Furthermore, personal exchanges were relatively as easy as impersonal ones. Travel was neither difficult nor expensive, so that persons of modest means might visit foreign lands, enroll in foreign universities, and attend international learned or technical congresses. The interchange and checking-up of ideas by both personal and impersonal contacts was thus constant, multifarious, and intense.

To-day all this is entirely changed. Between England and America, to be sure, pre-war conditions persist substantially unaltered, and this is the most hopeful factor in the situation. But as regards intellectual exchange between England and the Continent, and between the various Continental nations, conditions are very unsatisfactory. English (and of course American) books and periodicals cannot circulate on the Continent because of their high cost, which, in the lower valuta countries, becomes absolutely prohibitive even for State libraries and universities. The intellectual impoverishment of Continental Europe can be gauged by a few instances. Germany is by no means in the lowest valuta class, yet last winter Professor Harnack, director of the Berlin State Library, reported: "Foreign books and newspapers no longer can be purchased; the Berlin State Library can buy out of its budget only one hundred and seventy instead of two thousand three hundred foreign newspapers. More than one million marks would be necessary to buy the new works which appeared abroad during the war, and only a tenth of that sum is available." If such is the situation in Germany, imagine the situation in the lowest valuta countries. I have already mentioned the striking case of the Vienna Meteorological Institute, whose entire government subsidy would not suffice to subscribe for one essential English periodical. Another side-light is furnished by the Viennese literary historian Professor Castle, who writes: "Our great libraries will soon be

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utterly unable to purchase new books, for the income from their endowments scarcely pays for the binding of presentation copies. The university library already is compelled to circulate some of its less-used books unbound. What the old police state and its censorship failed to do will soon be achieved; Austria soon will be completely shut off from the intellectual life of the outer world by the barrier of its paper money."

Similar isolating conditions exist in Poland. An English journalist visiting that country last spring noticed that no one appeared to be interested in the League of Nations. "But we know nothing about it," was the answer. "You forget that we have been blockaded." And this journalist reports that on his return through Germany, radical leaders interviewed him to get the English conception of Guild Socialism. The name had reached them but not one of the many books and pamphlets which describe it. Concerning these episodes, the journalist remarks: "Of our whole movement of thought this big half of Europe, normally the more curious and receptive half, knew as much as we usually know of currents of thought in Japan."

Most complete of all, however, is the intellectual isolation of Russia. Practically cut off from the outer world since 1914, Russia's isolation since the Revolution has been absolute, so far as the large stream of human ideas is concerned. No books worth mentioning have reached Russia since 1916. The results of this intellectual isolation are amazing. As recently as last spring the London *Nation* stated that the Soviet Government had not yet obtained the full text of the peace treaties, and that Russian geographers were trying to guess from wireless radiograms how the map of Europe had been redrawn at Versailles. The scientific destitution is appalling. A noted Russian physicist is writing a book, but he knows nothing of what has been done in the West during the last four years. Rumors of Einstein's startling theory of relativity had reached him, but he could procure no scientific account of it. The shelves of even the greatest Russian libraries are bare of any recent books and periodicals. Neither of Western nor of German science can Russian savants procure any information. Of course Russia's extreme isolation is due in great part to the pressure of war and blockade. Yet, after all, supposing all obstacles to entry were removed to-morrow, the rouble would still be worth virtually nothing abroad, and hence the cost of importing anything like an adequate supply of foreign books and periodicals would be too great for even the government to bear.

The economic situation is thus seen to be the great handicap to the resumption of full intellectual intercourse between the world's peoples. And that handicap, even under the most favorable circumstances, will not be soon or easily overcome. Of course, if the world can really get peace, sensible ameliorations of the present acute conditions will soon come about, and great institutions like national libraries and state universities will no longer be deprived of the basic necessaries of intellectual life. Yet this touches merely the fringe of the subject. The intellectual classes as a whole must be supplied with a modicum of intellectual food if they are to function and produce on anything like their pre-war scale. This, however, will take considerable time. The intellectual classes are, as we have already seen, those who are hit hardest by the high cost of living. And living costs must long remain high. Europe's economic life has been profoundly shattered, while the colossal war debts can be reduced only by prolonged and crushing taxation. Bowed beneath these burdens and possessed of scant earning power, how can Europe's intellectuals afford to buy books and periodicals, foreign or domestic, much less travel and study in foreign lands?

Yet until these conditions are remedied, the intellectual life of many countries must remain thin and impoverished, while intellectual isolation and narrow vision must increasingly prevail. And that can spell only a retrogression of human progress, a decline of civilization, comparable in some respects to the twilight of Rome as it passed toward the night of the Dark Ages. From the menace of such a catastrophe, from the threat of this New Ignorance, it is high time that the constructive minds of the race took serious thought as to how it may be best averted.

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CANDLES OF FAITH

By Blair Niles

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY ELENORE ABBOTT

IN Number Eleven the shades were drawn, shutting out the bright December day. To Martha Oakley, coming in from the light, the figures in the room were vague and shadowy, almost indistinguishable. They sat about like black spectres, and their hushed greeting suggested that there was some one they feared to disturb.

Martha felt suddenly cold and tremulous. She took a low seat by the grate, where lumps of cannel coal glowed, subdued, without crackle or splutter.

As she stretched her hands over the fire, she mechanically pushed back the sleeves of Meta Crawford's black blouse. It seemed to Martha that she had spent the last twenty-four hours in thus pushing back those overhanging sleeves. She disliked borrowing other people's clothes; but her mother had protested:

"There's no need, dear, to shop, when Meta has been so kind. I always feel that at such a time one should avoid above everything being conspicuous."

When her mother said "at such a time," Martha understood that she expected an unquestioning acquiescence. There had often been "such a time," for their family connection was large and punctilious; but to-day Martha's young soul knew a fierce revulsion.

She hated the gloom and that company of black shadows of which she was one—shadows who from time to time rose and crossed the hall into the back room, from which, after a few moments, they returned sobbing.

Martha watched the sobs gradually diminish and the soft, useless little hands close and unclose over their damp handkerchiefs. She alone did not stir from her seat.

The glowing coals tinted her deep-creamy skin and burnished the thick black hair that waved back from her low forehead. She pressed her firm hands together until the row of callous spots at the base of her fingers ground one against the other, recalling with a rush of tenderness green, rolling links and fluttering red flags, with Great-Uncle Nathaniel teaching a little girl the proper grip and stance. And then she instinctively pressed them harder, those callous spots that brought back so poignantly the sunlit golf course; for Martha was afraid of breaking down—of being drawn irrevocably into the blackness of the room.

She felt the eyes of her aunts and her cousins and her mother fixed upon her, and finally she heard Aunt Emmeline saying:

"I made Hazel go in to see him. I know she's only a child, but I think we should learn early never to spare ourselves——"

"I quite agree with you," came from the desk where Lida Roswell sorted out papers. "I've ordered Green to leave the casket open. Every one who cared for him will want to look at him. . . . I wonder why uncle kept this? . . ." She turned the pages of a yellowed old letter.

Martha wanted to scream. How could they sit there talking like that! Their emphasis on the past tense was horrible to her: "Every one who cared," as if even the caring were over too! Couldn't they see how their every word and act denied their Faith!

And Aunt Lida! There was something brazenly cruel in the calm assurance with which she was reading over Uncle Nathaniel's letters. Yesterday she wouldn't even have considered touching them. Why did she, and all the others, feel that death justified this profanation of personal privacy?

Martha recoiled with each rustle of the papers—her uncle's papers. What right had they! How hatefully her aunt's white fingers stood out in unconscious repugnance at the dust gathered on Great-Uncle Nathaniel's past. Each

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one of those papers had meant something to him—had been kept for a purpose. Nothing so accentuated his death to Martha as did this invasion of his private belongings.

"I don't really see why he kept all this——"

A maid brought in a florist's box and there was a little buzz of interest as Aunt Emmeline cut the string.

"From General and Mrs. Northrop," she announced, "'with profound sympathy in your sorrow for the loss of one we were proud to call our friend.'"

"How lovely of them!"

"What are they, Emmeline?"

"Oh, the most wonderful wreath of gardenias. . . ." And with the opening of the box a heavy fragrance was added to the melancholy pervading the room.

Under cover of the interruption Martha's mother whispered nervously: "Aren't you going in to look at him, dear?"

The girl shook her head. Where was their Faith? she asked herself. Why did they persistently go on as though what lay in the back room—as though that were Uncle Nathaniel!

"I think I'll go up-stairs and see Lois," she heard herself stammer aloud.

"Oh, yes, poor Lois!" murmured Emmeline Thorne. "The child is completely used up. She's so sensitive, you know. Then she's had such a time getting anything suitable to wear to-morrow. None of the things that were sent in fitted her—she's so *petite*——"

Mrs. Thorne's eternal theme was the glorification of her daughters. Unfortunately, she seemed never able to extol them without an implied disparagement of other members of the family.

Martha knew as she left the room that they were all pitying her mother because she, Martha, was so peculiar. They'd always considered her peculiar. She said quaint things as a child; and then she'd insisted on learning a profession and upon being self-supporting; she'd held suffrage banners at street meetings; and now she played golf all day Sunday. Pitying Anne Oakley because of her daughter Martha had become a family habit.

Lois Thorne turned at once from her mirror to envelop Martha in an expansive, perfumed embrace.

"Oh, Marty, isn't it dreadful! Death is so horrible! Have you seen Aunt Janey? She's just too pathetic! She stays in there all the time. I don't know what she'll do when they take him away!"

"No, I haven't seen her yet. It's worse for her than any of us. She took care of him——"

"What are they doing down-stairs? Have any more flowers come? . . . Oh, gardenias! I love them! Do you think it would be all right for me to wear a few? . . . They're dead white, you know——"

"Lois, where on earth did you get those clothes?" Martha interrupted, suddenly observant.

"My dear, I *had* to shop. Mother insisted. . . . Of course I went in a taxi with the curtains all drawn so that no one saw me——"

"What if they had? You aren't guilty of anything, Lois; you didn't poison Uncle Nat."

"Marty!"

"Yes, I mean it! Why do we have to go skulking about like criminals? The men of the family don't——"

"That's different."

"I don't see why!"

"Oh, Marty, I never can argue with you; you say such funny things. It just is different, that's all."

"I don't want to be queer, Lois. It would be ever so much more comfortable to be like the rest of you. Why, I wish I could be high-church and anti—anti everything!"

"Then why aren't you?" Lois inspected her little pink nails to see whether they needed another polish.

"I have to be what I am."

"Well"—Lois turned to the mirror—"it's very trying to have you so eccentric, Marty, and it's fearfully hard on Aunt Anne." Lois was carefully rouging her lips, until they looked like American beauty rose-leaves fallen upon a marble table, for her skin was a clear, pure white.

"I hope you like my things. I went to Yvette's. I always said it was the one place for mourning. I walked right into this black chiffon. . . . Pearls are all

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right, don't you think? . . . Oh, did they tell you Lane Fowler was coming?"

"Lane!"

The room vibrated with Martha's contralto cry. Lane Fowler was the son of Uncle Butler Roswell's first wife and not the least bit related; but they had all grown up together, until Lane went West to his mother's people. That happened when Martha was sixteen. In the eight years that had passed, none of them had seen him.

"Lane!"

"Yes, he'll be here any minute. It seems he's just back from abroad with the *Croix de Guerre* and all the rest of it. Uncle Butler says he's as rich as Crœsus; his mother's brother left him a safe full of stocks and bonds."

"Oh-h-h!" It was quite clear why none of the borrowed mourning had been suitable for Lois; why Yvette's had been necessary.

Evidently, sophisticated Aunt Emmeline considered Lane a "catch." Somehow Martha couldn't think of Lane as a catch. He was still to her just the jolliest playmate she'd ever had. She remembered her dismay when she'd discovered he wasn't a real cousin like the Roswell boys. . . . And now her playfellow was coming back a man.

"Oh, I must prepare you." Lois was finishing off the tip of her nose with dabs of powder. "I must warn you, Lane has lost an arm, they say. . . ."

When the two girls descended to the library it was dusk and the men of the family had assembled. They had all been taken into the back room. Martha knew this because the aunts were weepy again and because Uncle Butler and his sons were blowing their noses. They belonged to the red-faced heavy type of man in whom emotion manifests itself in some such way.

Uncle Butler, she had noticed as a child, invariably blew his nose at funerals. He would produce a vast handkerchief from coat-tails where you never imagined there were pockets, and then he would blow lustily with such a trumpeting that you wanted to laugh. The whole performance had fascinated her. It had seemed quite as marvellous as any sleight-of-hand trickster on the stage; and in the years before she had learned to suppress ideas, she had propounded to a shocked family circle the conundrum: "Why is Uncle Butler at a funeral like Gabriel?"

Now he and his four grown-up sons all blew together, making, she thought, a concert of it.

Martha stopped at the door, realizing at once that Lane Fowler was in the room. For just a second, people and things seemed confused; the room was so dim, she explained; and then she heard Aunt Emmeline purring:

"Here is my Lois, Lane——"

"Indeed, I remember Lois." How poised his quiet voice was—how natural! He hadn't felt it necessary to change it just because dear Uncle Nathaniel——

"And isn't this little Marty?" He was very close to her now, where she stood in the doorway with Meta's blouse falling loosely away from her throat and its sleeves hanging over her fingers. She was all rich cream and black, like some fine old etching; but, unconscious of her own artistic values, she realized only that Lane had stretched out his hand to her.

A little later, even the vision of Lane was blurred, for Jane Gilbert had slipped into the room, and fixed in her wide, dry, grief-stunned eyes Martha saw all the hopeless misery of the world; and Martha could not look upon pain without a passionate desire to relieve it. She remembered long ago picking up a baby bird fallen from its nest. It had fluttered feebly in her hand, and she had been alarmed to think how little would crush the tiny bones beneath its bare featherless skin. Her Aunt Janey's hands, as she cuddled them, felt like that—fluttery and helpless and frightened.

There was a heavy creaking on the stairs and Martha knew it was the undertaker's men; for Aunt Janey's hands suddenly became quite still and very cold, and Uncle Butler Roswell began speaking—talking of nothing in a very loud tone, whereas before, his voice had been decorously hushed. She knew it too, because no one asked, "Who is that?" when all day they had welcomed and investigated every sound. And she knew it because of the strained expression on their faces and because they

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avoided looking at each other. Again her revolted young soul cried out: "What good is their Faith to them?"

Martha was going home for the night, but before she left she drew her aunt down into the lower hall, where they would be undisturbed.

"Aunt Janey, I can't bear to see you suffer this way——"

"Marty, it's the empty days—the days that are coming—that I am afraid of. Why, I might live twenty years! . . . At ten o'clock he always had his milk and then I would sit with him in the park till lunch; after that there was the house to keep quiet while he took his nap; at four the milk again, and in the evening cribbage——"

Jane Gilbert choked. Her eyes stared, as though in the dark corner by the hat-rack she saw marching ahead of her a procession of vacant years, of days in which the hours were tolled off by the things that did not happen, the duties no longer performed.

It was as though she said to herself: "Five years from to-day at ten o'clock in the morning he will not need his milk; ten years from to-night I shall not be playing cribbage with him; fifteen years . . ."

"Was there, after all, such a thing as Faith?" Martha wondered. Aunt Janey had always been devoutly religious. Nothing in her life remained fixed now but the hours of church services; yet her eyes sought the shadows and never once were lifted to the Winged Victory on the mantel.

"Aunt Janey, would it help you if you believed—really believed, I mean—that after the twenty years you would truly see Uncle Nat again? Would that help?"

"Why, Martha, of course I——"

"Do you? . . . In the way that you'd believe if Uncle Nat had gone to Europe, for example? You'd miss him, I know; but would you feel as you do now?"

Jane Gilbert found no answer to the probing in her niece's steady eyes.

"No, you wouldn't," Martha pursued her advantage. "None of us would be going on like this. . . ." She made a gesture that included their black garments and the drawn shades. "Yet you all pretend that you think uncle's gone to a much better and happier place than Europe. . . . If any one should honestly say they didn't agree . . . that they felt death was the final act, you'd be most awfully horrified; but when a test like this comes, everything you do proves that there's no real Faith. Don't you see that, Aunt Janey dear?"

"But, Martha——"

"You all laughed the other day at Meta—Meta, whose four brothers never came back from the Argonne—because she actually believes they still exist and that they've communicated with her. Aunt Lida was indignant and said it was blasphemous. I don't know much about it. Until this happened I never thought, but I do know there's all sorts of evidence that's convinced cleverer people than Aunt Lida. As for being blasphemous, if Aunt Lida'd lived two thousand years ago, Christ would have shocked her out of her sandals!"

Outside, Martha found Lane Fowler pacing up and down.

"Why, Lane, I didn't know you were out here! I'm afraid you're frozen!"

"You must walk home," he said. "The air will buck you up."

The recent snow was still spotless in the long crosstown street. Everywhere windows and doors flaunted holly wreaths. Only the windows of Number Eleven were dark—as dark as empty eye-sockets of a skeleton; while from the door, the wind caught up and waved black streamers of crape. Yet Great-Uncle Nathaniel had loved Christmas; and it had been his custom to place a wreath in every window of his high brownstone house!

"To-morrow will be Christmas eve," commented Martha wonderingly as she fell into step. "Do you remember, Lane, how Uncle Nat used to have candles in all the windows, from the basement to the top story?"

"Yes, and how it was the duty of each child to light one of them——"

"To-morrow night, for the first time, oh, perhaps in fifty years, there'll be no candles in the old house! Lighting them—the Christ candles—would be improper

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'at such a time,' they'd say," mimicked Martha. . . .

"The family will all be gone, leaving poor little Aunt Janey there to face the lonely years."

"It's cruelly hard for her."

"Yes, you see Uncle Nat was such a darling——"

"There is no one like him."

"That doing without him is going to be dreadfully difficult."

To Martha this was a new Lane. She had remembered him only as the leader in all their childish frolics. Now she felt as though, beyond the welcome in his eyes, there lay an undiscovered country.

Martha went on to speak of her inward rebellion against the spectacle of that huge family, mourning according to rule and convention; and Lane dismissed it with: "It's inherited tradition, Marty. Go back as far as you like, and you'll find the human race has always dramatized its woe."

And then he made her talk of herself, of the eight years since they'd parted, especially of her work as an ambulance driver. And Nathaniel Gilbert's comradeship with his great-niece crept unconsciously into all she told.

"You've made me feel young again, Lane," Martha said, when they parted at her door. "I mean you've made me feel a child. I thought to-day that, without Uncle Nat, I'd never know that sensation any more. You see, since Nell's twins came three years ago, I've just been to mother like any other grown-up person. That's what grandchildren do in a family, I suppose. Not that the twins aren't ducks; but, well, mother's maternity is the sort that's limited to infancy; it's the young of the species that appeal to her. Uncle Nat, now, looked inside and saw that there's a part of you that doesn't grow up——"

The little flat where Martha and her mother lived was quite dark and empty. Martha remembered that it was their maid's "night out," and that if she ate, she must prepare the meal herself.

As she changed to a white negligée, she discovered that the walk across the park had made her hungry.

Mechanically she heated up a bowl of soup, toasted crackers, and cut open an orange; she set a tray and carried her supper into the living-room; all as carefully as though she were arranging it for her mother. Martha was essentially a dainty person; it would not have been possible for her to do anything unattractively.

As she ate, she reflected that Lane had talked not at all of himself; yet she knew, without being told, that much revelation had come to him over there in Flanders.

There were lines about his mouth that spoke of a revelation of physical pain. A slight compression of the lips testified to some battle never listed in the manœuvres of an army, some battle fought and won. The empty left sleeve tucked into his coat-pocket told her that he had gone out to meet death. The poise of his head suggested that he had commanded others as well as himself; while added to the old humorous twinkle in his eyes, there was a new tenderness. But besides all this, there was something more, something that included these things and yet exceeded them. It was as though some transcendent revelation had come to Lane Fowler on those fields of Flanders, and Martha's groping spirit longed to know what was that revelation.

After the supper-things were cleared away, Martha felt oppressed by loneliness.

On her desk lay white wrapping-paper, a bolt of red ribbon, and the box of cigars she'd brought to give her Uncle Nat for Christmas; all just as she'd left them when the summons had come.

A piercing realization of what had happened gripped Martha at the sight and the faint odor of the box of "Bock Panetelas." She knew suddenly that this was how her Aunt Janey felt about everything in that house where she'd lived ever since Nathaniel Gilbert had, in his wholesale generosity, adopted his dead brother's entire family of four daughters and two sons.

He had never married, giving up his life to them and filling the house with their childish laughter, literally unto the third and fourth generation: for one by one they had grown up and married, leaving what Nathaniel called the "old roost," and going off to establish little roosts of their own; until he jokingly de-

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clared that the Gilberts were peopling more than their share of the earth.

Only Jane had stayed on, becoming the very core of the old man's life.

It was the barely perceptible odor of "Bock Panetelas" that brought to Martha an acute sense of her aunt's desolation. Why, she wouldn't be able to move about that house without continually having her heart contract as Martha's had done at the odor of those cigars. She could put out of sight his clothes, his great tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, his cane, but the very walls and ceilings would whisper to her of him, making it impossible for her to get away from her loss. Every morning it would be waiting for her when she waked and at night she would lie staring up at it in the darkness.

"If only"—Martha cried—"if only their Faith helped them!"

She gave her shoulders a decided shake. "This won't do!" she exclaimed. "I'll work."

Martha's work was designing. She did patterns for wall-papers and chintzes. "That," she always said, "takes me out of the parasite class; for fun, I do pastels . . . oh, landscapes chiefly, and children."

Now she set to work, determined to master her depression, for defeat had no place in Martha's vocabulary. She was planning a design for chintz. It was to be in yellow poppies, strikingly conventionalized, almost cubist.

Poppies! She'd grown to know and love them the year she'd spent at Santa Barbara with Uncle Nat and Aunt Janey. For a minute she didn't see the design quite distinctly. Was life always going to be subject to these swift clouds of grief, passing suddenly across the sun and dimming even one's work—work which had always been a sanctuary, never before invaded!

The yellow poppies grew under her dauntless brush. Yellow poppies . . . galloping through miles of them . . . and Aunt Janey waiting on the veranda with tea and things . . . poor Aunt Janey, whose days were now to be tolled off by the passing of hours, empty of accustomed duties! . . .

Martha laid aside her brush and began sketching in with pencil a background of interlaced leaves and stems.

Yellow poppies and green leaves . . . and now Christmas wreaths and long black crape streamers tossing in the night wind . . . with everybody saying, "Poor Uncle Nat"—all but Lane—Lane was different . . . he'd used the present tense; he'd said, "There *is* no one like him"; quite distinctly he'd used the present . . . yellow poppies, galloping through miles of them. . . .

Martha's hand, the one that held the pencil, felt cold and a little numb. The chill spread up her arm to the shoulder and then down her side. Something seemed to lift and guide her arm. She had a sense of detachment, as though she no longer controlled her hand. For a moment it moved over the paper, and then fell limp upon the table; and she heard, as though very far away, the tap of the pencil as it slipped from her inert fingers and dropped upon the drawing-board. . . .

Martha never knew how long she sat gazing straight ahead before she looked again at her work and saw written there on the white paper the words: "My Holly Berry! My Holly Berry!" She was bewildered,—for they were in a fine, cramped hand, whereas her own was large and flowing.

"My Holly Berry!" written twice over. She had heard those words somewhere, recently and repeated twice, just as they were written. But when and where had she heard them? . . .

It was beside a fire, a fire yellow like poppies in the sun . . . and there had been the odor of cigar-smoke, the odor of "Bock Panetelas," . . . while a hand, transparent and aged, had stroked the sleeve of her dress, a scarlet suit with a big squirrel collar . . . "Bock Panetelas," and the words "My Holly Berry!" spoken twice over . . . Uncle Nat! . . . And there was his writing before her, fine and small. . . .

A vast peace filled the room. Martha felt it all about her, as you feel sunshine although your eyes may be closed and you see nothing.

"My Holly Berry!" Uncle Nat had remembered! The thought of her, and even of her crimson suit, had gone with him into the unknown, and he had used the happy little memory to convince her!

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Drawn by Elenore Abbott.

Blazing with the fire of youth, of inspiration, and of hope, Martha told her story.—Page 732.

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A warm sweet serenity enveloped her. Somewhere there was still the Uncle Nat she loved! What did they—everybody—mean by saying we take nothing out of this world; that we leave it as we came; merely because bank-deposits and houses and furniture are left behind?

If that were true, what would be the use of it all? And how did they account for the best and dearest things? What did they think became of the tender human affections, of the mind richly stored with literature and history, of the love of beauty and joy? Those things were no longer here. . . . Why could they not be —there? They *were* there! Had not Uncle Nat come back to tell her just that?

So this . . . this . . . was Faith!

As Martha trailed up the stairs she heard her Uncle Butler Roswell's voice. He seemed to be delivering a sort of lecture on the past virtues of Nathaniel Gilbert; enumerating the honors the world had paid him, dwelling upon his high standing in business circles; and the word "business" was leading easily and naturally to a discreet discussion of the estate and of the probable contents of the will, when Martha, slightly breathless from the stairs, burst into the room.

"Has anything happened?"

"What is it, Martha?"

"Was there a fire? Or a burglar?" This last from Martha's mother, fearing for her possessions.

Even Butler Roswell was astonished, for Martha had stopped only to throw a fur cape over her white negligée and to pull on carriage-boots over her bedroom slippers. Thus she had jumped into a taxi, not bothering about hat or gloves, but clutching firmly a big sheet of drawing-paper, partly covered by a design of yellow poppies, with down in one corner a few words scribbled in a small neat hand.

"Martha, what *is* it?"

Blazing with the fire of youth, of inspiration, and of hope, Martha told her story to Uncle Butler and the group of black-garbed women who had made up his audience.

The cape fell back from her shoulders, until when she finished on her triumphant ringing note of Faith, she stood among them slim and unearthly in the loose white robe with its bands of swan's-down outlining her slender throat and arms.

Before that cry of Faith had died away, while it seemed still to be quivering in the air, Mrs. Oakley commanded: "Martha, *do* pick up your cape and put it on!"

As the girl instinctively obeyed, she looked despairingly around the room. Uncle Butler was blowing his nose; any such "display," as he would have called Martha's emotion, embarrassed him. There was a general murmur from the aunts about "the child's being wrought up," but nobody, not even Aunt Janey, took her seriously.

Martha made them look at that familiar handwriting beneath her half-finished design. She made Jane Gilbert corroborate the incident the words recalled; for, she remembered, her aunt had been sitting knitting under the light and had looked up to smile at the old man's unfailing love of what was bright and gay.

But for everything, they had a prompt explanation; as though they were eager to prove that the dead body is all, the spirit nothing.

Martha's eyes dropped to the floor. She found herself staring mutely at their well-shod feet, and thinking it strange that feet remained young so much longer than faces.

Her Aunt Emmeline suppressed a yawn and glanced at the clock. Uncle Butler said he would see Martha home. She protested that the taxi was waiting, that there was no need; but all the time he was tugging on his overcoat. Uncle Butler was resolutely doing his duty as the protecting male, and Martha saw resistance to be useless. It was noticeable that early in the evening the younger men had contrived to escape.

Rolling along in the taxi, Uncle Butler recovered his breath and began to discourse kindly on the dangers of dabbling in things occult. Upon which Martha declared that she hadn't been dabbling, and had no intention of dabbling; that she felt we must live our own lives here and leave them free there to go on——

"Stuff! Stuff!"

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This communication, she believed, had been given, without seeking on her part, as a message of hope and comfort for all of them.

"Disordered nerves, my dear . . . disordered nerves. Take my word for it, you'll see things differently after a night's rest."

Martha shrank silently back into her corner.

Outside there were Christmas wreaths in the windows, and the street-lamps made glimmering pools of light upon the snow.

Why, she wondered impotently, why did they all cling so desperately, so fiercely, to convention; why did they seek solace in the pomp of woe, rather than in Faith!

Martha Oakley woke to find the sun flooding in over her bed. It was too nice and restful to get up just yet. What day was it, anyway? Things didn't co-ordinate very quickly. The dreamless night seemed to have washed her brain so clear that facts and details reassembled very slowly. And why hurry them when she felt so amazingly serene? Still, it must be some particular day, with definite duties and appointments, though she couldn't somehow say what. She turned lazily, pillowing her cheek on one hand; and her long black hair wrapped itself about her until she seemed like some high-bred Spanish señorita looking out from under a mantilla.

The sun moved across the room and touched the box of "Bock Panetelas" on her desk. . . . Oh, yes, the Panetelas reminded . . . it was the day before Christmas . . . and—and it was also the day of Uncle Nat's funeral. . . .

But, now she began to remember, last night he—dear Uncle Nat—had come to her . . . and Uncle Butler had said that after a night's rest she would see it all differently; that in the morning she would realize that sort of thing to be "tosh."

Well, she didn't! Stripped of all agitation, calmly in the morning light, it was more than ever astoundingly true that Uncle Nat lived! . . .

The thing that greatly troubled her, as the mosaic of life gradually pieced itself together, was how to impart her faith to Jane Gilbert.

The night before, while the others scoffed, Jane's stricken eyes had been bewildered; she so piteously needed to believe!

Martha felt that if there were some way she could demonstrate her faith to be not merely parrotlike words but a vital fact, as real to her as the rising and setting of the sun, then Jane Gilbert would be ready to accept it for herself. If there were only something she could do to prove . . .

At last an idea came to her. . . . It came in the light streaming through the window . . . but, for all sorts of reasons, that idea was repugnant.

She was sensitive, and family displeasure was a thing to which no amount of experience had ever hardened her. Then there was Lane! She knew how beautiful Lois would look in her soft black hat faced with white crape. She recalled her yesterday with amber hair piled high above the perfect oval of her face, and her skin as white as milk against the clinging black of her frock.

Martha was unflinchingly honest with herself. Yesterday had emphasized what she'd always felt about Lane—emphasized it and augmented it. Her shrinking from the idea that came in on those waves of morning light, she knew to be more than anything else because of Lane.

He was so much dearer even than she had remembered. She admired his type, dominant, squarely clear-cut; and she loved his surprisingly poetic interpretation of that type.

He could not fail to think Lois exquisite. Men, she thought in her vernacular, always "fell for" that sort of thing. Well, no matter, she must do something about Aunt Janey's tragic eyes, even at the risk of repelling Lane.

She recognized that as a possibility, even though Lane were what she called "different"; for observation had shown her that men often found repulsive anything that made women conspicuous.

And Lois . . . Lois would be so lovely! . . .

But there was Aunt Janey, the very hours of whose days would be a constant stab; Aunt Janey whose eyes gazed with

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anguish along the vacant years . . . she must at all costs convince Aunt Janey!

The procession was already forming when Martha reached the church. She found she'd been allotted to young Winston Roswell, while Lois and Lane were just in front of them.

"Gad, Marty!" whispered Winston, "what's the big idea? . . . Gosh, but the family will never let up on you after this! You're in for it and no mistake!"

But that Martha had foreseen, and already she felt riveted upon her horrified looks which penetrated even crape veils.

To the lamentation of Chopin's funeral march, Martha, her cheeks flaming, entered the church on Winston's arm. With the rest she stood or sat or bowed her head.

The church was hung with greens, for the next day would be Christmas, and though there were dead, the living must be provided for. The pungent odor of pine and cedar brought back to Martha frosty Christmas mornings when the man lying there in the coffin had been the gayest Santa Claus any children ever knew. With his snowy hair and beard and his merry eyes, he had needed no make-up, beyond the stuffing of a pillow under his waistcoat and a bag of gifts on his back.

Martha felt that, had he not come to her, had he not written that precious little message, she could never have borne this; with the odor of Christmas greens in her nostrils and the wailing organ to insist that it was Uncle Nat who lay in that black box with silver handles.

So, though her cheeks might burn, her inward peace never faltered. Uncle Nat was not really there, cold and still in a coffin. . . . He had come to her to say that! . . .

Her Faith had withstood this test, and never would it find a more searching one.

By fours they put them into the carriages; in the order of their relationship and their supposed degree of sorrow. Uncle Butler and Aunt Lida, her mother and Aunt Janey, Aunt Emmeline Thorne and Uncle Mark, Lois and Hazel, Hester and Arthur, Winston and Miriam. By fours and fours the sombre figures entered, and disappeared behind drawn shades and closed doors.

Martha found herself shut into the last carriage with Lane Fowler. They had run out of fours.

Now that the ordeal was over, the fire died out of her face and she leaned back, pale and a little faint. She was not sure, but she thought she heard Lane whisper to himself: "Dear Marty!"

Later he said aloud: "I was afraid I wouldn't be able to manage this; but what's the use of having been on the General Staff if it doesn't teach you how to handle a situation?"

"Manage what?"

"Getting you to myself in this carriage. You don't think things like this happen by chance, do you?"

"If I thought at all, I suppose I'd an idea it was a mistake on the part of the sexton; or that he thought I—I didn't belong with the others. . . ." And after a silence: "I'm glad you aren't shocked, Lane." Martha spoke with an uncertain quaver.

"Why should I be shocked?"

"Didn't you know . . . don't you see, Lane, that I wore my . . . my *red* suit to Uncle Nat's funeral?"

"Little Marty"—his voice was deeply tender—"I saw only that you had dramatized Faith! . . ."

It was the evening of that day before Christmas, and in Number Eleven three figures—Jane Gilbert, Martha Oakley, and Lane Fowler—passed from basement to drawing-room, from drawing-room to library, and from library to bedrooms, until in every window a candle burned and the light of their Faith glowed in the long quiet street.

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THE WAGON AND THE STAR

By Myra Sawhill

Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

NO one knew why little middle-aged John Robbins had first been called "The Major." Perhaps the very incongruity of the military title, as applied to him, had had something to do with it. But whatever the origin of the nickname, time and custom had dulled its absurdity in the eyes of an indolent world prone to accept things as they are.

The world, in this instance, was a sharply circumscribed affair. In shape it was not unlike a dumb-bell, one end, the Quality Bazaar, Outfitters to Ladies; the other, balancing it nicely at the end of a few shabby city blocks, a third-rate boarding-house. Within the rigid confines of this dumb-bell, surrounded by the myriads of similar bodies that form the constellation of a great city, Robbins was "The Major."

Robbins himself had accepted the warlike appellation with the utmost seriousness. He wore it proudly, not merely as a title but as a decoration. And invariably he spoke of himself in the third person, after the manner of royalty, as "The Major." Perhaps he had first done this in a spirit of facetiousness; if so, the facetiousness had long since disappeared. He would cleverly gather the shimmering folds of some pretty new silk over his extended arm, and with disarming lack of self-consciousness and an air of the utmost candor murmur impressively to the customer:

"Madame will not regret the purchase. The major is convinced that this will be the most wanted shade of the season."

The dazzled customer seldom realized that the little man was speaking of himself. To her the quoted "major" was some great and distant authority in the realm of fashion, and under the hypnotic influence of his indorsement the sale was accomplished.

If Wilkins, the floorwalker, greeted John Robbins with a cordially condescending:

"Well, how's the major this morning?" the answer came promptly, something like this:

"Fine, fine! He just got in in his private car this morning. Been a splendid season in California this year."

Or a similar query from Lizzie Weir, who had been in the Bazaar almost as long as the major himself, would be answered with:

"His yacht docked in New York last night, but the major turned up bright and early this morning, fit as a fiddle!"

This ever-ready facility in humorous retort—for such it was supposed to be—had made the major, silent enough unless in response to some such lead, immensely popular in the dumb-bell. No one realized how far below the surface these imaginings had developed; no one penetrated far enough to discover their real function in John Robbins's life, or the shining goal he had set for himself.

The exterior portion of him sold silk at the Quality Bazaar; but his real inner self led a rose-colored existence in vivid contrast to the drab realities forced upon the outer man. To entertain his friends—so ran the major's creed—this might be indicated in light flippancies of imaginative conversation, but the goal itself was a thing too sacred to be put into words.

For the major yearned ardently to be a hero. That Nature, with no sympathy for such an ambition, had built him five feet three, given him a little up-turned nose, and in time grayed some of his hair and removed the rest, did not daunt him. His soul, he considered, had been cast in heroic mould if his body had not. Some day he intended to do something wonderful, sublime.

All of this reached back half a century or so to the days when little Johnny Robbins, slight and frail and undersize, had had to walk softly and speak gently to

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escape annihilation at the hands of sturdy youngsters not more than half his age. It was then that he found consolation in the idea that underneath he was as good as other fellows! And it was then that he began to invent wonderful situations in which John Robbins, the real John, flourished after the manner of boy heroes in the books that boys love. Before him pirates cringed abjectly. Assorted desperadoes, confounded by his superior strategy, surrendered to him sullenly but with evident admiration.

Little Johnny Robbins had grown older, but he had never quite grown up. Life continued to be negatively unkind to him, and, gifted with a vivid intensity of imagination that might have distinguished him in some creative art had his lot been cast in a different sphere, he continued in his day-dreams to make of it what he chose.

When the United States went into the war the major went to a recruiting station and begged, begged humbly, to be taken into the service.

"I—I will do anything at all, sir, anything at all!" he told the sergeant in charge. For the moment the major had dropped his prideful nickname—he knew it would not be proper there.

"Don't you see, a man of your age couldn't endure the exposure," the officer explained kindly.

"But if the maj—if—*I*—could do—something first!" he pleaded wistfully.

But the government was obdurate. It did not need the services of silk salesmen of fifty-odd, and Robbins was thrown back on his old device for making life endurable. Vicarious valor was less satisfying than ever, but he did the best he could. It was then that his long-established nickname had been of special comfort to him, took on added significance, indeed. It seemed to give substance to the inner part of him, to make real this vision who did great deeds. As "The Major" he went over the top with the best of them, and fought the good fight as ardently as they.

The major never thought of all this as romance; but that was what it was, the one touch of romance in his commonplace existence, simple childish romance, the "Let's pretend" of early years carried out to its logical conclusion by a little, lonely, insignificant man now half a century beyond his childhood days.

Then one day Romance, real Romance of the fairy-story order, took the major's book of life into her hands and turned a page.

A large, important-looking envelope found its way to the dingy boarding-house end of the dumb-bell. The envelope contained a brief request from one of the city's greatest law firms that Mr. John Robbins would call at its offices at his earliest convenience.

The major slept little that night. When the noon-hour released him the next day he lost no time carrying out the mysterious request. He was admitted promptly to one of the inner offices, greeted with a courtesy bordering on deference by a member of the firm, and was told things, unbelievable things, that set his heart thumping sickeningly against his ribs.

"There—there—is no doubt about this, Mr. Jeffry?" The major mopped his forehead with a handkerchief held in an unsteady hand.

"No," Jeffry replied emphatically. Then with a keen glance at the perturbed little man opposite him, he summed it all up concisely: "No, there is no doubt about it. We verified everything before we notified you. This man was a cousin of your father, Peter Robbins. He made a fortune in Alaska, in Nome, and—much more remarkably—succeeded in keeping it. At his death, recently, he left it to your father or to his heirs. As your father is deceased and you are his only heir the money is yours—every dollar of it."

"And—you say—I'll have—" Robbins faltered dazedly.

"At a very conservative estimate you will have rather more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year. A very comfortable, a *very* comfortable income indeed, Mr. Robbins."

Comfortable! This to the major who had lived his most affluent years on about twenty-five dollars a week. Comfortable!

The sheer shock of the thing quite unsettled the major's intellect for the balance of the day. With the folds of a vivid

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"Madame will not regret the purchase."—Page 735.

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green sport silk draped over his outstretched arm he assured a customer that: "The major is convinced that midnight blue will be one of the most wanted shades this season."

The other clerks knew nothing of what had happened and looked at him apprehensively.

"Say, what's wrong with the major?" Little Mary Neland leaned down from her elevated cash-carrier station back of the silk-counter and asked Lizzie Weir in a worried stage whisper. "Honest, he's actin' kinda nutty!"

"Must be sick, or something," Miss Weir responded with an anxious glance in the major's direction, and at the first opportunity said a few words to Wilkins.

The floorwalker watched the major a few minutes, then approached the counter with a kindly:

"Not feeling well this afternoon, major?"

"Certainly, certainly! The major is always well," the little man returned in a dazed, abstracted tone.

"Perhaps you had better take the rest of the day off—we're not very busy—and see a doctor," Wilkins urged with unprecedented solicitude.

But the major shook his head. "No, no—fit as a fiddle," he replied as naturally as he could.

And Tommy Johns, of the shipping department, a slender stripling with an ominous chronic cough, walked six blocks out of his way in the cold that night to see the major safely home.

It was only that first trying afternoon that seriously disturbed the major's equilibrium. By the next morning he had regained a good portion of his poise; no one had occasion to notice anything unusual in his behavior. He kept the amazing news to himself and went through the treadmill routine of the Quality Bazaar just as he had done for many years.

He knew quite well what he meant to do. He had been submerged all his life; now he intended to take his place in the great world as a man of substance, of property. Only the details needed to be worked out, and within a week he had accomplished that.

The city was in the grip of a blizzard. Ice-bound, snow-bound, it was held tight and shivering in the grip of one of the worst storms on record. The major, who had never liked cold weather at its best—and this was easily its worst—resigned from both ends and the middle of the dumb-bell, and took a train for southern Florida.

Through the channels of the Sunday papers the names of the great resort hotels were quite familiar to him. Equipped with the most correct of masculine wardrobes—chosen with the help of Jimmy Drew, formerly of the dumb-bell orbit but now a satellite in an exclusive haberdashery—the major sped toward the Royal Magnolia as fast as the long train could buckle and jerk its way down through the Southern States.

Serene and hospitable, like an overgrown home of old Colonial days, stands the Royal Magnolia. With its lawns and gardens, hibiscus hedges and stately palms, a deep-blue summer sea for background, the great buff building seemed nothing short of paradise to the little major. In an ecstasy that would have been too keen for comfort except for an uneasy suspicion that presently he would waken in his cold little room in the boarding-house and find that none of this was true, the major wandered along verandas that seemed endless; through the spacious lobby of the hotel with its green velvet carpets, groups of white pillars, and its cool white basket furniture. Everywhere were groups of well-dressed women chatting easily in low, well-bred voices, and equally well-dressed and rather pompous men whose faces, for the most part, were very red and whose hair was very white.

The advent of the major made not the slightest ripple in the Royal Magnolia. With the exception of the chambermaid who attended to his room, the waiter who served his meals, and hopeful bell-hops who presented him with chairs he didn't want whenever he paused a moment in his strolling round about, no one really knew the major was in the Royal Magnolia. No one called him "The Major." No one called him anything except the clerks in the office who said: "Certainly, Mr. Robbins," quite affably to his occasional requests—there were no com-

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plaints, the major could not have thought of one.

The activity of the big hotel was to him like an entrancing moving picture; the throng of well-dressed people scarcely more real than figures on a screen. He watched them curiously, impersonally, and after a time he began to comprehend that it is quite within the capabilities of man—and woman—to dispose of a princely twenty-five thousand a year without disturbing himself—and herself—unduly. He had known, of course, that people spent large sums of money, but he had never before encountered the process. He had supposed vaguely that it would entail a wild, spectacular sort of existence; but he began to see that this well-ordered, genteel manner of life might easily be trusted to accomplish astounding financial results. Occasional chats with a man from Oklahoma, who knew everything and everybody and had no hesitation in diffusing knowledge, proved most enlightening.

It seemed that, while a half-million was a fairly substantial sum to have about one, it was something of a commonplace in the Royal Magnolia. There were, indeed, he discovered, scattered around the lobby or on the verandas, not a few people whose yearly incomes equalled that amount or surpassed it!

The major sighed as he realized that he was still a cipher, as much a commonplace in the Royal Magnolia as he had been as salesman at the silk-counter of the Quality Bazaar. This wonderful new fortune was apparently not so wonderful as it had seemed to his unsophisticated mind. It was a devastating thought.

With his sense of values alarmingly discredited the major fell a ready victim to the overpowering personality of Benton, Benton, the great outstanding figure of the Royal Magnolia's unobtrusive ménage. One might live for days in the hotel without consciousness of the revolution of its wheels, the creaking of its machinery; but no one could be oblivious of Benton, overlord of the great dining-room. Despite the delicate chocolate hue of race, Benton had a presence that a Marshal of France might well have envied.

Statesmen and millionaires approached the portals of his domain with a diffidence they affected to conceal. With largess they sought exemption from the grilling recollection of past crimes and misdemeanors, which a stern glance from beneath Benton's bushy, iron-gray eyebrows had such power to conjure up in their own minds.

Lesser folk slunk past the imperial presence as unobtrusively as might be, minds centred uneasily on the faulty cut of a coat, a hat slightly past its prime, or some other defect in sartorial make-up that they had hoped, foolishly enough, might have escaped detection.

Among these latter was the little major. Thanks to Jimmy Drew of the exclusive haberdasher's shop, and to his own exquisite sense of color that years of training in the silk department had developed, the major's outfit might be classed as faultless. Not so the handiwork of niggardly Nature. Never had the little man been so conscious of his insignificance of stature, ridiculous up-turned nose, and rapidly retreating hair-line, as when he passed Benton, the magnificent, and started down the endless aisle of the main dining-room with Benton's eagle eyes fixed accusingly on the most sensitive spot of his short spine.

Then one morning at breakfast-time, Benton graciously condescended to act as personal escort and in regal form preceded the major part of the way to his distant table. This was worse, much worse. Benton was big, he was broad, his features were straight and regular, his iron-gray hair of distinguished effect was plentiful in the extreme. In short, Benton was all that the major was not, and to follow in his wake caused the little man acute agony of mind.

The major endured it as best he might. Breakfast over he left the dining-room still much perturbed but with head held very high, walked rapidly through the lobby and along the veranda past a jog in the building where a group of women sat. He walked on a few steps, then sat down in a wicker chair pulled up close against the wall, screened entirely from the eyes of the women he had just passed but in reality very close to them.

"What a funny little man!" a girlish voice rippled with enjoyment.

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"Isn't he absurd!" some one else agreed.

Unconsciously the major glanced around to see this queer-looking person. There was no one in sight. With a sickening sense of shock the major understood.

The desirability of seeing ourselves as others see us may well be doubted by any one who has experienced the sensation, Robert Burns to the contrary notwithstanding. With a crash the little major's house of life fell in a heap of wreckage.

There was, perhaps, no logical reason for this—the major had never cherished illusions about his outer self—but feelings are seldom logical. Silently he got out of his chair and slipped away, his beautiful belief in his destiny shaken cruelly.

Why, he wondered wretchedly, had he ever thought there was anything extraordinary in his make-up? A hero! His face burned. He was afraid of mice, he admitted bitterly, and spiders of a certain size sent waves of nausea over him. A hero! No, he would never be that—he could see it now—never! "Absurd," that was what they thought him, and small wonder. That was what he was, what he always had been, and what he would continue to be.

Long years before John Robbins had hitched his wagon to a star. Wagons do not lend themselves readily to this mode of locomotion, and on this very rough stretch of road the little major was in danger of losing his seat. The star had grown very dim; all that he was conscious of was the jolting of the wagon.

He wandered wretchedly into the lobby and paused aimlessly not far from a group of people who, in excitement over something, all seemed to be talking at once.

"Isn't it just *too* wonderful?" the words caught the major's drifting attention.

He did not know what these people were talking about, and he did not care. The mere words revealed the truth to him: he did not belong in this place, he never would, and more than that he didn't want to! No one he had ever known would have spoken in such words as this well-dressed woman had used just now. "Can you beat it?" was the way the old dumb-bell phrased its astonishment. And very suddenly the major knew that he was homesick, homesick!

When the seven-thirty train went north that night the major went too. With the sure instinct of a child whose feelings have been hurt he turned to bury his face in the comfortable lap of his old environment.

The dingy boarding-house where he had lived so long was not given to the exquisite cleanliness that had so rejoiced his heart in the Royal Magnolia—that is a luxury in a great, grimy city and not for denizens of third-rate boarding-houses. So the major established himself at a leading down-town hotel. As soon as possible he found his way to the employees' entrance of the Quality Bazaar. There he encountered Tommy Johns helping to load packages on the eleven o'clock delivery wagon.

"Well, look who's here!" Tommy straightened his slender height, grasped the major's hand, and stood looking down at the little man with beaming eyes. The troublesome old cough caught him and held him speechless for a moment, but after the paroxysm was over he went on cheerfully: "How's the major? Say, we sure missed you around the place. Sure did."

"Honest, son?" A pleased light leaped into the major's eyes. "Well, the major's glad to get back. Mighty fine down there, but there's no place like home, no place like home."

The major's progress through the Bazaar was a long ovation. Everywhere his old comrades greeted him with heart-warming enthusiasm. When he reached his own old department he found Wilkins amazingly cordial, and faded little Lizzie Weir more pleased than he had ever seen her.

"Well, how's the health?" Wilkins inquired, beaming.

"Fine, fine! Never better," the major replied, beaming back at him and at the others who had crowded around; but there followed none of the flights of imagination every one had grown to look for.

But business was brisk in the Bazaar that morning, and, much as they longed to linger and ask questions, the major's old friends drifted off reluctantly, one by one.

Mary Neland leaned down from her

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It was not long before the major was an ardent and persistent reader of the tape.—Page 742.

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lofty perch back of the silk counter and with voice sunk low asked wistfully:

"Say, major, what kinda hats 're they wearing down at that swell place?"

"Embroidered georgette, and straw, and satin. Pink mostly, or white," the major replied obligingly to a question that would have tried the soul of a man not in the business of outfitting ladies.

"Oh, I do love hats," Mary murmured softly, a far-away look creeping into eyes that were far too large and dark for a face that was very small and very white.

Then even little Mary Neland was swallowed by the insistent demands of commerce. The major was left to wander alone about his old stamping-ground, and at length, for want of something better to do, to drift back to the hotel.

It had been fine to get back, to see the well-known faces of people he was used to, and to see them light with pleasure at his coming. That was pleasant, very pleasant, but the little man's heart ached in spite of it. The castle in Spain, in which he had lived so long, had been demolished and he could not build it up again. Fantastic as had been its architecture, its shadowy substance had been very real to him; never before had he doubted that it would at last develop satisfying material qualities. But clearly, now, it never would.

He brooded deeply over this in the abundant leisure that soon hung heavily on his hands. He had never had any interests except his dreams and his work. Bereft of both of them, he was drifting, rudderless, in an uncharted sea.

It was inevitable, no doubt, that with both idle time and idle money on his hands the major should be caught in a flare of speculation that seized the city. Talk of the market was rife in the lobby of the hotel. It was not long before the major was an ardent and persistent reader of the tape.

He went cautiously, at first, bought small blocks of good stocks and paid for them outright. Then he began to buy in larger quantities and on margin. His brokers were affable, the crowd around the ticker, respectful. The major began to feel that things were looking up.

A company had been formed to exploit a new and idealistic device for exploding ammunition at long range. It was frankly admitted that the invention was not quite perfected, but in spite of this flaw the idea caught the popular imagination. Centuries ago Julius Cæsar discovered that men are easily persuaded to believe what they want to believe. The idea is still strictly up to date. A horde of small investors with a little money to throw away did so quite effectually under the auspices of the Anti-Ammunition Company.

Anti-Ammunition stock was soaring merrily when the major caught the fever and plunged. He bought a large block of it, and bought it on margin. The stock went up three points higher, then fell with a crash. With steady eyes and steady hands the major watched it fall. His whitened lips were the only indication that in its descent into the whirlpool of calamity the stock had sucked down after it fifty thousand dollars of his money.

"You'll get it back again, major," a kindly devotee of the ticker assured him. "Make up for it in something else."

"Yes," the little man raised steady eyes to his comforter. "Yes."

There was a calm decisiveness about the major's tone that impressed the group around him.

"Watch that man if you want some thrills!" an old-timer in the broker's office suggested to a novice. "Some of these days he'll get into the game for all he's worth!"

A week or two passed. Then came hectic days when the street rocked under the spectacular advance of Big Injun Oil.

Big Injun Oil was selling placidly around fifty-three dollars when it displayed a sudden tendency toward the dramatic. A rumor that the company had struck a rich flow of oil in the far West started the boom. Big Injun stock went up by leaps and bounds.

Piper, the man from Oklahoma who had helped educate the major during his stay in Florida, had appeared in the city some days before, bubbling with enthusiasm anent the future of oil. He talked oil to every one, including the major. Up to the limitations imposed by physical man, Piper lived on oil. So far as any one knew he bought no oil stock.

The major did, however. When Big

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Injun Oil was well above par and still rising, the major bought a thousand shares. Steadily the stock continued to rise, steadily and rapidly. And at intervals throughout one feverish spring day the major bought blocks of various sizes until he held, on margin, close to ten thousand shares. By eleven o'clock the next day Big Injun Oil had reached its zenith—194. At noon it began to wane. Contradictory rumors regarding the strike in oil had begun to circulate.

The crowds that are always attracted by a spectacular rise in some so-called security felt the reaction first. They lost their nerve, and sold rapidly and wildly, each one hoping to get out before his paper profits were obliterated.

Down went the stock, point by point at first, then by twos and threes. At closing time it was dropping ten points at a time. Steadier by morning, for a time it hung poised around ninety. Then it took another downward plunge and did not rest until it reached forty-seven.

Many a white-faced man, who had bought heavily on margin and been forced to cover the decline in his holdings, faced ruin as best he might.

The major was calm, but had nothing to say.

"Cleaned out, I suppose," hazarded one gloomy speculator to another as the major left the office.

"Absolutely," agreed the second man. "Over at the Columbia National a fellow told me Robbins had drawn out every dollar he possessed! Too bad!" he admitted easily, for men bear the misfortunes of others with considerable equanimity.

The Quality Bazaar was far removed from the stock market, but even to that remote region the news of the major's loss penetrated.

A day came when Wilkins, plainly agitated, stopped at the silk-counter with a distressful bit of news.

"Do you know, the—the major is coming back here to work!"

"Coming back here to work!" gasped Miss Weir. "Here in the silk department?"

"Um-huh," confirmed Wilkins. "They say he dropped a half million or so on the stock market. Awful sorry for the old chap. Nice old fellow—none better!" Wilkins's voice developed unsatisfactory qualities. He turned abruptly and hurried down the aisle.

A few days later the major was back in his old dumb-bell world, back in his shabby old room in the boarding-house, and back of the silk counter in the Quality Bazaar. He made no explanation, offered no word of extenuation or regret. Every one was very kind to him. No one ventured a curious question.

The major was more quiet than he had been in the past. The easy persiflage that had so entertained his comrades in the Bazaar fell to their lot no longer.

But if the major had changed, so had the Quality Bazaar. It had been sold rather recently to an Eastern syndicate. The management had been entirely changed, the entire policy of the shop altered. The store was now being run along up-to-date business lines. The interests of employees were apparently studied with intelligence and sympathy.

Mary Neland was released from weary attendance on the pneumatic cash-carrier and became messenger between the millinery department and its work-room. Tommy Johns was taken out of the shipping department, where he had to use his frail strength in continual lifting of more or less heavy packages, and put on one of the motor delivery-wagons. These changes, comparatively slight to the casual observer, were typical of the altered aspect of things all over the store.

One eventful Saturday night every pay envelope in the Quality Bazaar held a substantial increase. Many a tired worker forgot weariness and remembered that spring was almost there.

But spring, that year, did not justify the vague hopes that seem its special mission to inspire. It signified its advent by four unseasonably warm, stifling days that left the stricken city exhausted, gasping for its breath.

Elderly little Miss Weir celebrated the third of those dreadful days by suddenly dropping down in a little heap in the narrow space behind the silk-counter. Restored to consciousness by cold water, rather too abundantly applied, she was promptly sent home in a taxicab—a luxury she had never encountered before.

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"The major's vacation begins to-morrow," Robbins confided to Smithers, a new clerk in the silk department, one day not long after that.

"This early?" Smithers was astonished.

"Yes, a week now, before the late spring sales, they said, and a week late in the summer." Then to an inquiring customer:

"Yes, madame, certainly. Green, you say."

When the major got back from his little trip he found the Bazaar seething with excitement. The picture of a big white farmhouse on a wooded ledge above a wide and placid river, had been posted on the employees' bulletin-board the day before. Below the picture was the amazing announcement that had set the Quality Bazaar in such a flutter:

RIVERDALE FARM.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE QUALITY BAZAAR, INC., FOR THE USE OF EMPLOYEES.

250 ACRES OF WOODLAND AND MEADOW. BOATING, BATHING, AND FISHING.

RATES MODERATE, ARRANGED ON BASIS OF SALARY RECEIVED. ADDITIONAL INFORMATION CAN BE SECURED FROM THE OFFICE.

A second notice announced that every employee in the shop was to be given two weeks' vacation with full pay.

The Quality Bazaar had not quite gone mad, but it had certainly verged in that direction. The office force, it seemed, had made it clear that every one who wanted to could go to Riverdale Farm. Rough places in the way were to be smoothed out, difficulties to vanish like fog before the sun. A general holiday atmosphere held possession of the shop. A whirlwind of enthusiasm picked up youthful feet and made them want to skip and dance; straightened discouraged, middle-aged shoulders; and put new light into tired, elderly eyes.

With brooding wistfulness the major stood before the bulletin-board and studied the announcement.

"Too bad you had to take so much of your vacation early, major," Smithers sympathized with him. "But you'll get some time off, later, and then you can go up there, too."

"Yes," admitted the little man slowly, as he turned away. "Yes."

Late that same afternoon Tommy Johns was asked to go to the office at once. With sudden sick foreboding he made his way toward that dread region. All winter he had feared some such summons. His face was very white, as he opened the door, and his eyes had a desperate, trapped expression. There was no one in the office except Mr. Joyce, the manager. Tommy's knees seemed curiously inadequate. As Joyce indicated a chair near his desk, Tommy tumbled into it and sat there gasping as if he had been running.

"Well, young man," Joyce began kindly enough, "the Company thinks you are—are scarcely able to go on with your work here——"

"Oh, I am! Yes, I am, really! I—I'm stronger than I look," Tommy interrupted, his white face taking on a tinge of gray. "I do as much as the other fellows——"

"Yes, yes, I know you do," Joyce explained quickly. "We're not discharging you, Johns, we are going to give you a vacation. A good long one. All summer, with full pay."

The relief was too great. Tommy flushed painfully, then buried his face in his hands and sobbed convulsively.

"You'll be all right in a minute"—Joyce laid his hand kindly on the young fellow's shaking shoulder.

"It's—it's my mother," Tommy sobbed. "She's sick, and she hasn't anybody but me. If I got canned, or—or piked out——"

"Well, you're not going to get canned, I just told you so, or pike out either. Not a chance of it. You can take your mother with you and go up to Riverdale to-morrow and stay as long as you need to."

"Both of us?" Tommy was gazing at him with startled, red-rimmed eyes.

"Both of you," Joyce agreed gently.

"Can you beat it!" Johnny murmured ecstatically. "Can you beat it!"

Mrs. Johns and Tommy had been installed some weeks in a tiny cottage some distance from the large house, and fresh

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"I know that some man with a good big heart of the right sort must have thought of all this."—Page 746.

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air, rest, and good food in abundance had begun to show results when the first relay of Quality Bazaar employees reached Riverdale Farm. The picture of the place, on the bulletin-board, had been attractive, but ten happy people found the reality much more so.

The house was a big, rambling white structure, a farmhouse of the better order. Immaculate in glistening white paint, gay with red and white awnings, its long, shaded veranda comfortably furnished with wicker furniture, it looked too good to be true to the city-bound people who miraculously found themselves at home in it.

"Some class to this, I'll say." Thus the entranced Smithers. And no one contradicted him.

The house was furnished with good taste but with extreme simplicity. The food was excellent, abundant, and plain, with plenty of the country commonplaces that are such luxuries in a city.

"Is it custard?" a pale little cash-girl whispered to Lizzie Weir as the thick, golden liquid she was pouring from a good-sized pitcher settled with rich deliberation over a dish of luscious strawberries.

"No, dear," Miss Weir replied with the superior sophistication of early life on a Middle Western farm, "it's cream—Jersey cream!"

After some hours of dazed delight in the surroundings the little community found itself, and went to work with a will to get the most out of these precious wonder-days. It was not hard to do, with tennis-courts and a croquet-ground near the house, and a wide, sandy bathing-beach around the bend of the river. Three bright new rowboats rocked alluringly in the low white boat-house. And one memorable day a commodious covered launch chugged cheerfully up to the little dock and announced that it was at home.

It was late summer before the major's turn came. The first thing he did when he got there was to visit the little cottage where Mrs. Johns and Tommy lived. He had not seen Tommy since he had left the store for Riverdale early in the spring.

"Why, son," he exclaimed, "you don't look like the same kid. Blessed if you do! The major wouldn't have known you if he'd met you down-town some place."

Tommy laughed happily.

"I've gained twenty pounds, major, and I hardly cough at all. The doc from the village came over to see me when I first came. He made me lie around and keep quiet and eat and eat and eat! And you bet I did, too. Now he says I can go around some, and if I do what I'm told I'll be as good as new in a little while. And look at mother! She says she hasn't felt so good for ten years!"

"That's right," little Mrs. Johns agreed. "The only thing that worries me is that I can't thank the kind man who did all this. Yes, of course, I know it's the Company, but I know that some man with a good big heart of the right sort must have thought of all this. It's him I'd like to thank."

"Well, don't worry because you can't," laughed the major. "Whoever did it is satisfied—you can bank on that—if you get well and enjoy yourselves. That's what he wanted—not thanks."

That evening the entire little Riverdale community was grouped on the grassy ledge above the river. The major, quiet as usual, sat rather on the outskirts of the group. His mild blue eyes, calm as with a pervading peace, were fixed on the line of distant hills.

Into the midst of this scene of quiet contentment strode a husky old farmer.

"Say, I'd like to see the fellow that bought this place from me a while back. Any one know where he might be found?"

"The Quality Bazaar bought this place, sir," Wilkins, by right of his superior position in the store, answered with dignity.

"Never heard of the Quality Bazaar," returned the intruder. "Man named—let's see, now, what was it he called himself? Declare if I haven't forgotten! That does beat all!" The old man paused thoughtfully and disposed deftly of accumulated tobacco juice. "Moved West when I sold this place, but had to come back on some business. Thought mebby I might sell a parcel of land across the river to the fellow who bought this farm."

"The individual who bought from you doubtless sold again to the Quality Bazaar people. At least they own the place

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now." Wilkins offered this businesslike suggestion with conscious pride.

"P'raps he did—p'raps he did," the visitor conceded. "Guess I'll have to look into it a little further. Well, sorry to have disturbed you folks. Good evenin'." And thereupon he rapidly retraced his steps to the roadway. He had almost reached the gate when he turned and shouted back:

"Robbins, that was the name. Don't happen to mean nothin' to any of you, I suppose." Receiving no reply, he turned again and went on.

"Robbins!" Mrs. Johns exclaimed softly.

The major, who had been partially screened from the visitor by a tall shrub and now leaned forward to watch his departure, gave a perceptible start. Every one gazed at him, galvanized into speechlessness.

"Robbins!" Wilkins echoed Mrs. Johns's exclamation. "He couldn't have meant you, major!"

The major did not answer.

"But—but where did you get the money? Didn't you lose it in—in that—fool oil speculation?" Wilkins stammered.

The major sat silent an instant. Then he squared his shoulders and met the question.

"No. The major had had his lesson—paid fifty thousand dollars for it. The major bought oil for some one else, for a friend who had his own reasons for buying and wanted it kept a secret."

"But—but you—haven't got your money still!" Wilkins gasped. "You went back to work—and lived in the old boarding-house——"

"Why, don't you see, all of you?" Inspiration had touched little Mrs. Johns. "He—he spent it for us! It was the major who did all this. It was the major who bought the Quality Bazaar!"

Suddenly the modest little major found he could not bear it. A swift sense of panic swept him off his feet and started him toward the house.

This broke the spell that sheer stupefaction had laid on his loyal fellow workers. With moist eyes and low broken exclamations of gratitude, of appreciation, they gathered around him and cut off his retreat.

"Why, major," Wilkins had to struggle with an unaccommodating lump in his throat. "You're—you're a—hero! A regular hero!"

The major's heart leaped at the magic of the word. Had he dreamed it, he wondered, as he had done so often in the years that had passed? He looked into the eyes of those around him, and, thrilled to his soul with the ecstasy of unexpected attainment, found that this time it was not a dream.

ON THE THAMES

By Hugh Burnaby

BENEATH a willow-tree I lie
While silver Thames glides gently by;
Like pleasant dreams he slips away
Too strange and beautiful to stay.

Guarding his flower-spangled banks
Stand slender reeds in whisp'ring ranks
Of sharp green spears, as if they knew
He passed their army in review.

Above him hover murmuring
His tiny soldiers on the wing.
Their generals, the dragon-flies,
Hang poised, or dart to snatch a prize.

He passes to triumphal airs
From hidden feathered choristers
That hymn his tranquil majesty
Forever winding towards the sea.

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WHO WAS ROBINSON?

By Agnes Porter

Illustration by L. Pern Bird

JOANNA WYLIE sighed as she looked at herself in the darkened mirror in the darkened room. Pale hair, pale eyes, pale undergarments, and long pale legs ending in very high black button boots. She had come to that stage of frightenedness in which one forgets what one means to do next. But Theodore's heavy breathing on the cot reminded her. It was just like him to go to sleep when all the world was getting dark and interesting and the city lights began to bloom up and down the streets. Joanna untwisted a few buttons from their buttonholes, regarded herself in the mirror as a slim flash of white, and dived into Theodore's red-and-white sailor-suit. She had been in it once before, with petticoats on, but had been rather cramped as to sitting down, and now she felt the greater freedom as the sailor trousers hung loose and cold on her legs and the "jumper" bloused around her waist.

Her gray-yellow hair was "dutched" above her ears, anyway, and lo! she was a boy—she was Robinson. Long ago she had known she was Robinson, and now she knew again with a flash of pure delight, and she ran into the hall as lightly as Peter Pan, and commenced climbing the skylight ladder that led to her roof and his roof, that is, Etheridge's roof, about whom every one knows that he is the great inventor, whose name will light the ages when we all are dust.

Now she was living; true, she had lived before once or twice, but nothing that felt like this, with a trouser on each leg, and nothing to hinder from "shinnying," and no skirts to be frowsing and fluffing out at the sides, and in dancing-school, "Do pull down your skirts, Joanna," and no nurse at her side, "Do walk quietly, Joanna," and "Do be a lady, Joanna."

"I'm not a lady," declared Joanna, half-way up to the roof, and now she was all the way up, and the city lay below like a map. But it was nothing compared to Etheridge's skylight. For he was a great inventor, and Joanna wanted to be one, too.

In the middle of her second bureau-drawer, underneath her white-ribbed second-best dancing-class stockings, she had an invention. It was not entirely invented yet, but it was the beginnings of an apparatus by which one pulled oneself up into an apple-tree. And so you see that, incomplete as it was, Joanna knew the burning delight that is called Inventing. This was why she did not cast one look at the city, but climbed into Etheridge's laboratory skylight.

Mother had told her never to do it. So had father. Etheridge never saw nor heard nor spoke to anybody, or perhaps he would have, too. But now Joanna knew that she was going in. She knew now why boys were bold and called out remarks to people in autos, like "Cheese it, you guy!" and "Hello, Micky!" She knew now why boys dared spit water out between their front teeth, and why they didn't care if they bloodied each other's noses. It was the trousers. In them you stood good and square and true, with each leg like a support, and you felt courage run up and down between your knees and your toes. You were not afraid, and nobody noticed you, and there was not the voice that always said when you were happy, "Oh, Joanna, pull down your skirt"—that one terrible command!

With a sob that came from nowhere and was lost quickly in a burst of silent laughter, she let herself down into the laboratory. Etheridge would understand, though he would never know she was Joanna. She would be "Robinson" there. So, in this comfortable assurance, she dropped herself into the most fascinating room she had ever seen. Not a laboratory, but a tiny kitchen. A long board table was set with oilcloth, cups,

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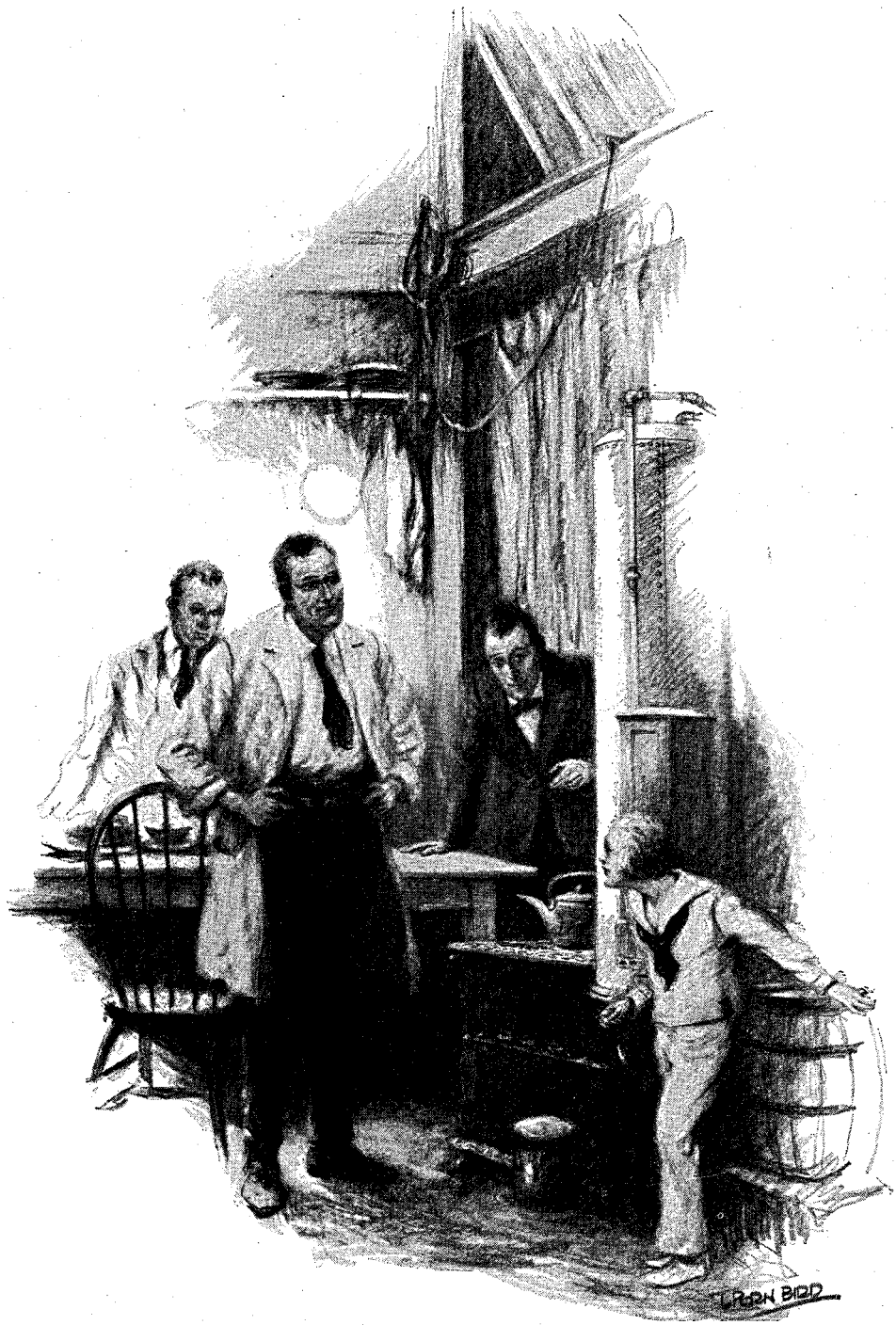

Drawn by L. Pern Bird.

"And who is this?"—Page 750.

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and saucers. A coffee-pot chugged on the little gas-range, and she saw a large platter of hamburg steak through the open oven door.

Then Joanna heard voices approaching. Her trousered legs were too new to give her perfect boldness. With the old sorry Joanna-qualm she hopped into hiding between the stove and the wall.

Two seconds later the great blue light blazed overhead, throwing the kitchen into a glare. Two seconds more and they had pulled the little rabbit out of its hiding.

"And who is this?" asked the great Etheridge.

And one of his assistants (God bless him) replied in all good faith: "Why, it's only the janitor's boy."

But Joanna, taking courage, replied in her small, sweet voice: "I'm Robinson."

And suddenly it seemed so good to one who had been lonely, so dear to one who had not been understood, to be sitting on Etheridge's great knee, that if she had not worn trousers she would have cried. But as it was, it was beautiful.

They all sat down to their comfortable meal, and in the midst of them sat a little pale-haired "boy," who gulped at his coffee joyfully and gobbled the hamburg steak. They were a hungry, heavy-eyed crew, with crumpled shirts and dingy hands, but they made so vastly merry over their meal that Robinson was in transports.

The great Etheridge's eyes glimmered as he met the steady, adoring gaze of Robinson, and he wiped his mouth with his hand and leaned back in his chair for five minutes with a pipe:

"Well, boy, what work are you going to do, eh?"

"I'm an inventor, too," said Robinson.

"You are? Good! What do you invent?"

Robinson detailed it. "It's a slip-noose you hang over the limb of a tree, and you step into it and pull yourself up," said Robinson excitedly. The assistants laughed. And Robinson, who in other circumstances would have felt like crying, laughed too; he was a boy now. "Boys do not cry"—he had often heard mother tell Theodore so. But it was different when mother said: "Girls must not be cry-babies!" So instead Robinson laughed. But Etheridge removed his pipe for a moment. He pulled Robinson to him, and Robinson loved the feel of his big, warm, strong hands.

"That's the idea," he said kindly. "Keep it up. You fellows may laugh, but it was just his age I got my biggest idea. It's not worked out yet."

At that there was a reverent silence among the big fellows. The great inventor was slapping the hair on Robinson's head now, kindly strokes that one gives to a dog—not the sleek dabs one is always bestowing upon little girls' hair-ribbons. Again Robinson had the inward desire to sob, but the trousers checked it.

Suddenly the inventor snapped his meerschaum into its case and got up. "We've taken just twelve minutes of our night," he said. "By golly, boys, if you saw how short life is, like I do, you wouldn't waste it. All over in a flash of black and white! Come." His fierceness was checked by the sight of Robinson. He pulled him along roughly. "Just what we want for our test, Nick," he said.

Now they might have operated upon Robinson with no anæsthetics; he would not have minded—from them. As it was, they placed him in front of a talking-machine and asked him to sing. And he sang the only song he knew, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!" and if in places he flatted the notes a little, it was because he was having an evening of paradise. He thought it would be good always to live here among the machines and the men and never go back to a world of clean dresses and dancing-school. And then a dreadful nightmarish thing happened. Robinson—no, this was Joanna—felt something slippery start to glide down her arm, something cold and slippery, that fell down as far as her little thin wrist. It was her bracelet, the gold one Aunt Mary had given her instead of the electric fountain that she had begged for. She had chewed at it to try to get it off, but the spring was broken. Now it had slid down her arm. Any second Etheridge would notice it.

She knew what would happen. They

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would see the bracelet; there would be an outcry. They would see that she was a girl. They would send her home. No more life, no more adventure, no more invention! Better to break the spell now and go—while she was still Robinson. So she went.

And Etheridge, squinting at his record, heard a sob and saw a flash of red and white, which was gone when he looked again.

Nick inquired of the janitor, who said he had a boy, but his boy was only five, and was visiting his granny in Brookline. And on inquiry next door it was proved that the boy of the house was sound asleep "and the other one is a girl." So Etheridge and his assistants wondered "Who was Robinson."

Meantime it was 1916, and that, among other things more and less horrible, meant that it was the year of the Great Plague. Frantic parents woke their children in the night to find out whether the little hands and feet were supple as they should be, and in spite of every precaution the sickness walked in the noontide and entered the house next to Etheridge.

It was the house where Joanna lived that it walked, and it was the bed where Joanna lay that it laid itself, and finally she was tied hand and foot, poor child, with invisible chains, and Theodore and sailor-suits and all such homelike things drifted away, and the nursery became a white-hung land like an ice-block Esquimaux hut, tense with wretched anxiety.

So Joanna lay; who knows the why of its being Robinson instead of some other? Back of it all, was it perhaps some strap in her life that had galled too long, some chafing at the restraint of slippers and white dresses and doll presents, the weighted-down assertion that she should be of the girls girly, the early frost of circumstance closing in?

This is fine writing, undoubtedly. For it is meant to be. Also there is no changing destiny. And not one of us would have done better in Joanna's place. She refused to swallow medicine; she said that it was bad enough to be scared and frightened, and have no feeling in your arms or legs; she said that as long as she could talk (for her voice alone was left her) she would not waste her time swallowing.

And she did not. But lay staring straight up at the white ceiling, very stiff and very scared, and sang loudly. "Jesus, tender Shepherd," she sang. Not because she liked it, but because from being long repeated it came so easily to her lips.

"'All this day Thy hand has led me!'" she chirped.

The two consulting physicians in the hall coughed. They were affected. Wherein they did Joanna a grave injustice. Her thoughts were not on a certain dark gate which she was closely approaching, nor upon the words of the hymn. For to the boy Robinson those words recalled a thrill of adventure which was the sole reason that she insisted on them in her discomfort.

Of course the doctors did not know. To them she was a little girl to be watched and guarded. But some one else working in his laboratory next door heard the little words and dropped his hammer.

"Golly! There is—Robinson. Just in time, too. I need him for this record." Etheridge, single-minded, contemptuous of circumstance as all masters of it are, and seeing only the end in the beginning, dropped his stuff upon the floor and rushed forth, his invention in mind, to find the boy.

It never occurred to him that it was strange to hear those words at that instant. To the inventor naught in the universe is strange. Upon its shelves everything in the world of nature lies orderly; when he needs it, he reaches it down. So did Etheridge.

He followed the voice. It had reached the end: "'Happy there with Thee to dwell.'"

The doctors and nurse were consulting in the room across the hall, and they neither saw nor heard the great man blunder up the stairs.

As he stopped at the door, Joanna, bound in iron, was asking:

"I can't turn my head; who's there?"

Etheridge saw her tiny clothes over the chair—her petticoats and her stockings and her hair-ribbons. Yet he heard Robinson's voice. Then his intuition

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told him everything. It is what all inventors have that makes them jump over the chasms. And he understood.

And yet as ever, with those minds, one little life was nothing but a link in the chain of his invention.

"I'm here; it's Etheridge," he replied. "Will you help me again?"

"Yes," replied her small, sweet voice, "only I guess you won't want me now. I'm a girl. I was only Robinson for the one night. Besides, I am stiff, like when you have sat on your feet an hour."

The great man came over to the little bed and stared over into her face and smiled at her pale eyes and hair.

She smiled gallantly back.

"You were the fellow, all right, that came over to see me."

"I was!" her voice rang.

"Well, then, laddie, I shall take you over there to help me now."

He went to the hall and spoke in his low, controlling tone to the doctors. They hesitated. At last one of them said softly:

"We have done all we can. Take her over there if she wants to go. Wrap her up well. She cannot be much worse without—" He finished his staccato speech to the air, for Etheridge was back at the child's bedside.

With one sweep of his big arms he had her and all the bedding.

"Where are we going?" she asked wistfully.

"Home!" said he.

"Where's that?"

"Why, where we do what we love best."

"I can't do it much," said Joanna. "It is always so messy; sticks and wire and dirt." Her voice faded away faintly.

"Look here, little pal, do you feel as if something was pulling you away?" he asked roughly.

Her little "yes" was feeble but quite audible.

The sweat stood on Etheridge's forehead.

"Well, now, you say 'I won't go,' with all your might," said Etheridge, with a sort of fierce directness. For the first minute in his life his will-power was concentrated on something else than his invention. It was necessary to his work that she should stay.

"But I'm so tired," said Joanna, "and so stiff. I feel like a shark had hold of my toes and was swimming off with me. Why must I stop?"

Yet his voice penetrated the hazy blackness that swirled around her.

"Robinson, little Robinson, *stop!* If you go you will spoil my best cylinder record."

And way down in the blackness Robinson heard his voice and smiled, and pushed back the shark. Because it was the voice of man to man, and not of man to baby-girl; the voice of the great thundering work of the world to be done, to which one's life is proud to be sacrificed.

So, stiff and strange as she was, she rallied—and stayed.

And it was Etheridge who saw her unfold her small, frozen hands.

"They are ready to wind the m'chine," she said.

And that was Robinson.

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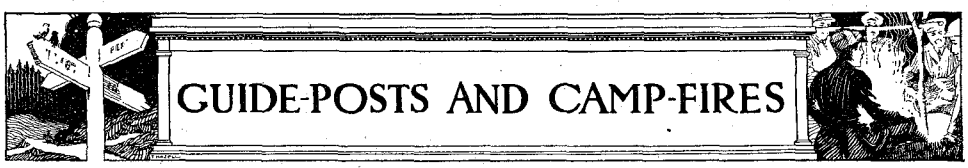

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

CHRISTMAS GREENS

[THE ELEVENTH PAPER]

"THE time draws near the birth of Christ,"—

you remember, reader, the rest of that lovely canto of *In Memoriam*, where the bells of four villages answer each other through the misty night while the wreaths of evergreen are woven with memories and regrets to deck the church and the home in honor of the best of all birthdays.

Once more the Yuletide draws near,—near at least to the Slave of the Magazine, though by the dull, prosaic almanac it is still months away. For me it is proximate and pressing. The editor cajoles and threatens: the printer waits at extra wages for overtime: to-morrow will be Christmas and the day after will be New Year; and I must gather the figurative greens to-day, or leave our Christmas Camp-fire without a token of remembrance or a sign of cheer.

But what a day is this on which I set about my pleasant task! Indian summer at its golden best: the blue of the sky subdued by a silvery haze to the tint of turquoise, faintly luminous: the verdure of the woodlands, ripened and dulled a little by the August heat, now shot through with the first rich threads of autumnal glory: the mountains growing higher and more aerial, as they recede in the light mist, until they change into bastions of opal and amethyst: the deep blue of the open sea ever deepening far away, while the white flower of foam above the hidden reef, expands and closes with every passing wave,—a mystic lily on a sleeper's breast. Over the pastures and meadows the long gossamers go drifting on the soft air, or lie close upon the emerald aftermath, glistening with tiny drops of moisture. From every orchard the smell of ripening apples comes out to us, and from the tangled thicket we catch the odor of fox-grapes, waiting for the frost to sweeten them. Wild asters and goldenrod adorn the wayside; gentians bloom in secret places. The little birds have assembled their silent companies for southward flight. But they are loath to leave their summer haunts, and if we go warily through the wood, they will flock around us suddenly, fluttering through the coppice in search of food, flitting from branch to branch of the dark firs, lisping, calling, whispering *sotto voce*, no doubt talking over their plans for the long journey to Central America.

All round us as we walk through this transient and ephemeral beauty, the more hardy and enduring growths which are to serve for adornment in our homes at the midwinter festival are visible and suggestive to the inward eye which looks far ahead. Here the young spruces and balsam-firs, shapely and symmetrical pyramids of absolute green, are standing by thousands in the open places,—regiments of Christmas-trees! Here

> "The ground-pine trails its pretty wreath
> Running over the club-moss burrs,"

ready to be twined into garlands or long festoons. Here the glistening, prickly holly lights its dark foliage with red berries; and the ground-hemlock hides its delicate coral fruit like drops of translucent wax under its spreading branches; and the climbing bittersweet curls back its orange pods to show the scarlet-covered seeds within; and the pale-green mistletoe,—not just here perhaps, but a little farther south,—prepares its pearly berries to sanction kisses yet unkissed.

Nature in her lavish way provides in beauty for every season: flowers that fade and vanish as the summer goes: gold and crimson leaves that fall as the autumn

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wanes: and evergreens that will stay with us in rich and sober loveliness when

"Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing."

All these things are given us to enjoy. They are best in the place where nature put them, out-of-doors: but a little of each and all we may rightly take, if we will, to deck our dwellings, if for no other purpose than to be a fragrant reminder that we are more akin to nature than to our houses.

Shall we grieve, then, at the thought that some of these pretty, wild, growing things will be cut and gathered for Christmas greens? Not I,—if the cutting and gathering are wisely done, with kindly forethought of the coming generations, so that no sort of harmless vine or amiable tree shall be exterminated from the earth. Let us not spoil our love of nature with a sickly sentimentalism. There are enough evergreen things in our country to provide a sign of Christmas for every house and church in it. To gather them prudently is to practise a kind of forestry. For my part I can think of no fairer way for a little fir-tree to complete its life than by becoming for a while the sparkling centre of a circle of human joy,—a Christmas-tree! If your imagination must endow the little fir with feelings, why not give it this fine emotion of ending in glory?

I confess myself out of sympathy with those writers who complain that they must write their Christmas stories in midsummer and their August fiction in midwinter. Incongruous it may seem, but such incongruity is of the very warp and woof of life. Always we are looking backward and forward while we live the passing hour. Every true pleasure hath in it an extract of the past and a tincture of the future. I think it was that great artist John La Farge who said "all drawing of the things we see is an exercise of memory, and the things we have seen enter into it." The springs of poetry, Wordsworth found, have their origin in "emotion recollected in tranquillity." This is true of noble sorrow as of worthy joy. There is not one little delight that comes to us without a flavor of reminder. When we lie on a bed of balsam boughs in the forest we dream of a Christmas-tree. When we enter the room where the gift-laden, candle-lighted tree waits for the children, the very smell of it carries us away to camp in the greenwood.

You may call this "sentimental," if you will, Brother Gradgrind, and scoff at it in your sour, self-satisfied way. But it is by this thread that our personalities are held together. If you have it not, as you boast, that is probably why you are a person so little to be envied, a thing of shreds and patches, but no man. There is no present reality for us humans, without memory and hope. Lose the first, and you are dead; lose the second, and you are buried. But in Christmas, as truly as in Easter, if we come to it in the spirit, there is a power of resurrection.

The custom of adorning our houses and places of worship at this season with green tokens from the winter woods came down to us, no doubt, from heathen ancestors who dwelt, as we do, in what is ironically called the north temperate zone. It was partly a tribute to unknown gods, and partly an expression of man's wish to make himself comfortable and even merry in the teeth of the rudest weather. In the tropics, of course, there would be no call for this defiance of the frost. And in the southern hemisphere the seasons would be reversed; instead of Christmas greens there would be a festival of flowers out-of-doors. There must be something charming in that; yet those who have tasted the ruder and more bracing joys of a northern Christmas always hone for them, and cannot be comforted with palms and pomegranates. Shakespeare, in *Love's Labor's Lost*, makes Biron say,

"At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows."

Some hold that the decking of houses with green branches in December originated among the Druids, and was a pious provision for the poor sylvan spirits,—elves, and fays and good goblins,—who needed a shelter from the nipping cold. That may be what the Druids told the people; but I think natural inclination and a love of beauty had a good deal to do with it. Religious customs are most easily accepted when they fit with human desires.

Holly with its bright sheen and vivid

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color was the symbol of mirth and good cheer. Ivy was sacred to Bacchus, and hung over the door of wine-shops; yet if I mistake not there was also an ancient tradition that while it invited to drinking it was a talisman against drunkenness,—a most considerate and convenient arrangement! Laurel and bay were signs of honor and festivity. Mistletoe was the most weird and magical of all the Christmas greens, feared a little because of its association with druidical sacrifices, yet loved a good deal for its modern uses. They say that in the olden time it was admitted in the Yuletide decoration of houses, but not of churches. Yet one of the antiquarians tells us that in the eighteenth century, in York Cathedral, it was the custom on Christmas Eve to carry a branch of mistletoe to the high altar and "proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people at the gates of the city toward the four quarters of heaven." Here we find, perhaps, a hint of that liberty of osculation with which the homely plant is now connected. And this, again, we may dimly trace back to the Scandinavian myth. For the arrow with which the rascally Loki tricked the blind Höder into killing Baldur the beautiful, was made of mistletoe. When the fatal shaft was plucked out, the mistletoe was given into the keeping of Freya, the love-goddess; and henceforth on every one who passes beneath it she bestows a kiss,—a right pleasant legend with a happy ending! Yet after all, if Freya,—well, I will say no more than this, *if* Freya!

There is a quaint reference on this point in Hawthorne's "English Note-Books," under date of December 26, 1855. He was then American Consul at Liverpool living in the cosey boarding-house of Mrs. Blodgett. "On Christmas Eve and yesterday," he says, "there were branches of mistletoe hanging in several parts of the house, in the kitchen, the entries, the parlor, and the smoking-room,—suspended from the gas-fittings. The maids of the house did their utmost to entrap the gentlemen boarders, old and young, under the privileged places, and there to kiss them, after which they were expected to pay a shilling. It is very queer, being customarily so respectful, that they should assume this license now, absolutely trying to pull the gentlemen into the kitchen by main force, and kissing the harder and more abundantly the more they were resisted. A little rosy-cheeked Scotch lass—at other times very modest—was the most active in this business. *I doubt whether any gentleman but myself escaped.* [Italics mine.] I heard old Mr. S—— parleying with the maids last evening and pleading his age; but h. seems to have met with no mercy, for there was a sound of prodigious smacking immediately afterwards. J—— was assaulted, and fought most vigorously; but was outrageously kissed—receiving some scratches, moreover, in the conflict. The mistletoe has white wax-looking berries, and dull green leaves, with a parasitical stem." Oh, Mr. Hawthorne! Was it comedy or tragedy that you meant to write? Would you have us congratulate, or pity you on your "escape" from the rosy-cheeked Scotch lass? Did you lock yourself in your room and refuse nourishment for forty-eight hours? At all events you kept your pale Puritan humor in that gay galley of British fun.

The old English customs and manners of Yuletide,—the general atmosphere of festive preparation, the carolling of the "waits" on Christmas Eve, the service in the village church on Christmas Morn, the feasting in servants' hall and dining-room, the Yule-clog blazing on the broad hearth and the boar's head borne in with ceremony, the Wassail-Bowl and the Christmas-Pie, the songs and dances and games under the Lord of Misrule, the mummery in fancy dress, the ghost-stories by the fireside, the pervasive spirit of joviality and good comradeship between young and old, wise and simple, rich and poor,—these Christmas charms are nowhere set forth more enchantingly than in *The Sketch-Book* of Washington Irving. No wonder that Sir Walter Scott loved the book and the author. Yet even when he wrote, the genial Knickerbocker saw these ways and manners as antiquities, in a vanishing light; and he prefaced his essays with a quotation from a still earlier *Hue and Cry after Christmas:* "But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good,

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gray, old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him."

That seems to be the proper, regular, inevitable attitude to take about Christmas,—a kind of hail-and-farewell tone,—as if one would say, "let us have one more jolly good time, it may be the last." In that fruitful little book *Guesses at Truth*, written in 1827, I find this passage: "It was a practice worthy of our ancestors to fill their houses at Christmas time with their relations and friends; that when Nature was frozen and dreary out of doors, something might be found within doors 'to keep the pulses of their hearts in proper motion.' The custom, however, is only appropriate among people who happen to have hearts. It is bad taste to retain it in *these days*, when everybody worth hanging

oublie sa mère
Et par bon ton se défend d'être père."

So runs the song from age to age,—O good old times! O bad present times! O worse,—or it may be better,—times to come!

I wonder what particular ways and manners of our own day the people of the twenty-second century will regard as especially picturesque and romantic.

There is plenty about Christmas in the treasure-house of English poetry, from Milton's glorious hymn to the lyrics of Eugene Field and Bliss Carman and Lady Lindsay. Richest and most Christmassy are the old ballads and carols and the poems by such writers as George Wither and Robert Herrick. But every poet when he comes to this subject shows something of his own personal character and sentiment,—his way of looking at life. Thus Stevenson writes a ballad of *Christmas at Sea*, and Kipling of *Christmas in India*.

To some of us there is a peculiar brightness and sweetness in the memories associated with the homely household rites of putting up the greens and dressing the tree. This is done on Christmas Eve, after the younger children, or perhaps the grandchildren, have hung up their stockings and gone to bed. The elder children help. There is a joyous bustle and an air of secrecy about the business. If you hear a patter of small feet on the stair or see a tousled head peeping through the banisters, you must pretend to notice nothing. The tall step-ladder must be brought up from the cellar, and it is usually very rickety. There are wreaths to be hung in windows and festoons to be looped over doors. A new way of decorating the pillars is much called for, but after many experiments you always come back to the old way. (Reader, I know not what your favorite way may be, but I am all for spirals of ground-pine.) Then the tree must be set up, on a white cloth, and decked with tiny candles, and hung with ornaments, old and new. (Don't forget the old ones, or the children will miss them.) Then the presents, the simpler the better, must be arranged in little piles under the tree. Last of all, there are certain pictures,—"the old familiar faces," gone away, but never nearer than to-night—and each one of them must have its wreath of green, or perhaps a flower in a little vase before it. While you are doing this you have few words, but long, long thoughts. Now it is midnight, and so to bed, for the children will have emptied their stockings by sunrise, and will be down in force to assault the room where the tree is hidden.

This is Christmas at home,—the best place. But who can tell where the holy day will find him,—how far away, how lonely, in what strange and hard surroundings? Shall he then be robbed of its joy? Shall it pass by without a bit of green and a blessing? Not if he have the heart to put forth his hand and touch the hem of its garment.

Many a boy, in the years just passed, has had a rough Christmas. A letter came to me the other day from a young Canadian farmer, a stranger, who had been reading these Camp-fire papers, and this is what he wrote:

"The memory comes back embellished by many a pleasant and stirring adventure in the Balkans and takes one back to Christmas Day 1916. I was one of a British Artillery observation party and we were then leading a precarious existence on the bald, bare and lofty crown of Hill 380, which overlooked Ghergheli, that border town of many vicissitudes. Our attack, made a few days previously,

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had fizzled into chaos owing to small numbers and faulty liaison work with the Zouaves on our left. Incidentally our ration supply had failed for about five days and a brief, (very brief in fact,) survey of our larder found us with a leg of mutton of the 'white lean' (fat) description and three tins of the ubiquitous 'bully.' Of tea, sugar, bread or fuel there were none, and even if hope springs eternal according to Pope, it is apt to run rather in the valley of melancholy when a party of nine have to spend Christmas day in a poorly constructed shelter, and with a few pounds of raw meat as sole sustenance. The hilltop was exposed to machine-gun fire and also enfilade artillery *strafes*, and so movement of any kind was somewhat hazardous and even, in the circumstances, futile. I had joined the French *sous-lieutenant* in the O. P., and in saddened strains we conversed of *Noël* under more cheerful and homely conditions. Towards evening, observation became difficult, and so, posting a look-out man in case of infantry flares for barrage, we crawled back to our inhospitable dugout and exchanged cigarettes with a view to await the possible, though highly improbable, arrival of the ration party. From the men's quarters came sounds of a melancholy dirge known to the troops as 'Looking for Rum.' A casual glance in the direction showed a faint trickle of light, wavering over the ground. My companion and I crawled from our sleeping-bags and crossed to the other dugout. It was a sight of great content to a pair of chilly and hungry mortals. In a battered tin helmet was a cheery fire, over which one of the telephonists fried bully beef in his dixie lid. Further inspection showed that the fire came from the outlaw leg of mutton! And so in its greasy and spluttering flame we saw, each in his own way, that life after all was worth living. We gathered round and sat in the warmth, nibbling at fried bully beef and swapping yarns, regardless of wars or War Lords. That Christmas night was well on its way to relegation among the happy and curious incidents of life, when a nasty shriek sounded and a dull 'phoof' of an exploding gas shell. We donned our gas helmets and in a spirit of braggadocio infused by our fire, allowed the mutton to burn on as a further inducement to the prowess of the Austrian gunners. Fortune must have felt benevolent, because we sat for about three quarters of an hour in the glow before it spluttered out. And the happy ending came at four in the morning with the ration train of mules."

Reader, do you think the war has spoiled Christmas? Do you believe the coming revolution, the social upheave, the triumph of materialism, the anarchy, or the dictatorship of the proletariat, or whatever may be before us, is going to destroy it, and leave no room for its return? I tell you, no! Whatever turnings and overturnings, whatever calamity and ruin, are in store for this battered old world, we shall not be poorer than the blessed Mary and Joseph when they walked to Bethlehem, and that same night

"The stars in the bright sky looked down where
He lay,—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay."

Whatever fantasies of government or no-government the brains of men may devise, the heart of man will always ask and take a day of rest and peace, gladness and good-will to sweeten the long year. So let us put up our bits of Christmas green, brother, with brave and cheerful hearts: and if we want something to strengthen and steady us, we will read by our camp-fire this verse of Charles Kingsley:

"O blessed day, which giv'st the eternal lie
To self, and sense, and all the brute within;
O come to us amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel come: to all who toil,
In senate, shop, or study; and to those
Who sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to
brutes.
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas
Day!
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
And kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine,
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas
Day."

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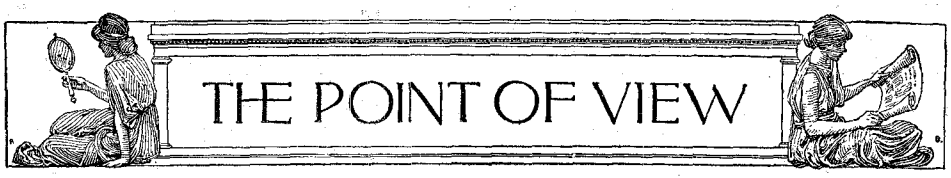

Peace and War

IT was Christmas Eve, 1917, my first Christmas in Paris, and the Souchezes and the de Mariots had asked me to go with them to *la messe de minuit*. A little before eleven we set out. There were eight of us: large, jovial Madame de Mariot, whom I mentally named "the pink mother" because of her sweaters and her complexion; her two daughters, Madeleine, the sweet, and Yvonne, the lively, in whom the American youths who drifted to the pension from time to time were always interested; Françoise Souchez, whose lover was fighting in Belgium; her brother, Etienne, with the glorious red hair—he was seventeen and would be called up in March to *faire son service;* Etienne's younger and less charming brother; the Irish aviator on headquarters duty in Paris; and I, of *la Croix-Rouge Américaine*. We crossed the Pont de l'Alma to the right bank. A thick mist hung over the Seine. Earlier in the day it had been drizzling rain and the pavements were covered with a thin coating of ice. We walked in the middle of the street, but the asphalt was nearly as bad as the sidewalks. "Il glisse," every one had shouted as soon as we took the first step out of the pension courtyard, but we were in a mood to find slipperiness amusing rather than annoying. The fat pink mother clung to my arm and "glissed" alarmingly. I am always extremely unsteady on ice, but she did not know that, and I comforted myself with the thought that I could probably manage to fall on top. Etienne, always gallant and always particularly good to me, walked at her other elbow and gave me what help he could. The Irish aviator, who had shattered my illusions the first night we met by assuring me that flying was very chilly and exceedingly dull, was sliding recklessly between Françoise and Yvonne, flourishing the twisted leather stick with the loaded head which was the object of Etienne's especial admiration. Between "glisses" I asked the pink mother (conversation with Etienne was impossible) to what church we were going. To St. Pierre de Chaillot, it appeared, only a short distance away and "*une église de Paris très chic.*" *Chic* as an ecclesiastical adjective seems to me to possess a peculiar charm.

We reached the *chic* church not long after eleven. It was warm and softly lighted, an ugly church by daylight, brown-pillared and wall-papered, but beautiful now with its warmth and candle-light. After a December in Paris you appreciate the æsthetic quality of warmth. The place was already crowded. When we at last found seats they were close against the wall, so that all we saw of the high altar was a great square of glowing gold, but directly in front of us was the *crèche*, very lovely with its background of the roofs of Bethlehem against a blue-black sky. Mary in her shining robe bent over the straw, where the *petit Jésus* lay, but he, not yet born, was covered with a white cloth.

For nearly an hour we sat there in the warm dimness, and I indulged in my favorite pastime of subtracting five hours and thinking of what my family were doing now. I was always sure that when I thought of them like that they were thinking of me; certainly, in the case of a mother that was pretty safe, and, anyway, it made a material shrinkage in the three thousand miles. This time I was very sure that my picture of them was correct. They were sitting before the fire on the long, blue settle, dipping into an advance box of the morrow's candy and reading aloud Dickens's "Christmas Carol," which my mother's mother read to her and she has read to us on every Christmas Eve since the time when we were so little that the story of the third spirit had to be omitted. I wondered if they thought me peacefully sleeping, or if it entered their minds that I was at a midnight mass in Paris with an Irish aviator and six French refugees—yes, refugees, for the Souchezes' home in the Aisne lay in ruins and the de Mariots' house in the Somme was serving as headquarters for forty British officers.

Just before midnight the organ and a 'cello began softly to play, and as the twelve strokes of the hour pealed out a man's voice rose strong and sweet and clear

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in that loveliest of carols, "*Minuit Chrêtienne.*" The "*Noël, Noël,*" at the end of each verse took your heart, all full of peace before, and poured it brimming over with joy. Then a gorgeous white-and-gold priest approached the *crèche*, drew off the cloth and folded it; it was Christmas day, the little Jesus was born. One by one the people went to the *crèche*, lit candles and prayed on their knees before him. The mass began. Three times it was celebrated at the glowing altar, and all the while the organ played softly on. Sometimes a violin joined with it, sometimes the 'cello, sometimes it was the man's voice and then again the voice of a *tout petit garçon*, and through it all the little silver bells of the mass rang and rang and rang again. My French friends went up to take the sacrament, and I knelt on my rush-bottomed prie-dieu and prayed as I have seldom prayed in all my life before. I did not forget the war, I did not even think, as we had thought two months ago, that it would be over in the spring, but I knew with an unshakable conviction that it would end somehow in the right way—that all the labor and the suffering would not have been in vain. There in the midst of war I found peace, that peace which the world cannot give, not cold and starry, as I have known it once or twice before, but warm and candle-lit and singing in my heart.

It was Christmas Eve, 1918, and the liner was seven days out from Bordeaux. Her passenger list bore the names of as gloomy a lot of Americans as ever embarked upon a transatlantic voyage. Every last one of us had taken our passage with the conviction that even a French liner scheduled to sail on the 3d of December could not avoid getting home in time for Christmas; we had cabled the fact to our respective families at a franc a word, and here we were on Christmas Eve at least three days from port. Consequently we disliked each other intensely, and we took it out in being disagreeable or aloof or seasick, according to our temperaments. We were not a fascinating group of persons, even had we been in happier frames of mind. There was none of the cosmopolitan leaven which added piquancy to most war-time voyages. Our only representatives of the Allied nations were a Serbian who sang rather decently and a very plain French war-bride. We were almost one hundred per cent American, but not, alas! of the army—middle-aged Red Cross and Y men, some ambulance boys and a sprinkling of women. There were only four people in the lot worth talking to, so we decided the second day out, the girl who had been driving a motor at Toul and I, as we huddled side by side in our wind-swept deck-chairs. We, of course, were two of the four. The others were the walrus-mustached *commissaire*, who gave us tea every day in his little cabin and discoursed to us on French politics and the position of women, and the ambulance man with the beard, the one whose Belgian police dog had jumped overboard in a pathetic attempt to find his master. The master and I spent Christmas Eve together on the forward saloon deck. I sat on a big bulkhead thing—I don't know its proper nautical name—my heels drumming against its sides, my long black cape wrapped closely round me. He stood leaning against the bulk-head, smoking, his eyes on the prow swinging smoothly up and down again into the gray-black sea. Usually we had more things to talk about than we could cover in a long evening. To-night we told each other sullenly how much we wished we were anywhere but here and then fell silent, watching the dipping prow and busy with our own unhappy thoughts. I had not even the consolation of a pipe. Right before us the tall mast, where the crow's-nest hung, rose black against the stars, and fell again. Off our port bow glowed a great golden light that might have been the star of Bethlehem, but we steamed on and left it off our port bow. Down from the deck above drifted a burst of drunken laughter. The ambulance boys were "celebrating" in the smoking-room. It was not cold, but the wind blew hard, a warm, persistent, irritating wind. There was nothing buoyant about it, nothing bracing; it was not going anywhere, it was only endlessly wearying with its insistent, meaningless activity. And yet the world was at peace, at peace on Christmas Eve for the first time in five long years. If this Christmas Eve was a symbol of the peace for which men fought and died, then it was indeed a peace without victory.

But perhaps I did not read the symbol aright. Perhaps we have not yet reached the peace which we have won. We have

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left war behind, but we are still upon the ocean out of sight of land.

The Telephone-Room

THERE is one room in our old house which, from our first occupation, has steadily refused to conform to any of the normal, conventional uses of a room. Though it lies between the kitchen and dining-room and has an exposure which catches the morning sun, it has not fallen in with our notion of making a breakfast-room of it. Neither, in those first helpless days when we thought "we *must* have a maid," did it lend itself gracefully to the rôle of maid's sitting-room. There were too many doors in it for the peace of mind of "followers." Probably all people who have had experience with old houses know how wilful they can be. A refractory room will never yield to dictation, but must be let alone on the chance that, sooner or later, some suitable rôle will present itself.

The introduction of the telephone was the cue for which our anomalous little apartment waited, reserving itself, not obstinately as we supposed, but with a fine, single-minded, resolute wisdom which might teach a lesson to mutable, groping humanity. It knew its own when it saw it, and at once its assertion of will became as positive as it had lately been negative. We had rather expected to put the telephone in a corner of the hall where it could be heard in all parts of the house. Our "party line" has many subscribers, and the business of recognizing our own particular summons is not simple. But, no! though the hall was willing enough, even eager, it had no show whatever against the suddenly concentrated volition of the room in the rear of the house; and before we any of us quite knew what was happening, the telephone was installed close by the side door that opens out on the little south porch. It was not very convenient for us, but it was immensely convenient for our neighbors, and that was the happy point.

Only a few of our neighbors have telephones of their own. Considering the situation beforehand, from the cold, stupid point of view of the city apartment-dweller, we should probably have preferred that they should all be equipped with the means of transacting their business in their own homes. But that prejudgment would only have proved how thoroughly stupid we were. In the first place, our particular line meanders across half a township and is so crowded and voluble that patience, patience (and sometimes a quick dash of impatience) is needed if one is to get a word in edgewise. I frequently spend half an hour waiting for a chance to order a yeast cake from the village store. One neighbor in particular flies to the ear of her bosom friend twenty times a day to say that she scorched her potatoes (no wonder!) or that her new shirt-waist doesn't fit, or that she thinks it's going to rain. I acknowledge the impropriety of overhearing these confidences, but I have to —we all have to—in order to seize the wire when at last it is momentarily free. It is amusing to hear us clicking our receivers and sighing audibly all up and down the line. This difficulty being what it is, one can understand that new subscribers are not particularly desired in our part of the valley.

The reason is low and selfish, however, and, to do us justice, it is not the reason which ranks first with Christopher and me when we assure our neighbors we'd rather have them use our telephone than install their own. Our great argument may be selfish too (I suppose most arguments are), but at least it is not self-centred; it consists in the grateful knowledge that through their use of our telephone our neighbors enlarge and deepen our life, permitting us to share experience which otherwise we should never have had. Country life does this, anyway. In the city existence is specialized and groups of friends are apt to be of one temper and tradition; but in the country everything that happens, happens more or less to every one, and all temperaments associate. We had begun to realize this before we installed our telephone, and, as soon as the latter step was taken, we understood that the telephone-room was henceforth the type and symbol of what we liked best about our new life. It belonged not so much to us as to the neighborhood; for that reason it had not been willing to subserve the uses of our private household, and for that reason it had seven doors (mystic number, by the way!) through which our neighbors might enter, and through which we of the household might scatter when we found ourselves *de trop*.

Vermonters are traditionally proud and independent; they do not like to be exten-

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sively "beholden." Therefore it follows that our neighbors use our telephone mostly for inexorable reasons, and when we hear the side gate swing open and quick footsteps come up the walk, our first thought is: "Something has happened!" Then, with a strangely alert balance of mind, one of us hastens to answer the knock at the door, ready to respond to any one of a number of tones in which the familiar question may be put: "Please, may I use the telephone?" Generally, I am sorry to say, it is into the shadow instead of the light that the balance swings; for the joyful crises of life need no remedies and, as a rule, bring their own implements with them. The doctor, the telegraph operator, and, alas! the undertaker are the people most often summoned by our neighbors over our telephone. Sometimes the initial appeal inaugurates a long, heart-rending series of similar applications, so that for days we are harrowed by suspense and burdened by responsibility. One of us must be always within earshot of the telephone bell and ready to hasten up the road with whatever message may arrive. How I ran, how I flew, how I waved my hand and shouted when "Your son better" came! But, alas! how soberly Christopher and I looked into each other's face the next morning, and how cravenly glad we were that our neighbor had started for what she supposed to be her boy's convalescent bedside, and we should not have to break the fatal news to her.

Most of the people who use our telephone naturally prefer to carry on their own conversations; but a few of them have never learned to feel at ease in the manipulation of mouthpiece and receiver, and they sometimes put us on our mettle by asking us to deliver all sorts and kinds of messages. "Oh, say! I don't know how to do it. It drives all the words right out of my head and makes me feel awful queer. You do it for me. You just tell the doctor I ain't quite satisfied and I'm going to call some one else. Not exactly in those words, you know, but so's not to hurt his feelings." Or: "Say, I've got a chance to trade horses with a man across the valley and I wish you'd speak to him for me. Tell him my horse is as sound as a nut. I don't know just how to put it, and, anyway, he'd believe you sooner than he would me." On these occasions Christopher and I vie with each other in discovering errands to take us immediately and imperatively to remote parts of the house; but whichever one of us succeeds in "passing the buck" comes creeping back presently to admire the other's conversational antics. Christopher guilelessly conducting a horse-trade is a treat for gods and men.

Not often, however, are our services as auxiliary mouthpieces desired, and not always is it expedient even that we share experience. Now and then it happens that a youthful neighbor, male or female, hesitatingly knocks at the door and asks so shyly, with such heightened color and evasive eyes, to use the telephone that I know my duty at once and make haste to withdraw behind some one of the seven doors, closing it conspicuously behind me. I hate to do this. My appetite for romance is as keen as any one's, and it doesn't seem fair that most of the vicarious life which the telephone brings me should be in the minor key. Christopher says that I have my full share of feminine curiosity, too. But I am helpless to take advantage of my opportunities for eavesdropping; the telephone-room will not let me, it keeps me firmly in my place. Generally that place is the kitchen, and I am sometimes put to it to know what to do about an impending meal. Shall I let it dry up in the oven, while Christopher waits hungrily in his corresponding imprisonment behind the dining-room door? Or shall I defiantly brave the telephone-room's displeasure and scurry across it with my dinner dishes? Now and then I have risked the latter offense—"After all, am I, or am I not, the mistress of this house?"—but I have always been sorry. The floor of the telephone-room has burned my feet. "Mistress of the rest of the house, perhaps," it has sternly informed me, "but not of me. I should think you would know that by this time. I belong to the person who is using the telephone." Abashed, I have taken refuge with Christopher, and the rest of the dinner has dried or burned.

The result of all this is that I am coming to look on the telephone-room with a kind of awe. We cannot be said to hold it in trust for the neighborhood, since we do not hold it; it concedes nothing to our title-deed. But we are permitted to house it and enable it to fulfil its destiny. It is an august little place, compact of tragedy and comedy, and all the deep significance of human life. Its wall are written with an invisible script wherein drama lurks.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Black Leopards.

F. S. CHURCH, N. A.

By Lucia Fairchild Fuller, A. N. A.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. CHURCH'S PAINTINGS

OUR country has often been reproached with the fact that it has no national art. And in the sense that it has no homogeneous "American School" corresponding with the Dutch, English, or Italian schools, the reproach is undoubtedly true. But while most of our modern artists, who have travelled abroad so easily, studied, and often lived for years in foreign lands, show inevitably many influences which are not American, we have a few painters who represent us as folk-lore represents the older nations, and who could have been produced by no country save our own.

F. S. Church is one of these. Read the story of his life which follows; look at the accompanying illustrations of his pictures; note the ever-recurring combination of our two most fundamental national characteristics: a swift practical ability and a high poetic idealism. Whence but from the United States could such a man have come? And where else could his pictures with all their unsophisticated sincerity, and their humor, have been produced? He is as indigenous to us as the granite of the hill-sides, from which his character seems to have been hewn.

Mr. Church was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1842. His father was a lawyer and a noted Greek scholar, and at one time editor of the *Detroit Free Press*. He began to draw very early in life; and as he was rather a delicate little boy, often kept out of school by attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, his talent became a refuge to him in his hours of enforced idleness, and was markedly developed while he was still young. In spite of illness, however, he soon showed an imaginative courage about the conduct of his life. When he was about ten years old, he began to try to make himself self-supporting. He carried the daily papers to

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their subscribers every morning for the sum of one dollar a week, and he used this money for the obtaining of lessons from a Holland artist who was living in the neighborhood. Profiting by his instruction, it was not long before he painted a panorama, its subject bloodthirsty, its colors the most brilliant obtainable, which is now in the possession of the Grant B. Schley family.

Grand Rapids was but a small place at that time, and there was no railroad. The early settlers included, however, many college graduates from New England and New York, men and women of refinement, and others, who had the true pioneer spirit that makes for the advancement of a new country. Even if they came miles by ox-team through the forests, or by boat through the lakes and up the river, they nearly all had their Bibles and Shakespeare, and a good bookstore was always in evidence. They were dependent on the daily stage for the Eastern weeklies and the news of the world, but the home store furnished all standard works. Mr. Church was an omnivorous reader of all kinds of books, including, with most boys of those times, a taste for the delightful old yellow-backs. It was when Mr. Church's father gave him a copy of Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" that the young artist came at once into his own. Looking at his later pictures, one sees how deep an influence the old Greek myths held for him throughout the succeeding years.

The Witch's Daughter.

The marginal sketch was drawn on the mount of the photograph of the painting from which this plate was made.

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At thirteen the lad left home to take a position which his aunt had procured him with the American Express Company in Chicago, and there he worked until he was twenty-six years of age,—with the exception of the years of the Civil War. During that time he naturally served. At the first call to the colors (though he was but eighteen years old) he volunteered "for three months," as (while still it was believed that the war would soon be over) the first 75,000 men were asked to do. Mr. Church went to the front in 1861 in a battery of light artillery which was part of the town militia and was the first company to leave Chicago. At the close of the three months, he re-enlisted for three years, and with his battery (Company A, First Illinois Artillery) he served through the war, on active duty all the time. As he had the opportunity, he drew, but all that he could make was comic caricatures which enlivened his comrades, none of which—so far as I know—are now in existence. He wrote often to his mother through those long four years, and far later, after her death, he came across the packet of his letters which she had carefully preserved. He burned them. He knew that a good deal of important data might have been got from them; but, as he matured, he had made many a close ex-Confederate friend, and had come to realize that each one of them had been fighting for what he believed to be the right, and fighting well, through suffering and privations which the Northern soldier had not been called upon to endure. He wished the old partisan feelings of his youth to be forgotten.

Meantime, at the close of the Civil War, Mr. Church returned to Chicago to his old position with the American Express Company, just as so many other young men all over the country were returning to their aforetime positions of homely toil. Among the young men who were working with him there was the late Mr. Grant B. Schley, the well-known financier. The two became close friends; and this friendship was of great importance to Mr. Church in his later career, as we shall see. But at the time of which I am writing, neither was wholly conscious of the great tie which was being formed between them; nor aware of the innate superiority on which it was based. They discussed their plans and dreams as young men are apt to do, but, I imagine, neither guessed how completely his secret ambitions were to be fulfilled. Instead of only dreaming, each worked. Late in life Mr. Schley built for Mr. Church a beautiful studio at his country place at Far Hills, N. J., where the artist worked for eighteen years. Mr. Church had himself transferred to the company's night shift, and joined a class for art students which Walter Shirlaw (who gave his help gratuitously) was teaching, and there he studied through the days. Often he would fall asleep in the midst of his drawing, and wake to find himself tied up and decorated by his companions; but when they learned, as they did, that all night long he had been toiling hard, they stopped their teasing. Indeed all seem to have respected and loved him; and Shirlaw himself distinguished the young man by a particularly admiring friendship which lasted as long as Shirlaw lived.

Dear Grant. He is not a going to eat him up. Just warming him up.
Far Hills N.J. July 16 1910.
Fred C. Church
Your friend Mrs Dillon wants me to paint this.

From a letter to his friend, Mr. Grant Schley.

In spite of all this work by night and study by day, Mr. Church, who had become a remarkably strong man, found time to make constant independent sketches of people and of animals.

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St. Cecilia.

Then, in 1870, his aunt, who was living in New York, invited her talented nephew to come and make her a visit. Mr. Church accepted the invitation. He left the Express Company's service, which Mr. Schley left at the same time; and both friends made a great simultaneous step forward on their respective careers. It was for each the traditional "first step which alone counts."

Mr. Church entered the academy school, and there he drew under the direction of Professor L. E. Wilmarth. Also he got a copy of Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," which he studied profoundly, as he would advise every art student to do. He continued his habit of constant sketching of people and of animals, and now, inspired by Ruskin's words, of most careful landscape foregrounds also. These latter have been of the greatest help to him because of the accessories they provided him over and over again for use in his later paintings. As yet he worked only in black-and-white; but he had begun to work professionally in that medium; so that, when Chicago burned in October, 1871, it was natural that he should remain in New York where he was already making his living by his drawings. These early drawings of his were for the most part comic in character: pictures of birds, animals, and barnyard fowls,—even of mosquitoes making ready for a mischievous attack upon mankind. They were published in the Harper publications, *St. Nicholas*, and many other magazines, and were very widely popular. It was then that the word "comic" became associated with Mr. Church's name; and in a curiously persistent way it has always clung there. As a matter of fact, beauty was then, as now, his sole real passion; and he dealt in comedy for the simple reason that he knew there was always a

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ready market for these light-hearted drawings.

The Japanese consider Hokusai a "comic artist" much as we have so considered Mr. Church. Both have drawn comic pictures,—and great comic pictures at that,—but the Hokusai who will always be remembered is Hokusai the delicate decorator, who, as Whistler said, "dipped his brushes in light and air," and the Church who will remain to us as among our greatest artists is the Church who represents the high beauty of our fair young womanhood and the pale, tender colors of our native land, as in his later pictures he has done.

The Viking's Daughter.
By courtesy of the owner, John Gellatly, Esq.

What turned Mr. Church from black-and-white to color was the strange, and to us fortunate, fact that suddenly his drawings ceased to sell. He had never had any instruction in painting, but he began to try. An artist friend of his went down to an art shop with him and advised him what colors to buy, and Mr. Church went home and set to work.

It took him some years to obtain the complete mastery of this new medium (water-color, with the addition of Chinese white which gave his water-colors the appearance of work in tempera, and made his later transfer to oil paintings an easy one); but while he worked at it he continued to earn his living; only now by making illustrations of a more serious character. In these he found himself. Mr. Church's first serious effort in figure illustration was made at his aunt's home on the Hudson. It showed a young girl standing on a look-out in the tree-tops, such as was commonly to be seen along the river in those days and was called "Up in a Crow's Nest." When it was reproduced as a full-length in *Harper's Weekly* it met with an immediate success. It was copied in periodicals abroad, and Mr. Church found himself besieged to make other drawings of a similar kind. While he carried out these commissions he continued to work at painting,—and not many years had passed

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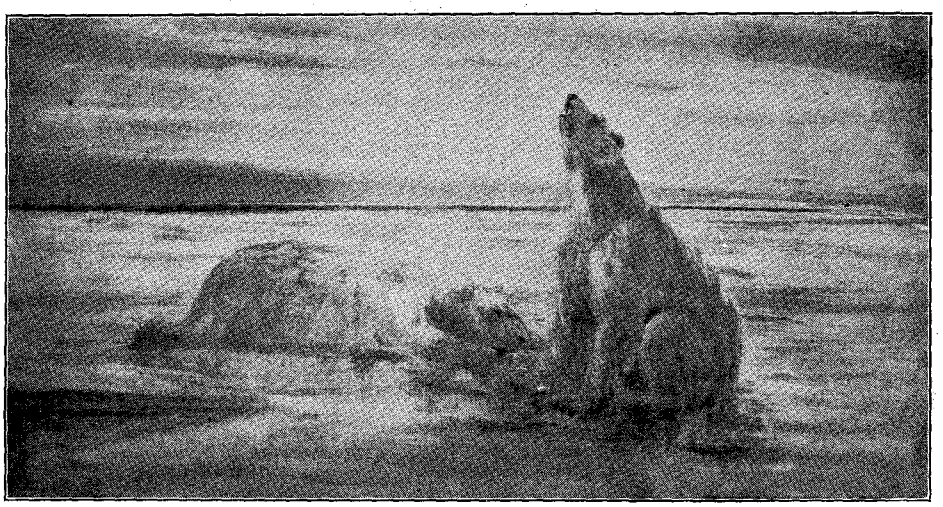
before his work received wide recognition. Mr. Church's name became known all over the world, and every one of his pictures held a particular individual charm. There was, to be sure, rather a wide difference between his old comic drawings and this subsequent period, as there had been in his boyhood between his delight in one Sweeney Todd and his love for Hawthorne; but none the less Mr. Church had come into his own again, and this time completely. A realm in which he was king lay before him,—a realm as fair and jocund as a May morning. It was no longer merely comic, but was more as Mr. Church's later oil-paintings, are known to all followers of American art. His subjects, idyllic and touched with charming fantasy, remained always basically the same: that is to say, a lovely girl, with birds or animals. He tells us that the idea of this combination was first inspired in him by the following incident. One morning, while drawing at the Central Park Zoo, he noticed a singularly beautiful young sculptress modelling one of the lions there. She wore some roses at her belt, and when her small model was finished, she stood up, took the flowers, and tossed them lightly into



Desolation.

often irradiated by humor as dancing waves are by the sun. Innocence went with him there, and Truth, which, in the light of his later works, one can see glimmering in every old comic drawing he ever made. Fantastic as his animals had been they were always *real* animals—their joints in the right places, their proportions correct; for to their making had gone years of patient and faithful study. I do not mean by this severe study, undertaken with gritted teeth and a whipping will. Mr. Church was always as light of heart in his work as the results would indicate. Love and joy walked always hand in hand with him. But he never believed in the "art made easy" which is so prevalent just now. Knowledge lay back of every line he ever drew.

These beautiful early water-colors, as well the lion's cage. He depicted the scene afterward, and from that time on parallel themes were dominant in the kingdom of his own high fairy-land, to which he has so often transported the world.

Meantime, outwardly, reward after reward had come to him. He was made a member of the American Society of Water-Color Painters; and in 1885, after he had begun to paint in oils, he was elected a National Academician. Presently he was represented in the St. Louis Art Museum, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the National Gallery in Washington, and other public places, besides in the notable private collections of Mr. John Gellatly (who owns "The Viking's Daughter"), Colonel Frank Hecker in Detroit, Mr. W. K. Bixby in St. Louis, Mr. Grant B. Schley in New York, and many more.

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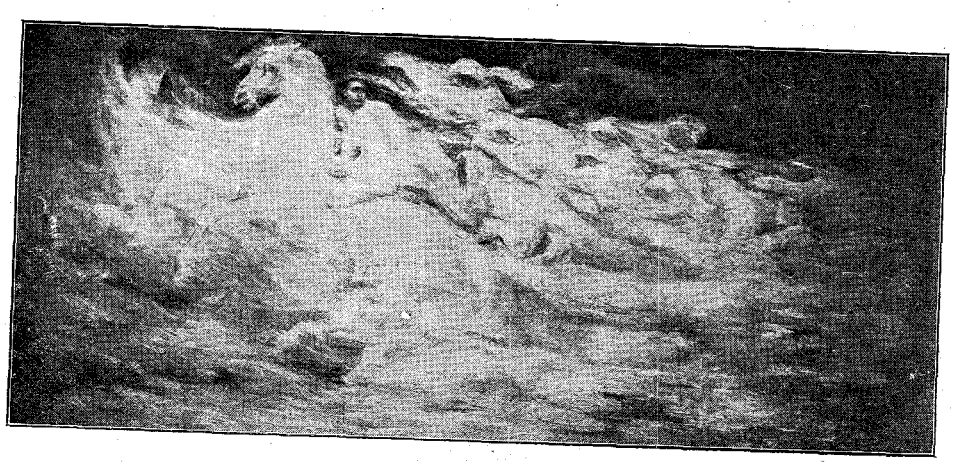
A constant discussion was waged in men's clubs and ladies' drawing-rooms concerning the real meaning of Mr. Church's pictures. Did he intend to show the power of feminine purity and its ability to subdue all passions, however savage? Or did the beautiful young girl who recurred so constantly throughout his work more comprehensively represent an all-embracing heavenly love? Were the paintings allegories, in short; and was Mr. Church in reality a great moral teacher? Even such children as cared for pictures talked endlessly about these, although their line of inquiry was a different one from that of the grown-ups. Gravely they wondered whether Mr. Church had found the "Fairy Cap," for which each one of them had searched so fruitlessly through woods and over bare hillsides,—that small red cap which, when placed on the head of any mortal, enabled him to understand the language of animals, and to see the "little people" at their dances and their play.

Mr. Church was indifferent to all this talk about his paintings, if indeed it ever came to his ears at all. From his own point of view, as he once expressed it to a friend, he "just did them, that is all, without thinking of anything else but that"; and this comment of his own, keeping their origin shrouded in the same bright mystery which so envelops them, adds, to my mind, the last expressive grace to his pictures.

As to Mr. Church's own personality, it shines visibly through all his work. I remember a young doctor's saying, as he looked at a photograph of "Desolation": "I wish I knew the man who painted that! He must be one of the best men in the world,—really good, you know, and full of understanding and human sympathy. You *can* tell what a painter is like by his pictures, can't you?" And when I agreed,—"What a friend this man would be!" he added, "you could trust him through thick and thin." Perhaps the only attribute of Mr. Church which his works do not disclose is his capacity for writing delightful, spontaneous letters, gay, and freely illustrated; and these (one of which is here reproduced) are treasured so carefully by his friends that no doubt they will some day be made public to the world.

It is too soon to assign Mr. Church his rightful place in the hierarchy of art. In democratic countries, where a Vermeer may be ignored and forgotten for centuries, and a Sir John Millais may be the people's idol, this can never be done with assurance during a man's lifetime. But two things are sure even now: whoever sees Mr. Church's pictures must be gladder for their existence and for his own; and whichever one of his countrymen reads the story of that splendid, independent, honest life, must be the prouder to be also an American.



The Fog.
By courtesy of Colonel Frank J. Hecker.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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